

The Atlantic

ROBERT REICH ON THE PUBLIC PHILOSOPHY / HOLLY BRUBACH ON FASHION

BUSINESS IN SPACE

The opportunities
for American companies

The danger that we'll lose out
to Europe and Japan

BY DAVID OSBORNE



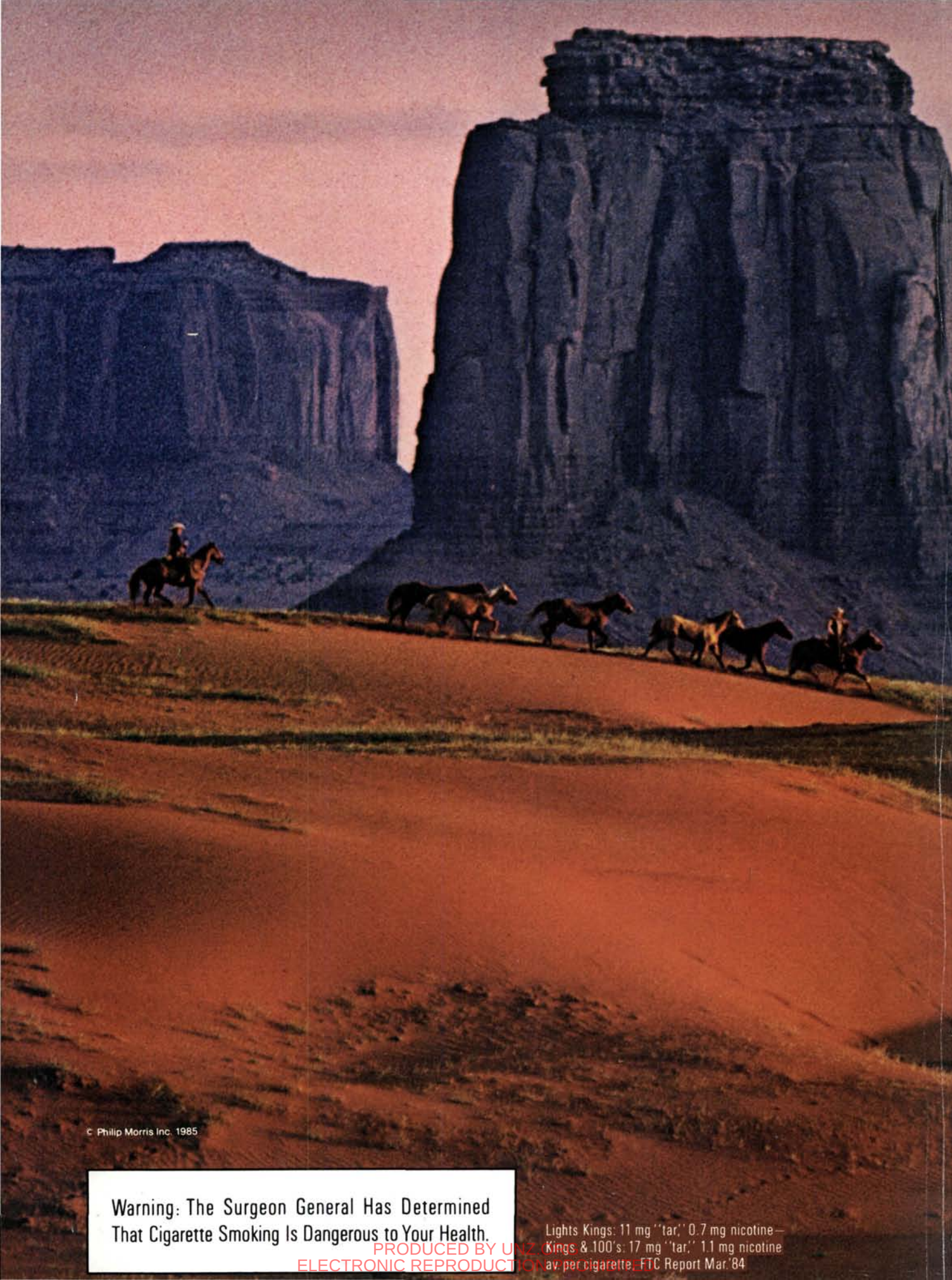
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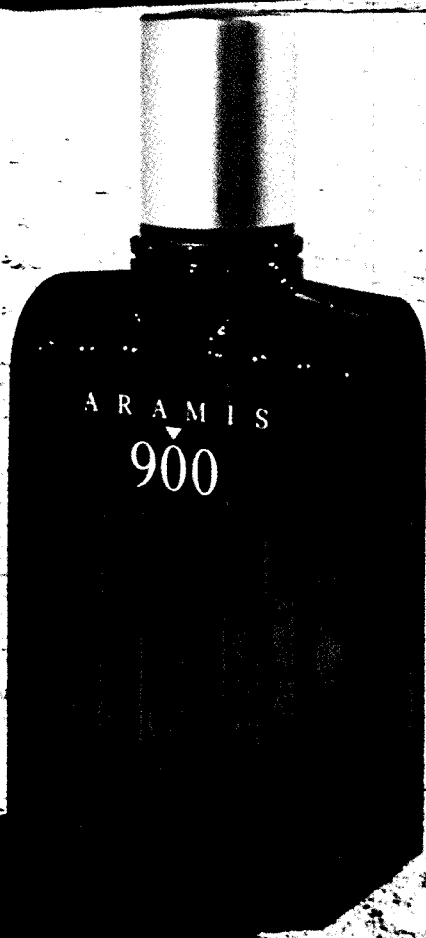
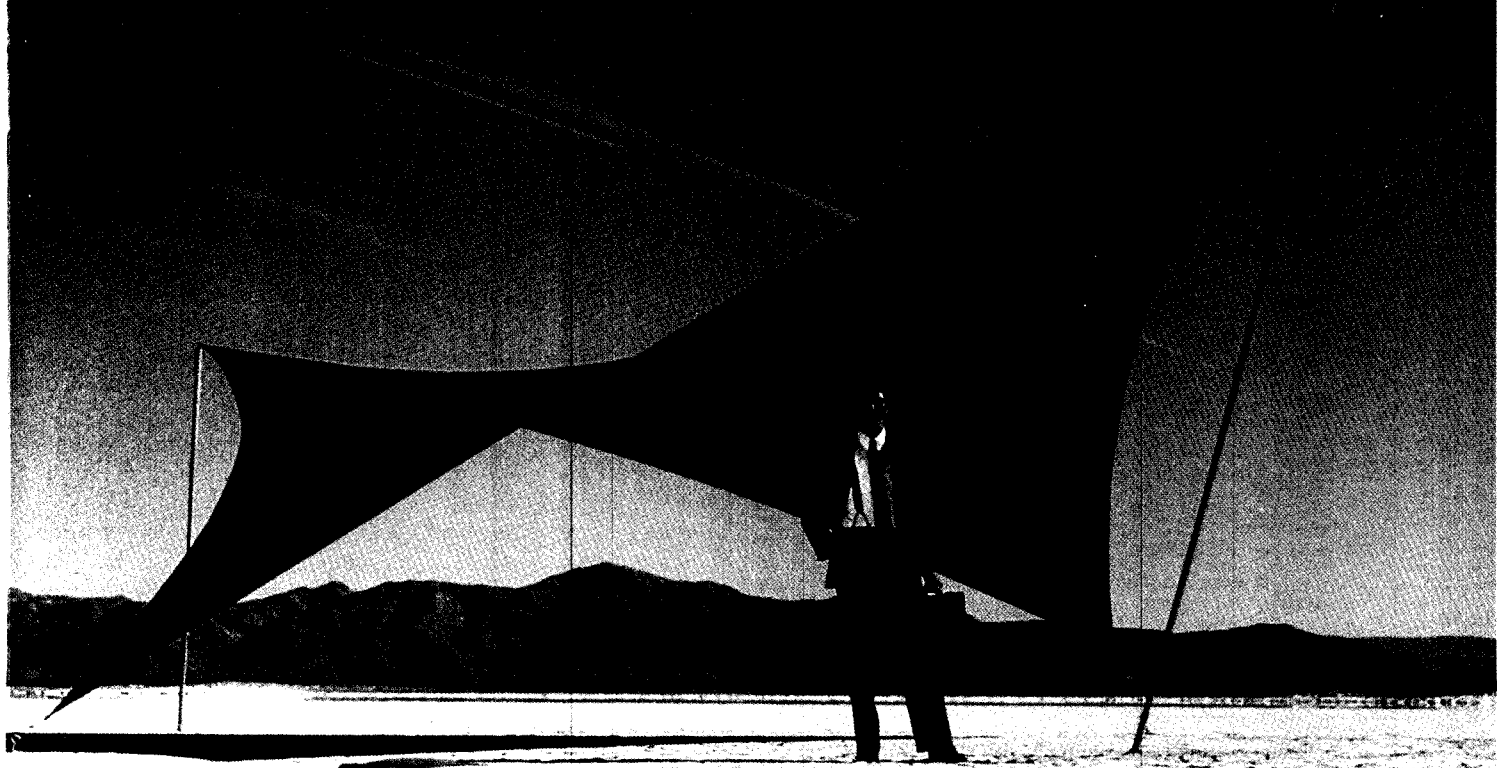
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TRANSLATING THE BIBLE

Barry Hoberman's article "Translating the Bible" (February Atlantic) should have been titled "Translating the Revised Standard Version of the Bible." His claim for RSV supremacy ("[The RSV] has become the most popular Bible translation in the United States") is contradicted by facts.

According to Spring Arbor Distributors (which serves mainly stores belonging to the Christian Booksellers Association, which Hoberman uses for his figure of "\$197 million annually"), last year the King James sold 26.5 percent, the Living Bible 20.4 percent, the New International Version 19.5 percent, the New American (Catholic) 4.2 percent, and the Revised Standard Version 2.5 percent. The CBA's *Bookstore Journal* confirms this ranking of sales with minor variations; the RSV still comes in last.

Last year's sales of the NIV and the LB totaled two million copies each. Thomas Nelson, the original publisher of the RSV, states that only five percent of its 1984 sales were the RSV.

JOSEPH BAYLY
Bartlett, Ill.

As one who has engaged in Bible translation, I am grateful for Barry Hoberman's fine article. But one particular matter should not be consigned to the netherworld of scholarly dispute. Directly after observing that "a responsible translator . . . aims to convey the meaning of the original text as precisely as possible," Hoberman unintentionally gives a classic example of just the opposite. His citation of Isaiah 7:14 according to the RSV, "A young woman shall conceive and bear a son," is a definite improvement over the King James's introduction of a "virgin" into a context where she doesn't belong. Nevertheless, the RSV is still seriously off the mark, as can be seen by comparing its rendering with two translations that convey the meaning of the original text precisely: "The maiden is with child and will soon give birth to a son" (the Jerusalem Bible); and "The young woman is with child and about to give birth to a son" (the New Jewish Version). Of the most widely used English renditions only these two correctly represent the

definite article before the word for "young woman" and a time frame for the impending birth. In so doing, these translations are faithful to Hebrew vocabulary and grammar and to the historical context in which the prophet Isaiah operated.

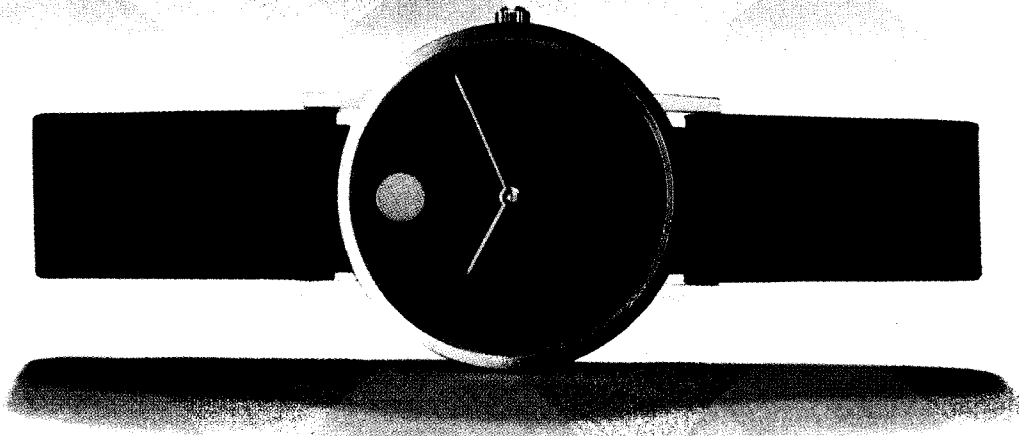
In passing I should note that while I share Hoberman's sensible misgivings about the *Inclusive Language Lectionary*, I do not think that its rendering of Isaiah 7:14 qualifies as a miserable failure.

LEONARD GREENSPOON
Clemson, S.C.

Barry Hoberman argues that if we accept his definition of translation, then both the Revised Standard Version and Today's English Version of the Bible are acceptable translations. But his definition contains a major flaw: he assumes that "sentence structure, word order, grammatical features, and so on" are not part of the structure of meaning. Any poet will tell you different, including, if we could converse with them, the poets who wrote much of the Old Testament.

"Dynamic equivalence translation," however, sacrifices meaning in even the unpoetic parts of the Bible. Today's English Version is, as far as I can tell, an exercise in "dumbing down." I once worked as an editor for the Department of the Army, and one of my tasks was to "translate" manuals down to the seventh-grade reading level. In the parallel passages from the RSV and Today's English Bibles that Hoberman presents I recognize the periphrasis such a project demands. In the RSV, for instance, *birthright*, a single word, probably replaces a single word in the Hebrew; Today's English Bible has "rights as the first-born son." Unskilled readers do better with many small words than with one long or unfamiliar word. The trouble is, "Thus Esau despised his birthright" does not mean "That was all Esau cared about his rights as the first-born son." Because of its terseness the RSV text is more powerful and moving.

The second comparative passage provided by Hoberman gives us a different problem: the replacement of a single-syllable but metaphoric word with a longer synonym. In the RSV, Jesus says, "Take heart, it is I; have no fear." The translators of Today's English Version



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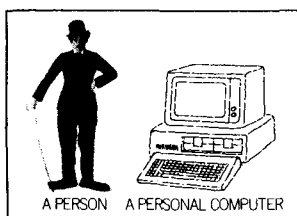
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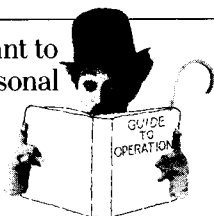
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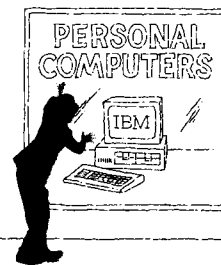


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apparently said to themselves: Jesus did not mean "take the organ that pumps blood through the body," and so used *courage*. Geoffrey Hammond (the author of *The Making of the English Bible*) has noted how the translators of Today's English Version assume that contemporary idiomatic English is non-metaphorical. In reality it is sown with metaphor—just check the sports pages, where having "a lot of heart" is hardly an opaque and arcane notion.

Many people who want to study the Bible closely *are* thwarted by their inability to read any but the most elementary texts. But this is a problem for teachers of reading, not for translators of the Bible. One doesn't envy those who must teach the Bible to unskilled readers, and *bean soup* may be an acceptable substitute for *pottage*. Still, all one really needs to know about a word is its initial letter, and only those of little faith will allow a trip to the dictionary to stand between them and the Word.

DAVID LATANÉ
Richmond, Va.

I was distressed to see Barry Hoberman pouring the *Inclusive Lectionary* into the same mold as the Living Bible. The difficulties of the *Inclusive Lectionary* are usually matters of English style and grammar. Difficulties of style constitute an issue entirely different from the issue of the doctrinal distortions found in the Living Bible of which Mr. Hoberman (along with many others) has complained. To set the two representations of the text side by side as equals is careless and unfair.

The *Inclusive Lectionary* strives to be faithful to contemporary scholarly understanding of God and God's action in the world and to transcend the misconceptions and injustices caused by the gender-biased ancient Mediterranean world. It is also an attempt to overcome the misconceptions caused by the deficiencies of the English language when it comes to dealing with expressions that need not be gender-specific in the Greek and Hebrew. In this respect the lectionary committee is creating a new portion of the English language that will be able to deal with those deficiencies. These men and women are attempting to take responsibility for a part of the message of the Gospel that has previously been ignored by all translators and paraphrasers of scripture.

The *Inclusive Lectionary* is based on the RSV. When it differs, a notation is

made. At points of divergence the lectionary scholars have examined the Greek and Hebrew versions. Their work has been subjected to the scrutiny of pastors, teachers, linguists, and philologists. This scholarly consensus-gathering helps weed out theological biases and is essential to producing a fair representation of the views surrounding the text. It has produced a much more responsible, if sometimes cumbersome, work than Mr. Hoberman has indicated.

PETER T. NASH
Garrett Evangelical Theological Seminary
Evanston, Ill.

To me the lectionary is a true god-send—I quit going to church because I literally got sick over the masculine and male-dominated language of worship. I went home each Sunday in tears or in anger, raving and carrying on.

I tell you, I would rather err in grammar or syntax than be sexist in my words—and I'm an English teacher.

CAROL HOELE UMBER
Los Angeles, Calif.

Barry Hoberman replies:

I probably should have explained my reasons for calling the RSV "the most popular Bible translation in the United States," instead of leaving it up to Joseph Bayly and other readers to infer what those reasons were. The number of copies sold over the years was only one of the criteria for popularity I had in mind. Ministers and biblical scholars whom I questioned on the subject generally agreed that the RSV version is the one most commonly used in U.S. churches belonging to mainline Protestant denominations. It is the only English Bible that has earned the approval of the highest Roman Catholic and Eastern Orthodox authorities along with the approval of the leaders of almost all the major American Protestant churches. In the world of biblical scholarship widespread use makes the RSV the closest thing to a standard English translation. In our well-established colleges, universities, and seminaries, it is used more than any other version in courses on the Bible.

Sales figures are notoriously difficult to obtain. According to various estimates the RSV has sold over 50 million copies since 1952, when the complete Bible first appeared. Only the King James Version has sold more in that span of time, and the RSV is well ahead of the next-best seller, the Living Bible

(around 30 million sold). Sales of most versions peak within a few years of publication, and then level off. (When an existing version is brought out in a new edition, sales tend to peak again.) Furthermore, most people do not buy a new Bible every year, or even every few years. Many people own but one Bible in their lifetime.

Mr. Bayly's 1984 sales statistics are irrelevant to long-term popularity, particularly if one is trying to define popularity from a number of meaningful perspectives. I should add that Spring Arbor, whose figures Mr. Bayly cites, distributes mainly to bookstores that cater to an evangelical clientele (a description furnished by David Dykhouse, of Spring Arbor, who also estimates that his company handles about 10 to 20 percent of trade Bible sales in the United States). Mr. Bayly's figures tell us something about the Bible-buying habits of conservative Protestants over a single year but next to nothing about the long-term popularity, influence, and importance of different English versions of the Bible.

Leonard Greenspoon and David Latané are right to point out that my definition of a translation is arguable, as is any definition of *translation*. A translator must decide whether to accord greater importance to meaning or to form, a perfect balance of the two being unattainable. I do think that in most cases—especially in translating prose—meaning ought to come first. And in the case of the Bible, meaning is even more important than usual.

I regret, however, that Mr. Latané belittles Today's English Version (the Good News Bible) as "an exercise in 'dumbing down.'" The preface to several editions of Today's English Version explains that the translation is "intended for people everywhere for whom English is either their mother tongue or an acquired language" and that it employs language that is "natural, clear, simple, and unambiguous."

I have heard quite a few biblical scholars and translators—members of the RSV committee among them—speak admiringly of the work done by the translators of Today's English Version. As for myself, Today's English Version has helped me better understand many difficult verses and passages. Mr. Latané's disdain for "dumb" readers has blinded him to the virtues of a praiseworthy translation of the Bible.

I empathize with Carol Hoele UMBER. Many Christians and Jews would like

Remembering Vietnam

Vietnam occupies that part of the mind inhabited solely by memories. Our collective memories will recall that ten years ago this spring, America's involvement in Vietnam came to an end.

It is a date that will live in ambiguity.

In Ho Chi Minh's own words, "The Americans don't like long, inconclusive wars—and this is going to be a long, inconclusive war." It was.

Let others use this occasion to explain why we were there, what we accomplished, what went wrong, and who was right. We seek here only to draw attention to those who served.

They gave their best and, in many cases, their lives. They fought not for territorial gain, or national glory, or personal wealth. They fought only because they were called to serve. Some returned intact, some physically and emotionally maimed. Others never returned and are immortalized in a national memorial in Washington, D.C.

Perhaps they questioned why they were there. Certainly some complained. Yet they served. Many lie today beneath white crosses or buried in our personal memories. They all were soldiers.

No one wants war—not the civil leaders who proclaim it, not the civilians who suffer from it, least of all the

soldiers who must fight it. Yet we have it. In the words of Plato, "Only the dead have seen the end of war."

Whatever acrimony lingers in our consciousness, whatever regrets we may have, whatever "might-have-beens" or "if-only's," whatever people may say on this anniversary, let us not forget the Vietnam veteran.

It was on July 8, 1959, that the first American was killed in that war. For 16 years they died. Then, on April 30, 1975, the last Americans left Vietnam.

In a larger sense we all are veterans of Vietnam. It is part of our history.

Those who served in Vietnam deserve better than what they got.

As a nation we have always tried to do what is right. Let us try to do right to the Vietnam veteran. Let us begin by remembering.

Etched in granite on the face of a Vietnam Veterans Monument in Buffalo, New York, are feelings that should be etched in our hearts:

*They answered when called;
Asked for little and got less;
And made us richer for their sacrifice
But poorer for their passing.
In remembering the dead,
We embrace the living.
For we ought to remember
Better than we do.*



the language of organized worship to be less male-oriented than it traditionally has been. New prayers and hymns have been composed and old ones reworked in an effort to make the liturgy more inclusive. That's a desirable goal, but lectionary passages are not merely ingredients of the liturgy—they are Scripture. I fully support efforts to expunge all *unwarranted* male-oriented language from translations of the Bible, but I oppose injecting into the biblical text an ideological viewpoint that is totally alien to the consciousness of the ancient biblical authors themselves. And that is exactly what the committee behind *An Inclusive Language Lectionary* has done.

I am bothered much less by the lectionary's stylistic weaknesses than by the lectionary committee's apparent disregard for accuracy and for the integrity of the biblical text. Bible translators certainly ought not to use gender-specific terms in instances where inclusive language will yield a translation that is more faithful to the meaning of the original. However, in my opinion translators have no business adjusting the meaning of the Bible in an effort to "transcend the

misconceptions and injustices caused by a gender-biased ancient Mediterranean world," to use Peter T. Nash's words. Let me remind Ms. Umber and Mr. Nash that the heavily male-dominated character of biblical societies is not the only thing in the Bible that is capable of making us, Americans living in the year 1985, uncomfortable. The Bible takes the existence of slavery for granted. In the Old Testament the Israelites punish criminals and wage war in ways that to us may seem barbaric and despicable. Jews today are bound to be unhappy with the New Testament's skewed portrayal of the Pharisees. Should we try to retouch the Bible wherever it offends our modern sensibilities?

I agree with Mr. Nash that the Living Bible is far more deserving of criticism than *An Inclusive Language Lectionary* is, but it seems to me that the lectionary, too, is guilty of doctrinal distortion. As Roger Bullard told me when I interviewed him last year, the lectionary probably compromises the doctrine of the Incarnation. If God became human flesh, obviously he had to do it in one sex or the other, and according to the

New Testament he did it in the form of the man Jesus of Nazareth. The lectionary committee goes out of its way to avoid using masculine pronouns to refer to Jesus, presumably because it wants to gloss over the fact—historically and theologically significant—that he was a male human being. Moreover, if Jesus is "the child" rather than "the Son," what does that do to the traditional Christian concept of the Trinity? When we speak of a "father-son" relationship, that expression has a connotation of personal intimacy that is absent from the more neutral, impersonal "parent and child." The relationship between the Father and the Son in the New Testament is anything but impersonal.

POVERTY OF ECONOMICS

In "The Poverty of Economics" (February *Atlantic*) Robert Kuttner makes a strong case for the irrelevance to real life of current academic economic theorizing. Finding myself on the same side of the question most of the time, perhaps I should not in this instance argue

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to the contrary. But Kuttner exaggerates, and a little balance is needed. Two points in particular should be made.

First, the successive theories Kuttner blasts for excessive abstraction are in fact children of their time and place, very much rooted in real-life experience. They do yield valuable insights, provided one is willing to place them in a historical context and strip away the (admittedly almost perverse) tendency of economic theorists to push them to extremes. In the 1930s Lord Keynes offered an explanation for why heavy unemployment persisted longer than classicists would have deemed possible. Also, he suggested a basically reasonable way out: stimulate government budget policy. Some forty or fifty years later—and with much overinterpretation of Keynes's message behind us—the basic point of the “rational expectationists” is that market anticipations and reactions can defeat the aims of government intervention. Is that unreasonable? I recommend that rather than throw out the baby with the bath water, one look for the nuggets of truth in each successive doctrine and combine their positive ele-

ments in a cumulative and balanced blend of theory and pragmatism.

Second, academic theorists are not practitioners. Government and business economists are. The distinction should be drawn and observed. It hardly needs to be said that academics turned policy-makers and having widely diverse orientations (for example, Charles Schultze and Martin Feldstein) have always been selected for the Council of Economic Advisers because they could be trusted to bring political sensibility and communications ability to the job, even at the possible expense of their theoretical predilections.

As a past president of the National Association of Business Economists (NABE), I'd like to add that our organization has grown from scratch to 4,000 members in the past twenty-five years and is now a force in economics. In our quarterly journal *Business Economics* and our seminars we emphasize practical relevance. Yes, we do employ mathematics, econometrics, and statistics. But we keep our model-building small-scale, testing manageable and immediately relevant propositions (for example, the

reaction of oil demand to supply-side shocks). Why would hundreds of businesses employ us if they did not realize that strategic planning, marketing, investment policy, and regulatory questions (to name some of the areas in which we work) all benefit from the “hard” social science of economics, tempered by adaptations to specific business environments and by common sense?

FRANCIS H. SCHOTT

*Senior Vice-President and Chief Economist
Equitable Life Assurance Society
New York, N.Y.*

DISMANTLED REACTORS

Carole Douglass's reply to our letter in the January *Atlantic* treats facts carelessly in an attempt to support the view that radiation releases from the Saxton Nuclear Experimental Facility in Pennsylvania might have affected the health of Saxton residents.

Ms. Douglass reports that “on at least two occasions” radiation releases from the Saxton facility exceeded the limits of the plant monitor, leaving doubt as to

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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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please try Carlton.

how much radioactivity had escaped into the environment. It is true that two of four unplanned releases exceeded the measuring capability of the monitor. That is because the monitor was designed to detect relatively small amounts of radiation so as to quickly alert plant operators to any unusual radiation levels. However, it is not true that there is doubt about how much radiation was released. The releases originated in a waste-gas tank. We know how much gas was in the tank before and after the releases. Simple arithmetic tells us how much radiation was released. The maximum possible radiation exposure to anyone in the public for the releases was 0.3 and 0.0018 millirems. Those exposures compare to a natural background level in the Saxton area of approximately 60 millirems a year.

Ms. Douglass states that the releases "were considered significant enough to require special reports to the Nuclear Regulatory Commission." The releases were significant to the extent that they exceeded what the plant's technical specifications allowed to be released routinely. The fact that the releases were reported to the NRC is more illustrative of how closely nuclear facilities are regulated than of how significant the releases were in terms of health effects.

On another issue Ms. Douglass says that the plant's corporate management "has a history of falsifying reports to the NRC." We deny any such history.

GORDON W. TOMB
Senior Media Representative
GPU Nuclear Corporation
Middletown, Pa.

Re "The Economics of Contamination," by Carole Douglass (October *Atlantic*), on dismantling nuclear-power reactors at the end of their useful life:

1. The reactor itself, once the fuel is removed and the innards are properly washed down, is not, as Douglass says, very radioactive; people can even work inside it for an appreciable time. The statement "close to ten percent is considered virtually as deadly as used fuel rods" is vastly off the mark. Radiation levels from the fuel-less reactor are typically thousands, even hundreds of thousands, of times less intense.

2. After fuel removal the remaining low-level radioactivity is solidly anchored in the structure (mainly steel), not (as Douglass implied) poised to spring out like summer crabgrass.

3. The "hazard" of radioactive nickel-

59 is exaggerated: there is not normally enough nickel—radioactive or not—in the body to constitute a danger on this account.

4. All serious studies show that the leukemia (and other disease) rate is unchanged in the vicinity of nuclear-power plants, including the Three Mile Island unit, rather than up by a factor of four, a number cited in the article as coming from an "informal survey."

5. Terrorists could make no use of a decommissioned reactor, unless it was used to store hostages.

6. The most reliable present estimate of the cost of decommissioning is 10 to 15 percent of the construction cost, far less than the highly inflated estimate by the Cornell economist Duane Chapman. Small power reactors have already been completely dismantled and the sites released for unrestricted use—for example, the Elk River power reactor, near Minneapolis.

ERIC S. BECKJORD,
MICHAEL J. DRISCOLL,
KENT F. HANSEN,
OTTO K. HARLING, MUJID S. KAZIMI,
DAVID D. LANNING,
RICHARD K. LESTER,
NEIL E. RODREAS, DAVID J. ROSE
Professors of Nuclear Engineering, MIT
Cambridge, Mass.

Carole Douglass replies:

A study for the Nuclear Regulatory Commission indicates that after a full lifetime a nuclear-power plant's activated reactor could contain close to five million curies of radiation. No one could work inside parts of the plant without shielding. The less intense but longer-lived isotopes, as I mentioned in the article, would require that people be shielded for many thousands of years. Because of the longevity of the products of activated steel, close to ten percent by weight of such steel is now widely thought to require the same careful disposal stipulated for fuel rods.

A large body of research—including the series of decommissioning reports issued by the NRC—contradicts the MIT professors' contention that nickel-59, among other substances in the empty plant, poses no danger. Occupational exposure from immediately dismantling a boiling-water reactor is estimated at close to 2,000 man-rems. (Environmental Protection Agency—proposed occupational-exposure limits are five man-rems per year; public-exposure limits are set far lower.)

The health effects of working at nuclear-power stations, and of the Three Mile Island accident, are far from tallied. As the professors should know, it can take decades for diseases associated with radiation to show up. Furthermore, the numerous unusual health complaints already catalogued among residents near TMI are now being re-evaluated by Pennsylvania officials.

The nuclear industry's cost predictions have been notoriously inaccurate, even for relatively routine construction projects. Cost overruns may be just as rampant for decommissioning as they are for construction. The tiny Elk River plant hardly makes an encouraging case for the economics of decommissioning, since it cost \$6 million to build in the early sixties and more than \$6.5 million to take apart a decade later.

ADVICE & CONSENT

Roger H. Green, of London, Ontario, writes (Letters to the Editor, December *Atlantic*) that "Canadians and Mexicans are also Americans." Well, only with respect to the whole hemisphere are they "American." Otherwise they are "North Americans"—and neither term designates a nationality.

A person's citizenship is not determined by the continent on which his country is located. If you ask a Belgian what nationality he is, will he say "European"? Though they live on the continent of North America, citizens of Canada are Canadians. Try asking one (other than Mr. Green) "Are you an American?" and see what answer you get.

JOHN HOOK
Khartoum, the Sudan

I can match the achievement of Ronald Arledge of New York (Letters to the Editor, March *Atlantic*). I also have solved every cryptic puzzle published in *The Atlantic*—in ink!

JOSEPH T. D'ULISSE
"World's Greatest Puzzler"
Collingdale, Pa.

I too have solved all of them, a paltry achievement next to that of *constructing* so many—and such ingenious puzzles, each with its own clever theme, each a challenge and an entertainment. Ms. Cox and Mr. Rathvon are the ones who have something to boast about.

JOHN DE CUEVAS
Cambridge, Mass.

SHE'S GOT HER MOTHER'S EYES, HER FATHER'S NOSE AND HER UNCLE'S DEFICIT.

It's quite a legacy her uncle has handed her. (Her favorite uncle, at that.) Annual federal deficits approaching \$200 billion. A current national debt of \$1.6 trillion. Potentially, \$13 trillion by the year 2000.

When the numbers get this big, they tend to get meaningless. Until you look at it this way. If federal deficits continue at their current rate, it's as if every baby born in 1985 will have a \$50,000 debt strapped to its back.

The great debate over deficits, of course, no longer centers on whether or not they should be reduced, but how.

One side favors raising taxes. But whose? 90% of all personal taxable income already comes from tax brackets of \$35,000 and below. Does anyone seriously suggest increasing the tax burden of lower and middle income families?

Well then, the argument follows, tax the rich. But, if the federal government took every penny of every dollar over the \$75,000 tax bracket that isn't already taxed—not



a surcharge, mind you, but took it all—it would only collect enough to run the country for a week. Besides, there's no guarantee that Congress would spend less money if we all gave them more.

The alternative seems clear. Cut spending. But, again, the question is how.

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know. There's a booklet that summarizes it all. For your free copy, write to this address: USA DEBT, Dept. AT, P.O. Box 3190, Ogden, Utah 84409.

Unfortunately, almost 75% of the commission's recommendations won't be implemented unless Congress acts on them. And, sometimes, the words "Congressional action" are mutually exclusive. That's why we all have to take action first.

Read the booklet. If it gets you angry, it's up to you to get things changed. Write to Congress. If you don't think that'll do it, run for Congress.

Our children and grandchildren don't deserve to pay for our mistakes. We should be passing on to them a healthy economy and a high standard of living. That should be their inheritance. That should be their birthright.

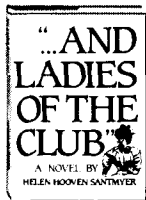
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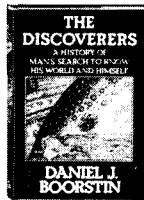
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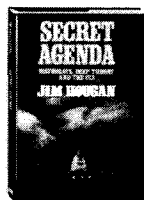
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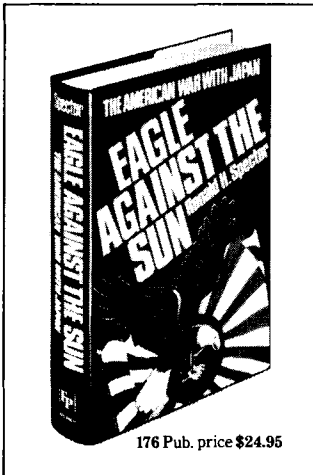
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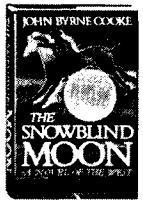
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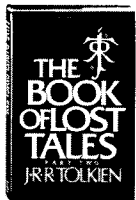
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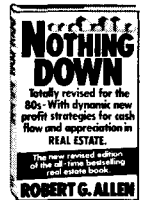
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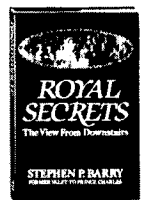
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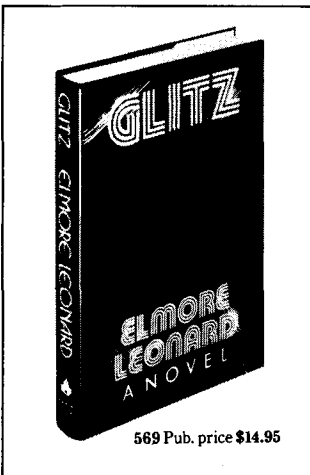
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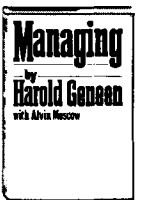
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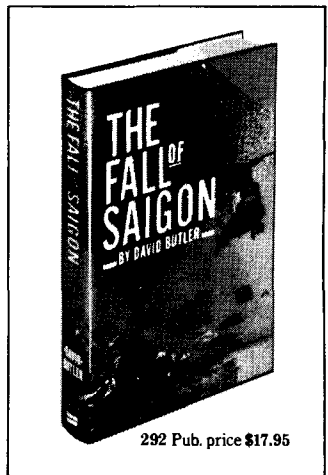
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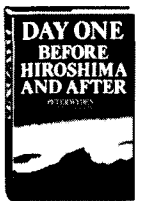
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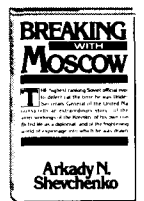
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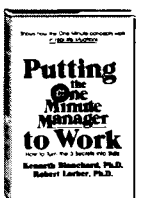
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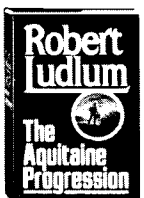
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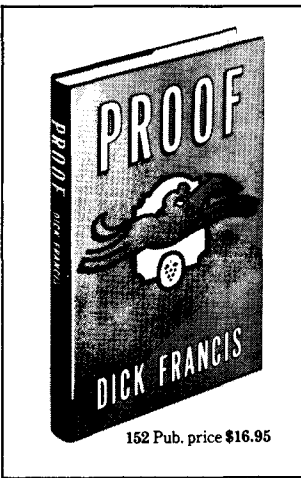
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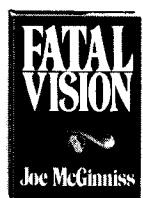
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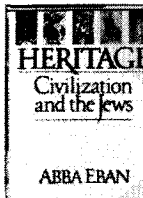
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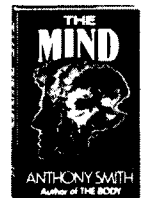
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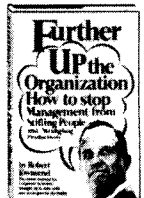
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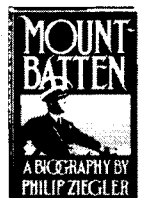
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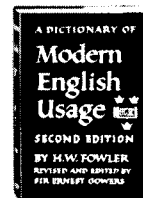
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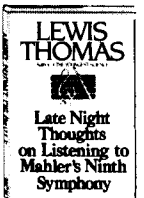
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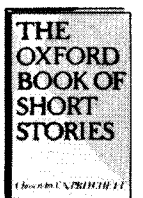
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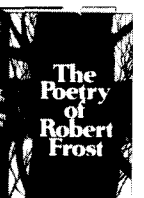
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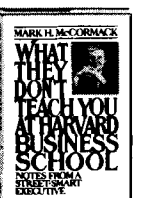
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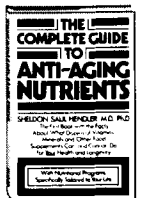
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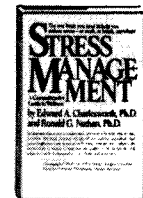
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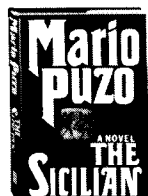


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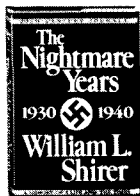
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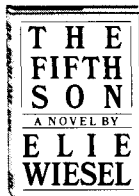
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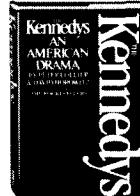
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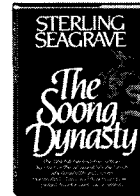
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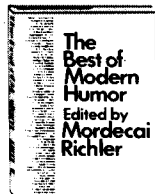
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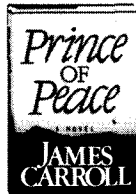
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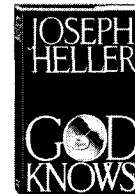
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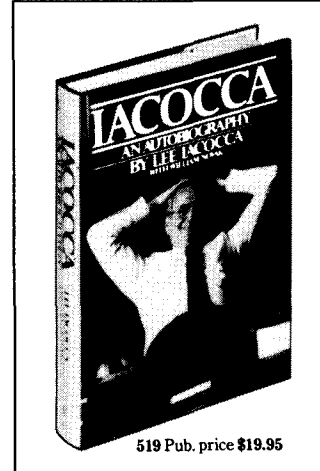
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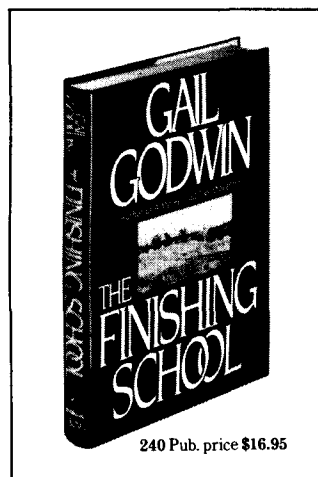
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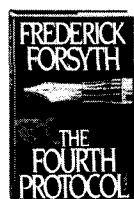
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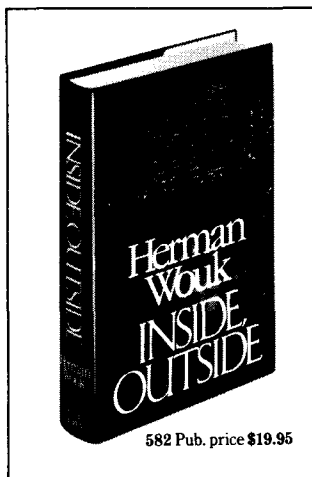
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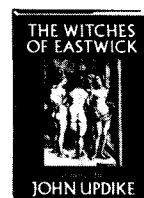
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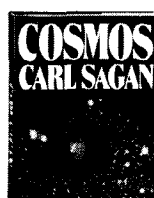
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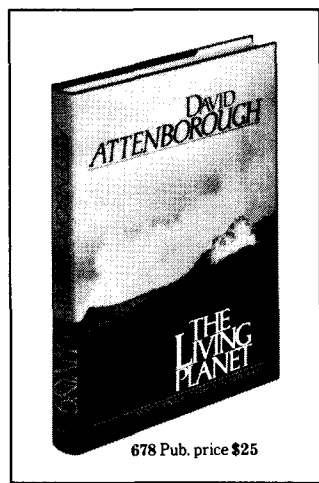
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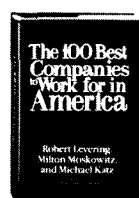
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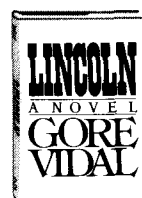
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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

THE ELEMENTS OF LIFESTYLE

The term has not always been the property of mass-marketing

IN A JOINT declaration last December China and Great Britain guaranteed the five million citizens of Hong Kong the legal right to maintain their current "life-styles" when responsibility for the city's defense and foreign affairs shifts from London to Beijing, in the year 1997. "Surely," *The New York Times* commented, this was "the first use of that mod term in a solemn diplomatic accord." The raised eyebrows of newspaper editors notwithstanding, *lifestyle* has created a function for itself in the English language (a function that we can now presume exists in Chinese, as well). Advertising offers us an endless selection of images to choose from. Our purchases—whether we wear them, eat them, or live in them—become social identification cards. A consumer's per-

sonality is revealed by his or her choice of this or that mass-produced item. Images come flashing for a few seconds at a time from anywhere in the world. Hong Kong? Skyscrapers; junks in the harbor; a kid with a Sony Walkman, bopping down a crowded street. Does the treaty assure the Sony Walkman its place in this picture?

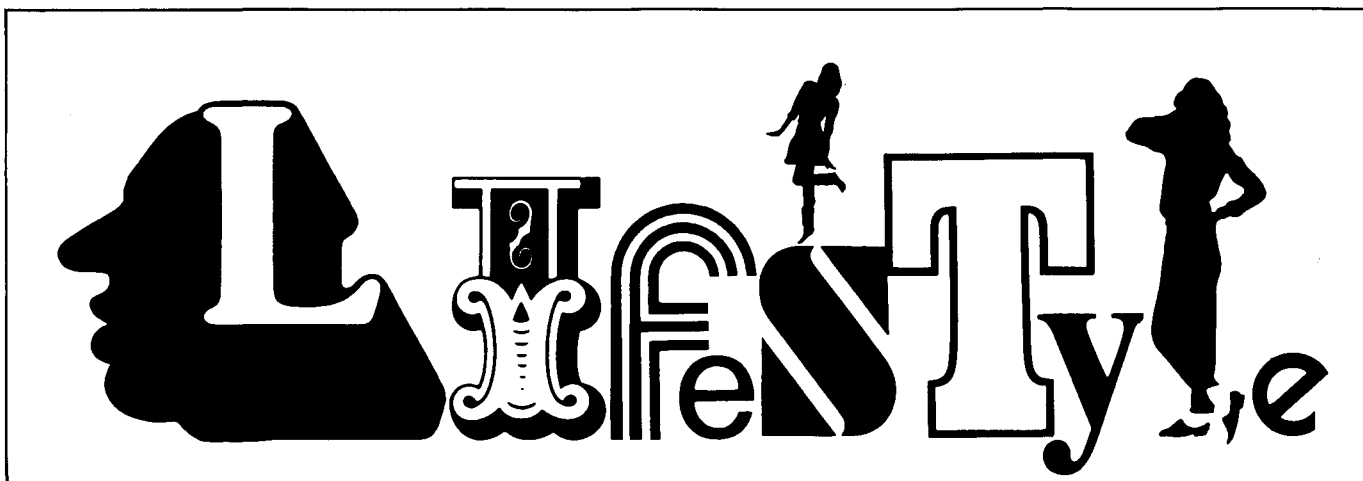
What is perhaps more surprising than the debut of the word *lifestyle* in international diplomacy is the appearance of the word *mod* in the solemn editorial pages of the *Times*. Why would an editorialist make apparently gratuitous use of a word that disappeared into the cultural effluvia with *far out* and *groovy*? It is possible that the writer was attempting to locate the origin of *lifestyle* in the "mod" period (that is, the mid-1960s: Carnaby Street, *To Sir, With Love*, paisley shirts, and so on).

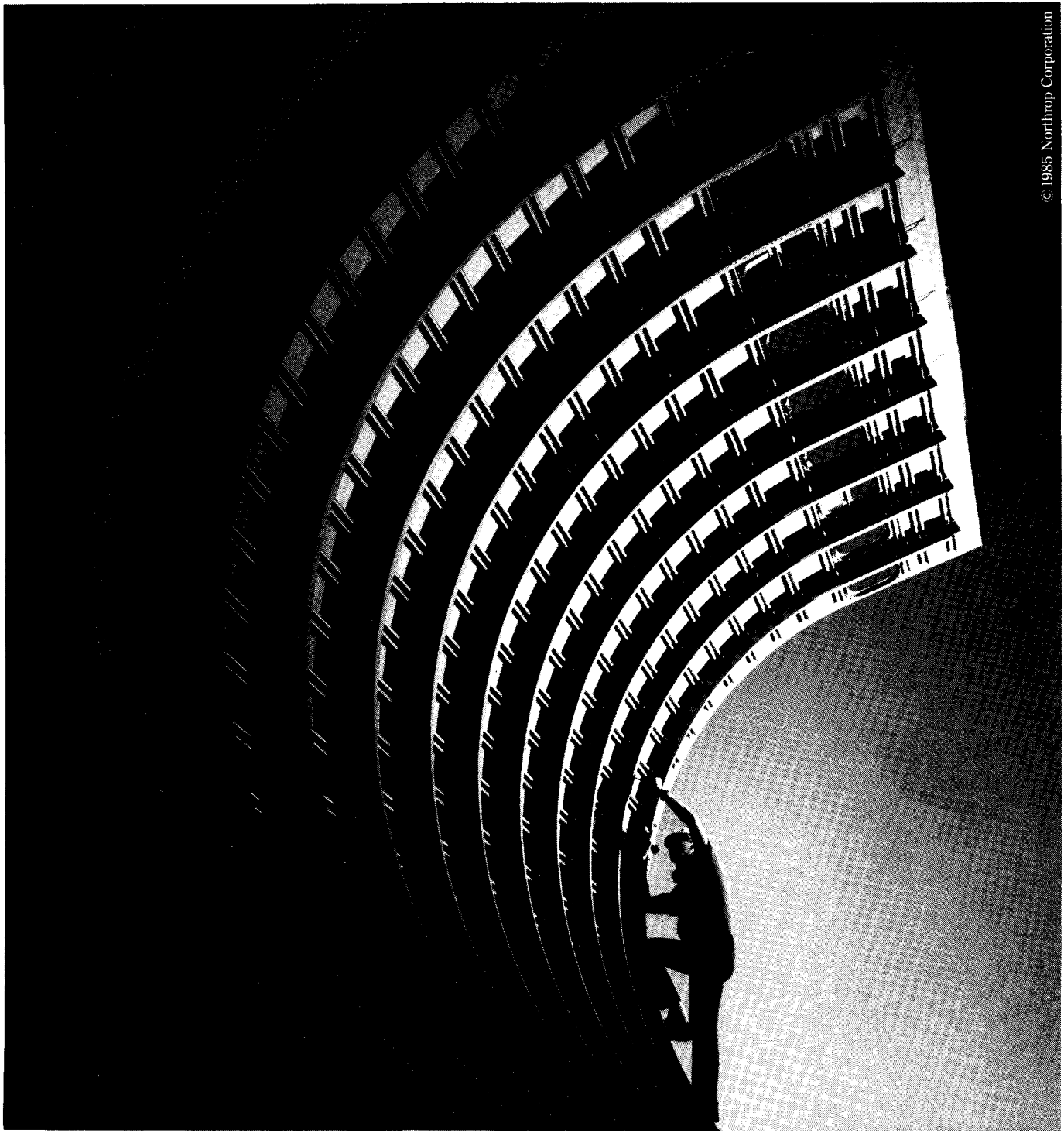
Though *lifestyle* does seem to have arrived, Topsy-like, sometime between the Eisenhower and Nixon Administrations, we have had the term longer than that. According to the *Oxford English Dictionary*, it was coined by the renowned psychiatrist Alfred Adler as a catchall expression for "a person's basic

. . . reactions and behavior." It appears prominently in his classic text *Problems of Neurosis: A Book of Case Histories*, which was published in 1929, a year during which the lifestyles of many Americans underwent drastic change.

Adler had broken with his mentor, Freud, to found Individual Psychology, a school that stresses a subjective, "soft" determinism in its theory of personality. In Adler's scheme the young child is a more conscious being whose perception of the world will be profoundly influenced by new experiences. But though psychological injuries sustained during the first four or five years of life will inevitably reassert themselves as adult inhibitions and phobias, this does not foreclose the possibility of a person's changing his or her "lifestyle" through greater understanding of the self. What evolved from Adler's heresy was a gaggle of self-awareness, self-actualization, and touchy-feely psychologies—the kind often mentioned in jokes about California, a state that is now almost synonymous with the notion of lifestyle.

After three decades of relative obscurity in the psychoanalytic community, *lifestyle* became popular, in the 1960s, as





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The week the Afghanistan war was closed to the press, but our reporter pressed on.

The mark of a good reporter is not simply to report a story, but to scratch for the story underneath the story.

The week of June 4, 1984, Newsweek's Patricia J. Sethi scratched and hit pay dirt.

Not only did she get an exclusive interview with Afghan President Babrak Karmal, his

first with an American publication, but Sethi actually convinced Karmal to grant her an unprecedented helicopter tour of a key Soviet battle zone.

It marked the first time a Western reporter had been allowed by the government into Afghanistan to witness Soviet military operations. And Sethi's

report provided the outside world with the first piece of solid evidence that the Soviets are indeed gaining ground against the Islamic guerrillas.

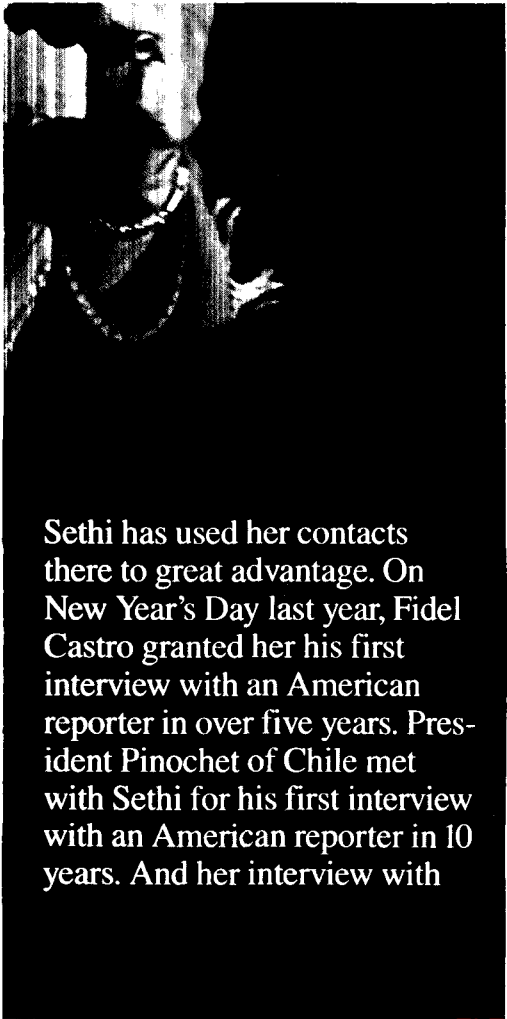
For Patricia Sethi, Afghanistan proved to be just one in a number of scoops she was able to capture last year.

As our U.N. bureau chief,



Wed.

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Sat.

Sethi has used her contacts there to great advantage. On New Year's Day last year, Fidel Castro granted her his first interview with an American reporter in over five years. President Pinochet of Chile met with Sethi for his first interview with an American reporter in 10 years. And her interview with

Vietnam's Prime Minister Pham Van Dong was a catalyst in the administration's efforts for the release of all Amerasian children in Vietnam.

It's this dedication to excellence that's resulted in Newsweek winning over 600 awards for journalistic achievement. More than any other newsweekly.

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a rubric under which to designate types of deviance. The procession of blossoming subcultures that passed before the cameras of news and talk shows each day was thus easily encapsulated: hippie lifestyle, gay lifestyle, communal lifestyle, student lifestyle—all of these falling under the general label “alternative lifestyles.” There was, at first, a liberal impulse in the word. Those “others” who seemed so alien were presumably living lives like the rest of us; they just had a different style of doing so. But the word made its way from Greenwich Village and Berkeley to Madison Avenue and Hollywood, and the trip took its toll. As early as 1961 the British newspaper the *Manchester Guardian* warned that “the mass-media . . . continually tell their audience what life-styles are ‘modern’ and ‘smart.’”

TODAY THE WORD *lifestyle* can be found everywhere. There is hardly a newspaper in the United States that does not offer a lifestyle section, in which the secrets of good taste in ice cream cones, art, and wicker furniture are revealed to readers. On television no less an arbiter of cultural pulchritude than Robin Leach invites viewers across America to ogle *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous* (“ . . . and so with her three Rolls-Royces, her palatial Beverly Hills estate, and a fourth attempt at marriage just around the corner . . .”). Banks, which once supplied checks in green, yellow, pink, or blue, now show their respect for the sensibilities of their depositors by providing vistas of the Wild West, the pounding surf, the Brooklyn Bridge, and the Old South—such being, according to one brochure, “checks for American life styles.” Turning Point International, which advertises itself as “the nation’s largest and fastest growing social, personal growing and travel organization for aware active singles,” promises the opportunity to expand and enhance one’s lifestyle by “meeting exciting, interesting singles!” A real-estate company in Connecticut offers the would-be home buyer “a peaceful country lifestyle” in a nineteenth-century barn that has been converted into a nine-room house, complete with “large cathedral ceiling living room” and “heat-olator fireplace.” Even contact lenses, Bausch & Lomb claims, “could alter your lifestyle.”

One firm that has chosen to identify itself with the increasingly popular word is the Lifestyle Apparel Corporation, of

Knoxville, Tennessee. Its catalogue “Lifestyle Robes” includes a plaid robe from “a timeless tradition,” a blue pin-stripe robe with “an updated attitude for today’s lifestyle,” and a gray velour “contemporary classic.” All assessments of the relationship of the past and the present are accounted for by these bathrobes. No direct mention, however, is made of the future—perhaps because the bathrobe future has already arrived.

LIFESTYLE is a word that was born in the radio years and that has become ordinary language during the television era. It is therefore a word that has been heard and said more often than written or read. This has surely helped to produce the discrepancies in its notation. Three major factions have surfaced in the dispute.

The first group might be called the self-conscious moderns—institutions like Turning Point International and *USA Today* that use the separate-but-equal coupling of *life style*. This notation fails to recognize that *life* and *style* are no longer two words that meet by chance in daily discourse and that their combined usage has become specialized. It is perhaps paradoxical that businesses as much a part of the lifestyle phenomenon as these should pay so little attention to the way they write the word.

The second group, which could be called the cautious conservatives, includes the *Oxford English Dictionary*, *The New York Times*, and *The Atlantic* (whose editors have agreed to waive the magazine’s rule for this article). Members of this group still prefer the hyphenated *life-style*. Hyphenating at least grants the point that *life* and *style* have become inextricably coupled into a new unit of meaning that arises in certain contexts. But the hyphen makes most sense when it is used to form a compound adjective, such as *hard-bitten* or *double-edged*. It may be appropriate in such phrases as “life-style magazine” or “life-style boutique,” but there the line might well be drawn.

The third group—call it the logical faction—believes that the privilege to be known as a single word, *lifestyle*, has been earned. The time has passed when *style* modified *life* or *life* modified *style*. *Lifestyle* has taken on a life of its own. Most advertisers seem to have made the single word the notation of choice. There being no Academy of American English to decide such matters, the authors defer to the prominent users.

IN 1973 *THE Times* of London announced in a headline that a British church group advocated “freedom for students to create their own life-styles.” In a sense that battle has been won. *Life-style* is ubiquitous in college writing, and the concept has proved to be an interdisciplinary one. A New York University student wrote not long ago that “dinosaurs became extinct because they could not adapt their lifestyle to changing conditions in the environment.” At Brown University a senior observed that “social deviance had no place in the Puritan lifestyle.” Reviewing Frederick Douglass’s memoir, *Narrative*, a Mount Holyoke undergraduate praised its “insightful and revealing look at the slave lifestyle.” A classmate, commenting on the rise of progressivism, wrote, “Up until this point, people weren’t concerned with reform—they went along in their own lifestyles, not caring much about how others lived.” A reader of compositions these days would not be surprised to learn that Lenin lived the Bolshevik lifestyle, or that Gandhi and Thoreau led civilly disobedient lifestyles, or that by 1776 Americans had grown tired of the colonial lifestyle.

Quentin Crisp, the retired British office clerk who burst upon the literary scene some years ago with his autobiography, *The Naked Civil Servant*, has written an instructive book for these times. In a manner as straightforward as its title suggests, *How to Have a Life-style* outlines ways in which each of us can work to create a unique, individual persona. According to Crisp, “You need to cultivate a life-style . . . for your own benefit—to give you a firm belief in your own identity and to prevent you from importing others for their approval to make up for your lack of self-esteem.”

Mr. Crisp, of course, is swimming against the current. Two decades of media overkill have turned what was once an expression of tolerance and respect for idiosyncrasy into a rhetorical slug more evocative of conformity. If *lifestyle* is to recover the progressive impulse of its popular origin, we will have to find better uses for it than the selling of bathrobes and designer checkbooks.

—Daniel Czitrom and David Marc

Daniel Czitrom teaches history at Mount Holyoke College and is the author of *Media and the American Mind*. David Marc is the author of *American Demographic Vistas*, a book about television. His article “MTM’s Past and Future” appeared in the November *Atlantic*.

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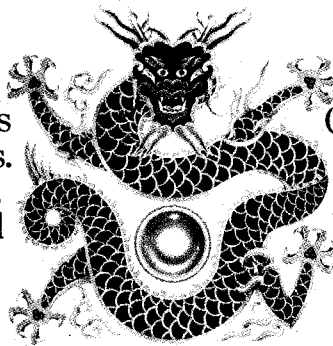
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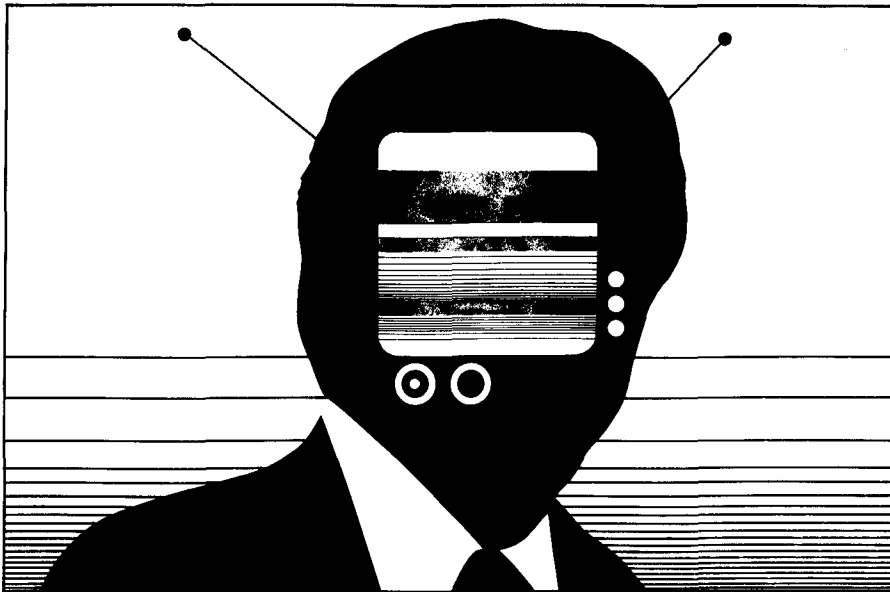


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WASHINGTON

"CONSERVATIVE OPPORTUNITY SOCIETY"

Newt Gingrich and other Republicans win votes by talking like conservatives and spending like liberals

NEWT GINGRICH, a fourth-term congressman from the suburbs of Atlanta, has built a reputation for two things. One is his penchant for self-righteous public attacks on his colleagues. In 1979, during his first term in the House, he called on the members to expel Representative Charles Diggs, of Michigan, who had been convicted of embezzling office funds. In 1983, when a House investigating committee reported that Representatives Gerry Studds, of Massachusetts, and Daniel Crane, of Illinois, had had sexual relations with teenagers who were working as House pages, Gingrich said that they should be expelled too. In 1984 Gingrich made frequent speeches railing against the House Democrats for being soft on communism. These were delivered during sleepy afternoon sessions and broadcast to the nation on cable television. Eventually they provoked an outburst from the speaker, Thomas P. O'Neill, who called them "the lowest thing I have ever seen in my thirty-two years in the House."

Second, Gingrich is known for his invention of the phrase "Conservative Op-

portunity Society." Trailed by a phalanx of reporters, he turned preliminary sessions of last year's Republican national convention into a battleground until "Conservative Opportunity Society" was inserted into the platform. President Reagan used the phrase "American opportunity society" in his second inaugural address. The number of congressmen who have adopted the COS banner (now that the phrase is taking off, Gingrich has begun to use the acronym almost exclusively) has swelled from fewer than a dozen two years ago to more than forty today. In national politics, and especially national Republican politics, catchphrases that seem to stand for new ideas have been incredibly potent of late, both as lures for voters and as ways to effect major changes in the direction of government—look at "supply-side economics" and "the window of vulnerability." Now that politicians are preparing for the 1986 and 1988 elections, "Conservative Opportunity Society" seems to be the next important phrase.

The COS is usually taken for hype, and Gingrich for just an especially fast-talking member of the hard-line New Right. He does not make much of an effort to dispel this impression, for it gets him a political base and attention from the press. The COS, as set forth in Gingrich's book, *Window of Opportunity*, is more systematic than Gingrich's critics might expect, however. It is a hawkish, limited-government, growth- and future-oriented, traditional-values American utopia, which can come into being only if the forces of the "Liberal Welfare State" (an innocuous term from political science, which Gingrich has elevated to

capital letters and arch-villain status) can be defeated. I spent a few days with Gingrich this past winter to see how he translates his theory into political practice. At the end of that time I felt that I had a much better understanding of what the strain of conservatism that's so strong in this country right now really is. I thought I knew, too, why it's likely to become even more powerful, and why it can't last.

AT NINE ON A Wednesday morning late in January the COS congressmen met, as they do every Wednesday when Congress is in session, in a bare room in one of the House office buildings. A little after ten Gingrich bustled out and headed for his office. He is a chunky man of forty-one, with a mop of gray hair, a high voice, and the air of Dennis the Menace—exasperating but charming. He was walking with one of his protégés, Joe Barton, a freshman Republican representative from Texas. If there were a set of specifications for the model COS congressman, both Gingrich and Barton would fit it pretty well: they're very junior members from new, booming districts. They are impatient with the deals by which both the House of Representatives and the country are run. Righteous outrage is their basic emotion, and it is summoned by a variety of provocations. What was provoking Gingrich, Barton, and other COS congressmen that Wednesday was the fact that Richard McIntyre, the Republican candidate in a close, disputed congressional race in Indiana, hadn't been seated, though he'd been declared the winner (by a hair). Some members of the COS group had wanted to drape a chair on the House floor in black—or if not that, to do *something*. Gingrich was giving Barton some advice in that line.

"Look up the Wilkes case in the 1770s," Gingrich said. (John Wilkes was a member of Parliament who was expelled because he had been convicted of seditious libel, re-elected, and then forbidden to take his seat.) Barton, at thirty-five as eager and fresh-faced as a choirboy, nodded dutifully and took notes. Gingrich continued, "This is a constitutional issue! It's not a political issue! We have to make the press understand that. Now, when you deal with these people, you have to remember two things: absolute certainty and knowledge of detail. That's what these reporters and editors want."

Barton turned off toward his office.

HOW TO TALK TO TEENAGERS ABOUT DRINKING AND DRIVING.

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Teenagers can get into a lot of trouble with alcohol. Even teenagers who don't drink. Often they aren't aware of the facts.

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Teenagers are in the high-risk group. People between the ages of 16 and 24 represent only 20 percent of the licensed drivers of our country. But that same group is involved in 42 percent of all the alcohol-related fatal crashes. When you think about that, two tragic things are revealed:

First, not all teenagers killed in such accidents are themselves drunk at the time. Often they have had nothing to drink at all, but are passengers in cars driven by teenagers who have been drinking.

Second, teenagers are often on the roads late at night, especially on weekends, when most crashes involving alcohol occur. They are targets for cars driven by people who have had too much to drink.

Some facts about alcohol you might want to discuss with teenagers are often surprising to adults:

- One can of beer, as well as one four-ounce glass of table wine, and one 1.2-ounce drink of 80-proof liquor are all equally intoxicating. The risk is the same regardless of what you've been drinking.
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Please discuss the problem of drinking and driving with your teenagers now, and if you think this advertisement will help, ask them to read it.

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When Gingrich got to his, he spotted Greg McDonald, a reporter for the Cox newspaper chain's Washington bureau, who covers Gingrich for the Atlanta papers. In a story in that morning's *Atlanta Journal* about Gingrich's plans to participate in a debate about Nicaragua at Oxford University, McDonald had written that Gingrich has "little experience in foreign affairs."

"Who has little experience in foreign affairs?" Gingrich said.

"Well, that's true," McDonald said.

"No! It's not true! I have a Ph.D. in foreign affairs." (Gingrich has a doctorate in modern European history from Tulane University.)

McDonald wasn't going to go down without a fight. "What about active experience? What about committees?"

"Jack Kemp's not on Ways and Means. I spoke in Salzburg last year. I'm one of the leading speakers on Nicaragua." Gingrich paused for breath. "I am not a gadfly. This makes me look like a gadfly. I am one of actually few congressmen who systematically learns these things."

He walked into his office (a room with a large bookcase and a circle of chairs and sofas but no desk), picked up the phone, and placed a call. In the middle of talking he interrupted himself to call out to Laurie James, his scheduler, in the next room, "Laurie, tell McDonald not to leave. Tell him I want to see him in a minute." Back to the phone: "What time do you get up? Seven? Call me at home, any time after six-thirty." He hung up and walked out of his office. "Where's Greg? Did he leave? What I want to arrange is for me and him to go to dinner."

But McDonald was gone. In the outer office were two men wearing name tags that said "Balanced Budget Brigade"—drop-ins, a part of every congressman's life. Gingrich chatted with them until his next visitor, a former staff member who wanted to say good-bye before leaving town, arrived. When she left, three of Gingrich's assistants came in, each bearing a mountain of paper. One of the three, Greg Waddell, stepped forward, handed Gingrich a stack, and stood by as Gingrich riffled through it. "No," he said. "Sure . . . yes . . . yes . . . no . . . yes, yes. Send a copy of this over to Burt Pines [an executive at the Heritage Foundation] and put on it: 'Example of bureaucratic undermining of Reagan policy.' Anything else?"

"That's it," Waddell said. Gingrich

turned to his assistant Robert Lamutt.

"Robert? What you got?"

"All I've got is a question on taxing veterans' benefits," Lamutt said. In these times of concern about the federal deficit such schemes to increase revenues come up frequently. Because they usually offend some organized group, Gingrich usually opposes them.

Gingrich glanced at the piece of paper that Lamutt handed him. "Yes, I think we're against taxing veterans' benefits," he said. "Whose idea is that?"

"Stockman's," Lamutt replied. Both men chuckled. In November, Gingrich had written a letter, later published by *The Washington Post*, to David Stockman, the director of the Office of Management and Budget, in which he accused Stockman of being "the greatest obstacle to a successful revolution from the Liberal Welfare State to an Opportunity Society."

"My instinct is that's not an issue you want to handle in isolation." Gingrich, who likes to make Jerry Brown-style comparisons of politics to Zen philosophy, says that opposing cuts in what to the naked eye look like Liberal Welfare State programs is the best way to promote the Conservative Opportunity Society, because it makes conservatives appear humane. Cutting such programs, as Stockman wants to do, helps the Liberal Welfare State, by winning it converts among the victims, most of whom (like many veterans) want federal money but nevertheless think of themselves as conservatives. In this case there was also the matter of not stirring up a hornets' nest in his district, as a tax on veterans' benefits would surely do.

A third assistant, Sherri Zedd, handed Gingrich a "Dear colleague" letter that another congressman wanted him to sign before it went out to all the House members. "Um, um, no, although I'm sympathetic," Gingrich said. "I just don't want to get involved right now. I don't want the tobacco lobby beating up on me."

Zedd handed him a few sheets of paper stapled together. "Trent Lott sent this questionnaire of what you'd like to cut from the budget," she said.

Lott is the minority whip of the House, which makes him the second-ranking Republican. He is the only member of the leadership to have cultivated a friendship (hearty, but a bit at arm's length) with the COS congressmen. Gingrich eyed the questionnaire suspiciously. Like most congressmen,

he tries to avoid endorsing specific budget cuts—though he eloquently supports a balanced budget. "Do we have to send this in?" he asked. "Do we get in trouble?"

He began leafing through the questionnaire. "Yes." He marked one of the questions with a pen. "I would even freeze the trust funds. How's that for being radical?" He continued leafing through. "This is one of those . . . I understand why he's doing it, but frankly . . ." Apparently, Gingrich was getting the uneasy feeling that this was a budget-cutting exercise that could only lead to problems back home and to problems for the COS cause.

"Yeah, now, Part B of this one is something that we ought to check its impact on Montgomery County," he said, naming a county in a neighboring district that could be hurt by the cutback. He kept going. "Make sure these cuts are part of a package. I ain't gonna go it alone on this. But if it's on an emergency basis, I'd be very close to zero-based budgeting, really being very tough." He put the questionnaire down. "Do they have things like—where's foreign aid in all this? Ask Trent. Say I can be as tough on this as I need to be, but it has to be a total package, including defense, and where's foreign aid and the State Department budget?"

That completed the business at hand. The assistants gathered their papers and stood up to leave. "I would like to try to give you all this kind of meeting once or twice a week," Gingrich said. "At least once. I'm really gonna try to squeeze you in."

Gingrich's next appointment was with David Klein, the executive director of the American Council on Germany, who had come to try to persuade Gingrich to speak at a seminar in Dallas in March. Through Laurie James, Gingrich had already said no, but Klein felt—correctly, as it turned out—that a little arm-twisting in person would make Gingrich change his mind.

Gingrich greeted Klein warmly, they sat down, and then Gingrich had an idea. "Do you want to say to somebody that I know something about foreign policy?" he asked. He called to the outer office: "Is McDonald here?"

AFTER "CONSERVATIVE Opportunity Society" and "Liberal Welfare State," Gingrich's favorite phrase is "majority status"—the status Gingrich wants for the Republican Party, both in

the House and in the nation. Public-opinion polls show that more voters identify themselves as Democrats than as Republicans, though the margin has narrowed considerably over the past decade. The Democrats also continue to control most state and local governments. Gingrich, like most other young conservatives, is obsessed with making Republicanism more popular, which is the salient difference between his and Barry Goldwater's generation.

For years conservatives deeply mistrusted the eastern press. Many still do, but Gingrich courts the press, perceiving that political battles are won and lost in newspapers and on television. He promotes himself especially to reporters who are inclined to dislike him, because in the course of portraying him as an ogre they do him the great service of making him a star. Conservatives traditionally have professed their allegiance to a set of inviolable principles, but Gingrich seeks to win the public over with slogans—winning by seizing what he calls the “linguistic high ground.” He believes that Republicans should reach out to key groups in the Democratic constituency, especially blacks; for example, he has maneuvered the COS congressmen into a position of staunch opposition to apartheid. He doesn't support such less-than-universally popular conservative causes as the Human Life Amendment, a return to the gold standard, and a bigger military budget. Practically the only area in which he's an old-fashioned conservative is foreign policy.

Gingrich combines a rhetoric of radicalism (“revolution” is a favorite word) with specific policies that offend only infinitesimal constituencies (such as foreign-service officers). Reagan, apparently more instinctively than deliberately, does the same thing. When Gingrich was a young man, Reagan opposed such liberal reforms as the 1964 Civil Rights Act, Medicare, and Medicaid; today he embraces them, but his language is as combative as ever.

GINGRICH'S NEXT VISITOR was Hedrick Smith, of *The New York Times*, who conducted a long interview about the COS group's bright vision of the Republican future. Then Gingrich went to a weekly lunch for leaders of the New Right. When he got back to his office, a camera crew from NBC News was set up and waiting.

“What are we doing?” Gingrich asked.

“We're talking about Mrs. Kirkpatrick,” Leslie Sewell, the reporter from NBC, replied.

“What happened today?”

“She's leaving.”

“How do I look?” Gingrich asked. “Do I look all right?”

“Fine.”

Gingrich called out to Laurie James, in the other room. “I want to call Lott, Vander Jagt, and Joe Gaylord.”

Sewell said, “So as far as we know, she's on her way back to New York right now and will leave the Administration. I just want to start off with a general reaction from you.” The crew turned its lights on and started to shoot.

“Well, I think it's a terrible mistake to let Jeane Kirkpatrick leave the Administration,” Gingrich said. “I think there's been a systematic effort in the past few months to put in a foreign-service approach, and I think they're people who deceive themselves about the nature of the Soviet Union. It's a decisive defeat for the conservative movement in trying to effect a more realistic foreign policy and a more realistic approach to the Soviet Union.” He paused. “There's in effect been a bureaucratic coup d'état in foreign policy. They don't share Ronald Reagan's values; they don't believe in a free market.”

Sewell had a good quote, and now she could relax. “Tell me what else is going on,” she said.

“I think the thing that's gonna blow this House open is the McIntyre thing in Indiana,” Gingrich said. “We have no record in history of a certified congressman not being seated.”

One of the cameramen spoke up from the back of the room: “Congressman, if you'll just listen for a minute. We need that shot.”

Gingrich stopped talking and nodded sagely for a little while. The cameramen turned off their lights.

“Look at the Wilkes case in the 1770s,” Gingrich said. “We will make it impossible for this House to function. You'll see literal war in the House. This is a constitutional issue, not a political issue. This is not a game. This is like Watergate in the House.”

The crew left. Laurie James reached Joe Gaylord, the executive director of the National Republican Congressional Committee, and Gingrich picked up the phone. “Hi, there. How're you doing?” he said. “Hedrick Smith, of *The New York Times*, was here; he'll call to see your data. Now, the second thing: did

you see Coelho's chart from yesterday?” (Tony Coelho, a Democratic congressman from California, was in charge of the Democrats' efforts to seat Francis X. McCloskey, their man in Indiana, instead of McIntyre; also he had recently sent every Democrat in the House a copy of an extremely unflattering article that had appeared in the magazine *Mother Jones* about Gingrich's bitter relations with his ex-wife and several former aides. As his opening salvo in the war of perceptions, Coelho had produced for the press a chart showing how Republicans had stolen the election from McCloskey.)

Gingrich went on: “We should take Coelho's chart and redo it as our own chart showing what really happened. I think the press is beginning to pick up the scent that this is a constitutional issue, not a political issue. But we've got to really break Coelho's believability with the national press and with many Democrats. See what I'm getting at? All right, you're a great American.”

He hung up. Laurie James got Guy Vander Jagt, a veteran Republican representative from Michigan and the chairman of the National Republican Congressional Committee, on the phone. “Hi, Guy, how're you doing?” said Gingrich. “I just wanted you to know I talked to Joe. Coelho's chart is full of untruths and distortions. What I'd like to do is get two charts and systematically track it through. Get Cheney”—Richard Cheney, a Republican representative from Wyoming—“to brief the press, because they believe he's nonpartisan. Write a letter, hand-deliver it, with the press watching: ‘We have reluctantly come to the conclusion that this is a constitutional issue. . . .’”

Vander Jagt replied at some length; evidently the leadership preferred to work on the problem quietly. Gingrich listened, rolled his eyes, and held the phone away from his ear so that Vander Jagt's sonorous drone, perfected over the decades, could be heard emanating from the receiver. There wasn't any mistaking Gingrich's message: Vander Jagt's reaction was the essence of the old politics, against which Gingrich's whole career stands in sharp relief.

After Gingrich got off the phone, he ran out to a meeting with Representative James Howard, of New Jersey, the chairman of the Public Works and Transportation Committee, and Andrew Young, the mayor of Atlanta. Gingrich and Young wanted Howard to put \$58

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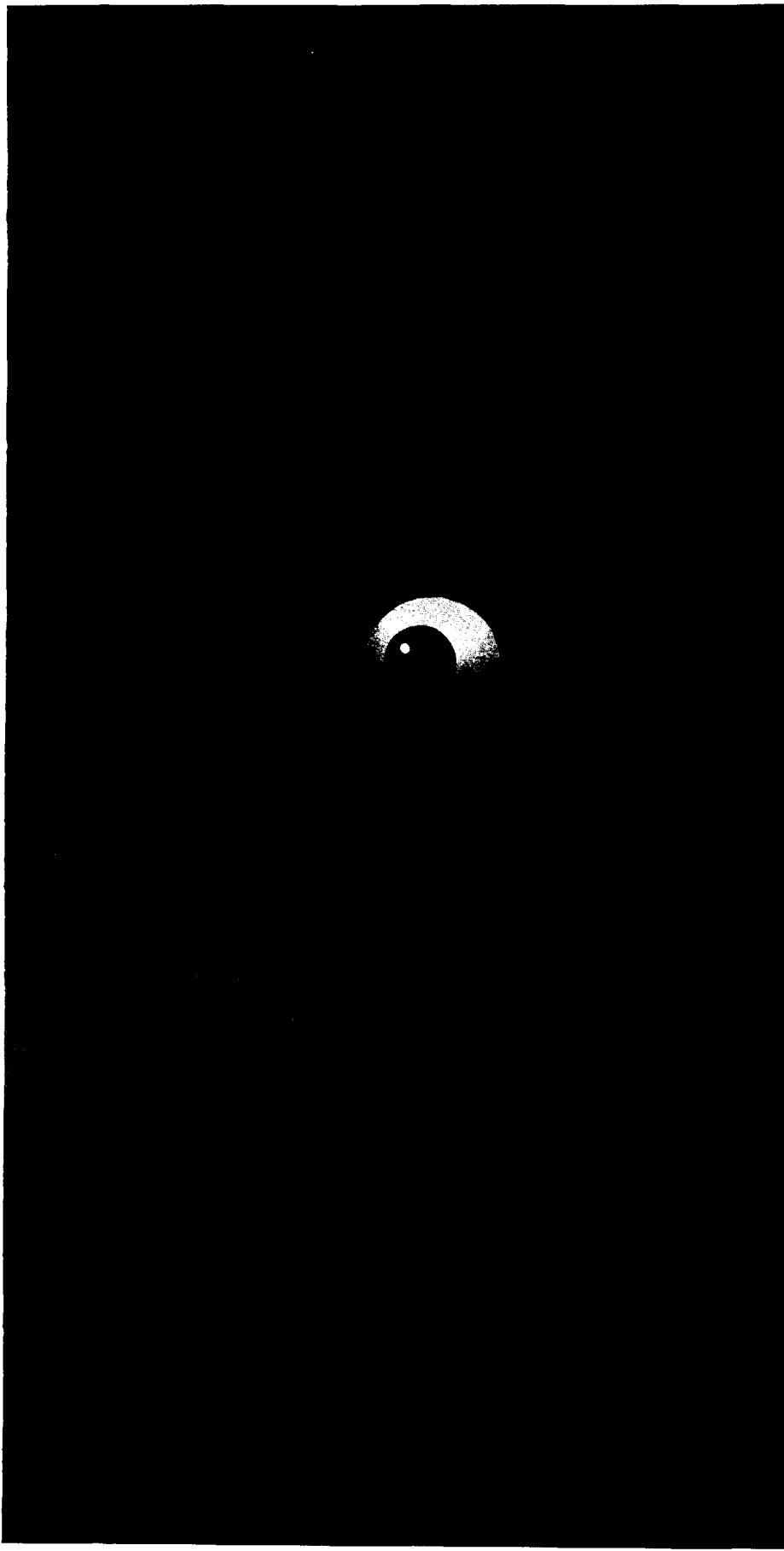
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— continued on next page —

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*A handful of companies
are rewriting the
business school casebooks
by using information
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“

*Business imperatives
have a nasty way
of evolving right out from
under expensive,
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”

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The right choice.

million in federal highway-construction funds for the Atlanta freeways into a major highway bill; Howard agreed, provided Gingrich would support the whole bill, and Gingrich said that that would be fine. This was good district politics, and both Howard and Young were important to Gingrich: Howard because Public Works is Gingrich's only important committee assignment, and Young because he is not just a Georgia politician but also a national black leader, and so a crucial potential ally for the COS. After the meeting Gingrich and Young parted fondly. Young flattered Gingrich by asking if he could send his daughter Andrea by to meet him.

Gingrich's predecessor from the sixth district of Georgia, John Flynt, had been the dean of the state's congressional delegation. He had stopped holding regular delegation meetings in 1972, the year Young had been elected to Congress from Atlanta, because he didn't want to integrate the meetings. A lot had changed in a dozen years.

Then again, a lot had changed in thirty minutes, which was how much time had elapsed between Gingrich's lamentation for Jeane Kirkpatrick to the NBC News crew and his warm talk with Young, who, as Kirkpatrick's predecessor at the United Nations, had been the embodiment of her notion of a Democratic tendency to "blame America first." Fierce conservatives like Kirkpatrick would find it as hard as Flynt had merely to speak to Andrew Young, though for an entirely different reason. But Gingrich doesn't want to and doesn't have to despise Young simply because he adores Kirkpatrick. In fact, he moved from one to the other without missing a beat, just as he had exchanged the role of the outraged young ideologue with Vander Jagt for that of the pork-barrel-vote swapper with Howard.

BACK IN HIS office Gingrich pushed an automatic-dialing button on his phone to call Trent Lott's office. "Hello, this is Newt," he said. "Is Trent around?" There was a brief wait. "Hi there, Leader. How you? Listen, a couple of things. A number of us feel we should fight this McIntyre thing as if it's a constitutional issue comparable to Watergate—thirty-five of us, forty of us—that is, the end of the House as an orderly body, including civil disobedience if necessary. It's a constitutional issue, not a political issue."

Gingrich listened for a while, evident-

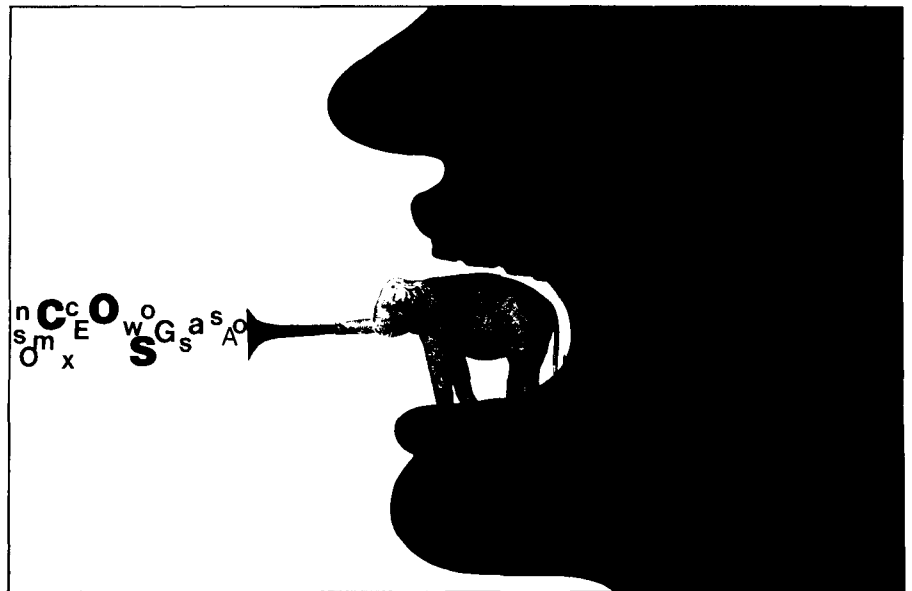
ly to a version of the story in which the seat hadn't clearly been won by McIntyre and then stolen from him by corrupt Democrats.

"Yeah, I understand what you're saying," he said. "You're right. Yes, sir. If we're not on full ground, we won't ask Michel"—Robert Michel, of Illinois, the House minority leader—"to seat him. I'll check it all out. I'll accept it if McIntyre lost, but if he won it's a constitutional issue."

The conversation didn't seem to dampen Gingrich's enthusiasm for the fight—he immediately made another call about the McIntyre affair—but he told his staff that he wanted to do more research. The issue was at that moment like a swell that might or might not be-

porting on the lack of movement in the McIntyre case.

"Why don't you do this?" Gingrich said. "Why don't you write a letter to Meg Greenfield [the editorial-page editor of *The Washington Post*]? Say, 'I'm a freshman, I'm a presidential scholar, Tony Coelho is engaged in an explicit campaign of disinformation, and I don't know what the procedure is for sitting down with your editorial board.' Send it to Ms. Meg Greenfield. And put a P.S. on it that says, 'Newt Gingrich told me that sometimes idealism really works.' And after a few weeks of this at least she'll return your phone calls. At least she'll know who Joe Barton is. And then you'll be influencing *The Washington Post*. Okay? Take care."



come a wave; it existed, but it was not yet the kind of small matter that several times a year grips Washington's attention for a week or two. That morning's edition of *The Washington Post*, for example, had carried a story on the Indiana race, but it had been on page six and had run under the headline PARTIES BICKER ON HOUSE SEAT. With effort, the issue could perhaps become a major one, but if it didn't, Gingrich would look foolish for having flogged it too hard.

Some people from the Metropolitan Atlanta Rapid Transit Authority came in. They were concerned that Stockman would try to cut federal mass-transit funds and that MARTA wouldn't be able to extend the Atlanta subway system to the airport, which is in Gingrich's district. In the middle of the conversation the phone rang; it was Joe Barton, the COS freshman from Texas, who was re-

He hung up and turned back to the transit officials. "I have an inclination to be against operating subsidies," he said, for the moment stepping out of his role as Sixth District congressman into that of conservative theorist.

"That'd be fifteen more cents on every fare," a member of the delegation shot back.

Gingrich thought for a moment. "Can you get a story?" he said, meaning could they arrange for a story in the press on MARTA's efficient management. "A major piece outside of Georgia. An *In Search of Excellence* kind of thing. The more we can communicate that, the easier it is for me to walk into OMB and say, 'This is not just parochialism.'"

The day was winding down. There were a couple more drop-ins. Gingrich sent Greg Waddell out to pick up his tuxedo so that he could change for the

National Press Club's annual dinner that night. His last call was to Benjamin Elliott, President Reagan's chief speechwriter. That day Delta Airlines, by far the biggest company headquartered in Gingrich's district, had announced that its reservations agents would henceforth take reservations for Air Atlanta. Such arrangements are not unusual in the airline business, but in this case Delta serves all of Air Atlanta's destinations and so had had nothing to gain from the deal. Gingrich and other politicians had talked Delta into the agreement with the argument that it would be, in Gingrich's words, "a very statesmanlike thing to do," because Air Atlanta is the largest black-owned airline in the country. Air Atlanta's chairman, Michael Hollis, had called Gingrich in jubilation. Hollis suggested that President Reagan mention him in the State of the Union address; Gingrich was trying to sell the idea to Elliott.

Many conservatives would recoil in horror at the thought of politicians pressuring a company into a decision for reasons of race rather than efficiency; in the conservative movement racial quotas, minority business set-asides, and the like are at the top of the list of evils right now. Gingrich, however, saw the deal as a chance to sell blacks on the Republican Party and the COS. Consistently he seems willing to abandon specific conservative beliefs for the sake of the aura of conservatism—the ever-growing appeal of the word itself. Gingrich told Elliott, "The President could point up to the gallery. He could say, 'There's a successful young black entrepreneur, and he was willing to come up and be recognized.'"

SOME TIDAL FORCE that acts on all Congressmen is pulling Gingrich a little more toward the role of the insider. In early 1983, at the start of the Ninety-eighth Congress, he gave up a chance to be the ranking minority member on the Investigations and Oversight Subcommittee of the Public Works Committee, temporarily ceding the position to Representative Guy Molinari, of New York. At the time, Gingrich wanted to play the maverick within the House and to avoid being tied down by legislative duties that would keep him from promoting the COS. Now, at the start of the Ninety-ninth Congress, he was repositioning himself. He had become the middleman between the leadership and COS fresh-

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men like Joe Barton and Robert Smith, of New Hampshire. During the week of my visit he decided to exercise his seniority prerogative to unseat Molinari and take over as the ranking Republican on Investigations and Oversight.

There was an irony here. One reason Gingrich had shied away from Investigations and Oversight was that the subcommittee had been chaired by Elliott Levitas, a Democrat from a neighboring district in suburban Atlanta. Whatever the subcommittee did for Atlanta, Levitas (and by extension the Liberal Welfare State) would have been in a position to take all the credit. In November, Levitas had lost his seat to Patrick Swindall, a young Republican with COS leanings; now when the subcommittee brought home the bacon, it would be Gingrich and the COS that got the credit. As the ranking Republican, he would have control over one staff position and would have a new eminence in the inner councils of Public Works, where construction and dredging dollars are parceled out. Finally, there was the possibility that Gingrich could use Investigations and Oversight, with its vague mission, as a forum for publicized hearings on virtually anything that he wanted.

Gingrich handled his decision in a way that couldn't have outraged the other Republican members more. If he had made up his mind two weeks earlier, when committee assignments were being handed out, Molinari and Representative Clay Shaw, of Florida, who had been set to be the ranking Republican on Public Works's lowliest subcommittee, Public Buildings and Grounds, could have worked out other assignments. Because Gingrich had waited until it was too late for that, Molinari would probably choose to become the ranking Republican on the next subcommittee down—Economic Development—and as the dominoes fell, Shaw was likely to lose his ranking status altogether. Not only that—Gingrich had not yet told Molinari and Shaw what he was up to. Here it was Thursday, January 31, and he was just getting around to putting in his call to Shaw.

"Clay?" he said. "I think I owe you an apology. I'm going to be ranking on I&O, and I think you're going to get bumped. I'm sorry. I owe you one. Let's sit down and have a drink. I'm the cause of your problem. I should have talked to you before. I owe you a big one."

Now it was time for the call he really

dreaded—to Molinari. He rolled his eyes and picked up the phone. "Guy, this is Newt," he said. "I'm calling to tell you I've decided to take ranking on I&O. Just the day before yesterday." He listened for a long time, and when he talked again it was without his usual speed and exuberance. "I think if you follow precisely what I'm saying, you'll see the implications of what I'm doing. Clay made exactly the point you're making: If I was gonna do this, damn it, I should've done it two weeks ago." He listened some more. "Yeah, I think you're correct, and this isn't my style, frankly, and frankly this is one of the least pleasant phone calls I've made in my seven years up here. I've stepped on toes before, and I know the consequences. Anything I can do to help you, Guy. . . . If Levitas had stayed, I might not be doing this. And let me know what I can do in any sense to facilitate or make this up to you."

Gingrich hung up. "He was *very* good about that," he said.

GINGRICH MADE A couple of calls about the McIntyre affair, and then Laurie James stuck her head into his office and said that Representative Robert Walker, a COS congressman from Pennsylvania, had just called from the House floor. "He said you'd better get over there, because Coelho's starting a fight on McIntyre," she said.

This was exciting news: a dramatic showdown on the floor—assuming that the press had been alerted—could instantly make the McIntyre issue a big deal, which it so plainly wasn't now. Just to think about the COS's merry band taking on the establishment again got the juices flowing. Gingrich hurried to the floor.

He got there to find a familiar scene. It was the time of the afternoon given to Special Orders—minor matters that members want to read into the *Congressional Record* after the regular business is over and everybody has left. The COS congressmen use Special Orders to make their speeches denouncing the Democrats and the Liberal Welfare State, and that day they were out in force, taking turns talking about McIntyre. Coelho was nowhere in sight. A couple of ranking Democrats wandered in and Gingrich talked to them. Then he sat in a back row and chatted with Bill Frenzel, a high-ranking Republican representative from Minnesota, letting other COS congressmen do the speechify-

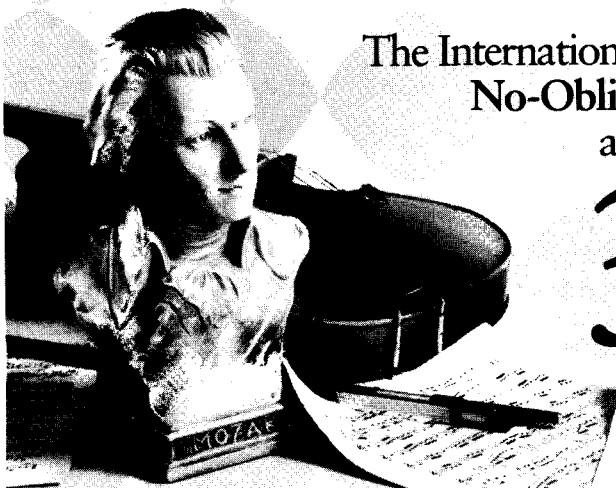
ing about Watergate and constitutional crisis. At one point Trent Lott came onto the floor with Robert Michel, but they talked in a corner and did not seem to pay the fiery speeches of the COS congressmen the slightest heed. The cable-television cameras, in accordance with Tip O'Neill's orders, periodically panned the chamber to show that nobody was listening. It took a certain imperviousness to embarrassment, possessed only by members of the COS group, to make these speeches. After half an hour Gingrich left.

On the way back to his office he stopped a couple of members to talk about McIntyre and summoned a researcher from the Congressional Research Service to come and brief him on the historical background. According to the researcher, McIntyre's case was unusual but it was not unique; moreover, the Wilkes case was not really a precedent. "The strangest thing about Washington, D.C., is nobody does his homework," Gingrich said when the researcher had left. "We've been in this case for a month, and nobody's done the research." Gingrich would stay on it, of course, but he seemed to be losing his fervor. "It's your seventh year, you have thirty or forty people, a movement's building, and all of a sudden things that in your first year weren't risks. . . ." He trailed off. "If we spent six hundred hours on McIntyre versus six hundred hours on tax reform, which gets us closer to the world we're trying to build?"

Gingrich's administrative assistant, Mary Brown, and Laurie James came in to talk about how his schedule should be arranged, given the increasing number of requests for Gingrich to speak. They are the senior members of a staff with high turnover, and this was part of a never-ending effort to get Gingrich organized. The immediate issue, however, was Gingrich's acceptance of David Klein's invitation to speak in Dallas, which in an earlier and more sensible moment he had turned down.

"First of all, Dallas is a very important market," Gingrich said. "California, Texas, and Florida are the most important parts of the country, according to *Megatrends*. If we got something with the California Republican Party, twenty thousand people, in the LA media market. . . ."

Just then Sherri Zedd, the legislative assistant, came in. "Mike Toohey just called, the staff director of I&O," she said. "He said Molinari may be mount-



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ing a challenge to you. He asked them to check the status of pulling rank."

This news shook Gingrich, making him nervous and angry. The perceptions of voters, not of House members, are his natural medium; to deal with the Molinari problem he would have to be wary, rather than cheerfully outrageous. "If I'm doing this, I'm not gonna lose," he said. "I'm not going out on this limb for fun. Get me that list of members. I'll call every member of that committee today and tomorrow." Gingrich softened a little. "I think he's pretty upset. It's largely because I'm moving so late. He's a good politician. I think he knew this was coming. I think he's very irked that I waited, and he's probably right."

Zedd was dispatched to find out whether Molinari could really do this; Gingrich, slightly chastened, turned back to Laurie James and Mary Brown. "All right, I think we may want to say no to Dallas," he said. Then he began to deliver a soliloquy on his schedule. "I'm always interested in anything in New York, California, Texas, Chicago, and Florida," he said. "And I want to keep my hand in foreign affairs. Teeter"—Robert Teeter, a leading Republican pollster—"says foreign affairs is, after tax policy, the reason the younger generation is coming to us. I'm on the advisory board of the American Council on Germany—because it gets me into New York. I'm just trying to work through in my head here why I said yes. This'll buy me another year and a half of Klein running around New York in his circles saying that Newt Gingrich is a good guy, which is *very* important to me." He looked at his assistants. "I want you to understand what's running in my head as I make a decision like that. Help build a COS movement in Europe. Meet with the three congressmen in that market and talk about maybe doing something."

"If you're gonna go to Dallas, you ought to do a COS fundraiser," said Brown.

Gingrich nodded and plunged on. "A good example is the TV news directors speech. TV news directors is *real* important. Incredibly important. That's the central nervous system. They're the ones who make the decision to put Gingrich on. If we can do *Face the Nation*, that's *very* valuable. I mean, last night's dinner"—the National Press Club's—"made no sense, except the news media could see me walking through the crowd."

He grinned. "I still can't get used to the idea that so many people want me to come to the dance."

THE MORE I saw of Gingrich, the more I wondered what his nefarious Liberal Welfare State *is* exactly. In Stockman's vision it is the Democrats' mass buy-off of their constituency with government dollars; a conservative state would be purged of such corruption. But even under an exultantly conservative President that purge hasn't come close to occurring. For his part, Gingrich is in favor of practically everything that the term "Liberal Welfare State" covers: Social Security, Medicare, farm subsidies (including special measures to deal with the current farm crisis), strong unions, affirmative action (but not quotas), and even a "domestic content" bill to limit automobile imports (there is a large Ford Motor plant in his district). What is he against?

"The Liberal Welfare State: these words that were neutral in the fifties have an incredibly pejorative connotation today," he said when I put this question to him. "This country picks 'COS' over 'Liberal Welfare State' seventy-four to nineteen in polls. We field-tested the terms just in terms of not knowing what it is, but how do you feel about it intuitively. 'COS' even carried blacks."

Gingrich defined the Liberal Welfare State that he was talking about as "the baroque phase of liberalism: the Soviet Union as puzzling and benign, no growth, rationing." He said, "We're post-New Deal conservatives, not anti-New Deal conservatives. Most of the old order worked. But the fringes of the old order failed."

Gingrich seems to hold a cluster of opinions on domestic policy that have been popping through the seams of American politics for more than ten years. Democrats like Gary Hart, Jerry Brown, and Jimmy Carter, and Republicans like Jack Kemp and even David Stockman seem to have in common the belief that we all know where the dogs are in the American government's activities and that we ought to clear them out to make room for some sort of new order. But Gingrich is a politician first and a theorist second. As a politician he knows two things: Americans today like to think of themselves as conservatives, and they are righteously protective of whatever programs benefit them. This paradox helps to explain why the most

conservative President in fifty years or more has produced by far the largest deficits in peacetime. For all his talk of revolution, Gingrich isn't about to gore the ox of anybody who votes. What he has to sell is three words, not a set of explicit policies that have winners and losers.

The conservative politicians in ascendance in this country will reach a turning point when they have to say no to powerful constituencies. They haven't had to do so yet, because the economy is growing and the deficit has not had any politically unpopular consequences. Gingrich hopes they will never have to. "We may be in a transformation of such power that the economy catches up with the government," he says. "We may become so much incredibly richer that these things won't matter." If such riches do not come to pass, then conservatives either will be forced to make the kind of choices that Gingrich abhors because they alienate voters or they will find themselves re-enacting *Animal Farm*, having become welfare-state liberals in everything but name.

Now, though, is the right's golden moment. Practically everybody is a conservative, and politicians can ride their opposition to the word *liberal* to the stars. Conservatives don't have to be against the Civil Rights Act and Social Security anymore. In fact, it seems quaint that they ever did. Because Newt Gingrich understands all this, he has achieved among his brethren a weird kind of eminence: okay to dislike, not okay to trifle with.

THE NEXT MORNING, as Gingrich was leaving his office for a meeting, Laurie James looked up from her desk. "Mr. Molinari just called," she said. "He has a speech in Orlando to airline financial officers on February 8. Can you make it instead of him?"

"Um . . ." Airline financial officers in Orlando? This was not a glamorous offer. It could be taken as an insult or as a way of showing Gingrich what the work of the Investigations and Oversight Subcommittee was all about. But it was a concession, too, wasn't it?

"He said the speech is already written," James said.

"Well, let's see it," Gingrich said. "Yeah, sure."

—Nicholas Lemann

Nicholas Lemann is a national correspondent for The Atlantic.



POLAND

SOLIDARITY'S FUTURE

The resistance movement lives on, but it is increasingly dispirited by Poland's official climate of enforced mediocrity

THE SPIRIT OF Solidarity still runs strong beneath the surface of Poland's tenuous political calm. A clear sign of this came last November, when 25,000 Poles gathered to mourn Father Jerzy Popieluszko, who had been brutally murdered by members of the security police. In the face of the government's continuing campaign to stifle the resistance movement, what are Solidarity's prospects for survival? With this question in mind, I recently visited Warsaw.

At its height Solidarity was one of the most spontaneous mass movements in history. Nominally a trade union, Solidarity was born in 1980, during a series of strikes in Gdansk triggered by price hikes, food shortages, and the desperate condition of the economy. The union at first focused on improving labor conditions, demanding increased self-management in factories and a five-day work week. Yet Solidarity soon grew into a profound social movement, which attempted to redistribute political power within Poland. In a population of 37 million, 10 million were formal members (they paid one percent of their salary as dues) and millions more were active sympathizers. The organization was led by an elected national commission and

had chapters for virtually every occupation and in every region of the country. Solidarity's message was spread by word of mouth as well as through some 2,000 journals and other periodicals produced by the 150 publishing houses associated with the resistance movement.

Many Poles are still shocked by the speed and ease with which government forces were able to destroy Solidarity's national structure, on December 13, 1981. As one student in Kraków described the imposition of martial law, "Solidarity was decimated literally overnight. It was the loss of communication that killed us. Our phones went dead. We could not walk to see friends, because of the curfew. *Zomo* [military police] were everywhere." On that same night many of Solidarity's leaders, who were gathered in Gdansk for a national meeting, were arrested. Some 300, including Zbigniew Bujak, a key figure in the organization, escaped and have remained in hiding since. This group formed the Temporary National Commission, an underground organization that is the sole institutional survivor of Solidarity's once vast network.

The destruction of Solidarity's structure, however, has by no means ended all the resistance movement's activities. Minutes after entering the country one can see that Solidarity is still powerful. Though the *SOLIDARNOŚĆ* buttons that were once fixtures on Polish lapels have all but disappeared, other signs of political opposition remain. In the square across from the hotel where I was staying, in the center of Warsaw, a twenty-foot crucifix made of flowers and surrounded by banners laden with political

symbolism suddenly appeared, and it remained until a dump truck arrived to cart it away. On Sundays small demonstrations composed of exiting congregants materialized outside churches. Underground literature was distributed, and the conversations among the churchgoers focused on the latest developments in the resistance movement.

But beyond these surface signs of continuing resistance it is difficult to measure participation in Solidarity. Of necessity, most meetings of activists are clandestine and those who distribute literature or information do so surreptitiously. It is, however, possible to count the number of underground publications that continue to roll off hidden presses. Martial law led to the decentralization of the Solidarity publishing network. Now many small factories print their own newsletters and journals. When unable to find ink, the printers use machine grease. At present, some 500 independent periodicals appear regularly. Their titles indicate their contents: *Freedom*, *The Shout*, *Truth of Free Poles*, *To Be Continued*. More-sophisticated publishing houses—of which there are about forty—continue to print high-quality books.

Aboveground activities like peaceful demonstrations, however, no longer flourish. When they occur, arrests are common and the authorities use violence. Last December truncheons and tear gas were used to break up a demonstration commemorating the strikes of 1970. Overt activities are more prevalent within factories and workplaces, where it is difficult for the authorities to identify the organizers. One source has estimated that one million (of the original 10 million) members are still contributing dues to Solidarity. Most of these funds go to political prisoners and their families.

The situation in the universities, once known for their bold activism and unanimous support for Solidarity, is similarly ambiguous. On the one hand, there are clear signs of liberalization within the intellectual community. Books banned by censors for more than ten years are now appearing in the stores. Students are being granted more flexibility in their curricula and in their choice of professors. A seminar titled "The Philosophy of Culture," once given only secretly, is now offered openly at Warsaw University. The topics of discussion include democracy, tolerance, truth, and liberty. On the other hand, the universities have

been forced to temper their political role. When the faculty of Warsaw University nominated Klemens Szaniawski for president last year, the authorities rejected him because of his criticism of the government. Professors fearing similar treatment have chosen the path of discretion: "Whereas ninety percent of the University Senate used to be outspoken supporters of Solidarity," one professor told me, "only fifty percent are now willing to take the risk."

The Church is now the one institution that enjoys at least some degree of political and ideological immunity, and it has taken on an increasingly important role in the resistance movement. Even in the minds of the authorities and the military the Church occupies a sacrosanct position in Polish culture. Father M., a parish priest in a suburb of Warsaw, told me that during martial law he had often stood in the midst of violent clashes between demonstrators and police without once being threatened; his black cassock "had a calming effect on everyone, including the militia." The Church has come to serve as an outlet for anti-government sentiment that cannot be expressed through other channels. During the past three years attendance at mass has swelled dramatically, especially among the young. Sermons contain political messages, and celebrations of feast days often turn into anti-government rallies. But the Church provides more than a haven for the discussion of political and ethical issues, Father M. insists; it "breeds a feeling of solidarity." The act of attending mass is as close as most Poles can now come to re-creating the sense of national unity that swept Poland during Solidarity's heyday.

"The main achievement of Solidarity has been to change society," says Adam Michnik, a key member of the resistance, who was arrested in February. "There is a new feeling. There has been a spiritual revolution." Contrary to most accounts in the West, Solidarity did not attempt to take the place of the government or to rid Poland of socialism. It was a mass movement par excellence, relying on the simultaneous mobilization of the workers, the intellectuals, and the Church to reform the system from within. The rallying point for the resistance was a shared aversion to the Polish government and to Soviet communism, which was seen to be behind the government. For workers, Polish communism amounted to a denial of self-management and was a principal cause of the

shortages that were ravaging the country. Intellectuals, many of whom had originally been Party members, felt that the government had slavishly capitulated to Soviet ideology. The clergy saw communism as a longstanding attack on the nationalist and spiritual values that the Church was attempting to protect.

Despite its formidable grass-roots power, Solidarity rejected violence as a political tool. To use force against General Wojciech Jaruzelski, the leaders of Solidarity decided, would only tempt the Kremlin to invade and would do little to reform Polish society. In 1981 there were numerous incidents throughout the country in which high-ranking union members intervened to protect government officials from outbreaks of mass anger. The primary weapon of Solidarity was passive civil resistance and its potential to stimulate a challenge to the ideological and political conformity demanded by the Polish government. As Michnik put it, "There is no difference between our principles and our tactics." The awakening of Poland's political consciousness was both a means to an end and a goal of the revolution embodied in Solidarity.

Even to an outsider it is clear that this awakening has taken place. Beneath the blanket of uncertainty and frustration that covers Poland lies an intellectual boldness and a political awareness unknown elsewhere in the Eastern bloc. Cabdrivers in Warsaw launch into sophisticated tirades against the government with little concern for the origins or the allegiances of the foreign visitor in the back seat. Open discussion of political issues abounds in coffeehouses. In the countries that surround Poland—the Soviet Union, East Germany, Czechoslovakia—such public debate would not and could not occur.

BUT THIS AWAKENING has not come about without considerable social pain. I had only to look at the faces passing by on the streets of Warsaw to detect the anger and frustration that makes Poland a depressing place to be—even for a visitor. In overcrowded and understocked stores basic courtesies are nowhere to be found; people treat each other only as competitors for scarce resources. What's more, an atmosphere of enforced mediocrity seems to pervade the country. I met a fascinating young woman, a student of the Japanese and Chinese languages who makes her own oriental-style clothes. I saw them hang-

ing in her closet and wondered why she wasn't wearing them. "I don't feel comfortable now," she explained. "There are too many angry stares, too much resentment."

The miserable state of the economy goes a long way toward explaining the dour mood of the country. There is, however, another, subtler explanation. Poland's political awakening has opened a seemingly irreparable rift between the state and the society at large. Before Solidarity there were occasional outbursts of criticism and revolt against the regime, but there was at least a pretense that communism was working, that the Party, as the "vanguard of the proletariat," had a legitimate claim to govern. In short, whether by indoctrination or coercion, the state was able to impose ideological conformity, however shallow, upon the people.

That charade is now finished. As one activist put it, "Solidarity has made room in the national consciousness for the protection of rights." It's not that the Polish government has suddenly become illegitimate but that the people have begun to think in terms of legitimacy. The frame of reference has changed. Rights, representation, freedom—these terms have entered the daily political dialogue. The Party—the institution that supposedly provides the link between the people and the government—has eroded. Nearly half of the Party joined Solidarity; since 1980 Party membership has declined from three million to one million.

Drawing Party members into its own ranks was not the only way that Solidarity undermined the Party. By demanding self-management in the workplace and wider access to positions of influence, it attacked the *nomenklatura* system itself—the means by which Party members climb to powerful posts throughout society. When Jaruzelski realized that the Party was both losing its authority and decaying internally, he had to rely on the armed forces and the security police to maintain control. To shift power from the Party to the military has been costly. The military, an independent institution, does not wield the same degree of political authority over the regional governments that the Party did. Regional authorities, who were already claiming some autonomy in 1980, have increased their distance from Warsaw. Students at Jagiellonian University, in Kraków, cited numerous incidents in the past two years in which their local

government has ignored dictates from Warsaw. This has only forced Jaruzelski's hand and pushed Poland further toward becoming a nakedly military state.

Many Poles view the present regime with outright repulsion. Cynicism is everywhere. Since martial law actors have boycotted television programs; to act within the "cultural guidelines" imposed by the state is intolerable. In one community residents agreed to put their televisions in their front windows, facing out, when the evening news began. The open scandal that Polish communism is bankrupt is one of the key achievements of Solidarity. That the Polish people must continue to live with a system that they have summarily rejected—such is the tragedy of Poland's arrested revolution.

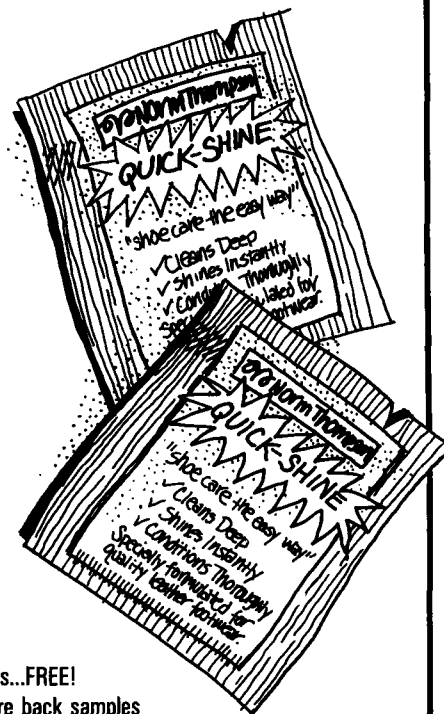
THE FRAGMENTATION of Solidarity's leadership and widespread frustration over the dismantling of the union's structure have given rise to groups taking maximalist positions. Several small parties within the resistance now advocate the use of violence to attack the government. But the most influential resistance leaders—the underground activists gathered around Zbigniew Bujak, and Lech Walesa and his aides in Gdansk—are as strongly committed to nonviolence and civil resistance as ever.

"Why," I asked Michnik, "should the resistance not resort to violence if pressed to do so by the government?" His answer was the same as the one often heard in 1980; martial law and the treachery of a government that had supposedly negotiated in good faith had changed nothing. Michnik is still committed to a social revolution that will effect a durable recasting of—not the destruction of—Poland's political and economic system. Passive resistance remains the most effective and the most realistic means of both stimulating political awareness and influencing Jaruzelski. To resort to violence against a regime that monopolizes the coercive potential of the state, Michnik argues, would only lead Pole to kill Pole and increase the likelihood of Soviet military intervention.

Though discussion of these broader issues continues, the question of long-term strategy is on the back burner. The key challenge is to restore momentum to the resistance movement; the former cadres of Solidarity are now jostling for positions within the emerging chain of command. Furthermore, several serious

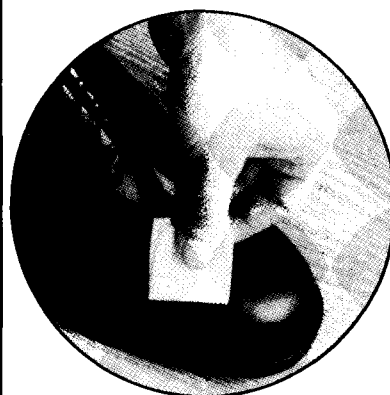
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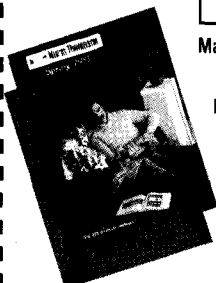
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rifts that emerged within the leadership of Solidarity in 1981 have not yet been fully repaired. There is a consensus among Solidarity activists and sympathizers that Walesa erred in backing away from a general strike in March of 1981, after government militiamen attacked and seriously wounded several resistance leaders in Bydgoszcz. At that time, Solidarity had the necessary cohesion to precipitate a national shutdown, which might have forced further concessions from Jaruzelski. There is also widespread consternation over the failure of the leadership to have organized any significant national resistance to martial law before it was imposed. Michnik is self-critical on this point: "We should have made preparations for martial law—our own radio links, plans for the underground." He blames "naïveté, fear, inertia" for the lack of foresight.

Most activists are attempting to draw lessons from these mistakes, about how to restructure the resistance movement. Some argue that it must continue to be run from the underground. Only covert structures can safely offer support to factories or local groups that are attempting to establish independent unions, to increase self-management, or to create new councils for monitoring violations of human rights. A decentralized organization is also harder for the government to suppress. Others argue that to remain underground is to succumb to Jaruzelski's efforts to intimidate the resistance. Only the revival of a visible national organization, they maintain, can restore momentum to the struggle. The pattern emerging within the past few months suggests a compromise between these two positions. Last July the government attempted to defuse the underground by offering its members amnesty if they surfaced before the end of 1984. No one accepted the offer—a clue that Bujak and his colleagues will likely remain underground for the indefinite future. But also efforts are being made nationally to coordinate overt resistance activities and to establish contact between the underground, Walesa's group in Warsaw, and the activists released under the amnesty.

The resistance movement's reliance on the Church poses problems that could grow serious over the long term. Many Poles now attend mass because of the Church's political, rather than its religious, role. Michnik suggests that in time "the appeal of the Church to those in the opposition movement could be re-

stricted to only Christian Democrats." The ideological problem cuts both ways. Father M. spoke of his growing frustration with the resistance. For years underground journals have refused to print articles that he has written condemning abortion. Should the resistance movement grow in numbers and sophistication, the volatile mixture of religion and politics could make the Church a less attractive vehicle for political activity.

The most immediate fear, however, is not that the movement will outgrow Catholicism but that the Church will retire from the bold political role it now plays. The murder of Father Popieluszko demonstrated that the Church is not immune from terror. Primate Glemp has already proved his willingness to acquiesce under government pressure and has thereby lost public confidence. Two days before a planned general strike in November of 1982 Glemp met with Jaruzelski, a move that contributed to the canceling of the strike. Father M. described a private meeting that Glemp held with parish priests in 1982, at which the Primate was angered by the critical questions asked him; he left the meeting well before planned. Unable to ask his questions in person, Father M. sent them to Glemp in a letter. He has yet to receive a response. The Episcopate will go only so far in risking its religious autonomy to support the political aims of the resistance movement. One priest who is an outspoken supporter of Solidarity commented, "The Church cannot be expected to take the place of Solidarity. We have a religious role to perform and cannot take responsibility for social organizing and planning." Should the Church recede significantly from its present level of commitment, the resistance would be damaged structurally; but, more, the spiritual and nationalistic renewal that has become inseparable from Solidarity's struggle would be dealt a heavy blow.

JARUZELSKI HAS clearly chosen to wage a war of attrition against the resistance. He is continuing to use violence and intimidation to wear down its internal strength and to stifle its overt political activities. At the same time, he is employing more subtle means, to search for the fine line between fueling further alienation and gradually undermining the will to resist government authority.

The decision to grant amnesty to some 650 political prisoners last July was a perfect example of this more subtle

strategy. Jaruzelski's principal reason for the move was to soften the West's economic boycott of Poland—a goal that he has achieved. Yet he also recognized that the continuing internment of Solidarity activists was feeding public outrage, and he hoped that their freedom might rebuild confidence in his regime.

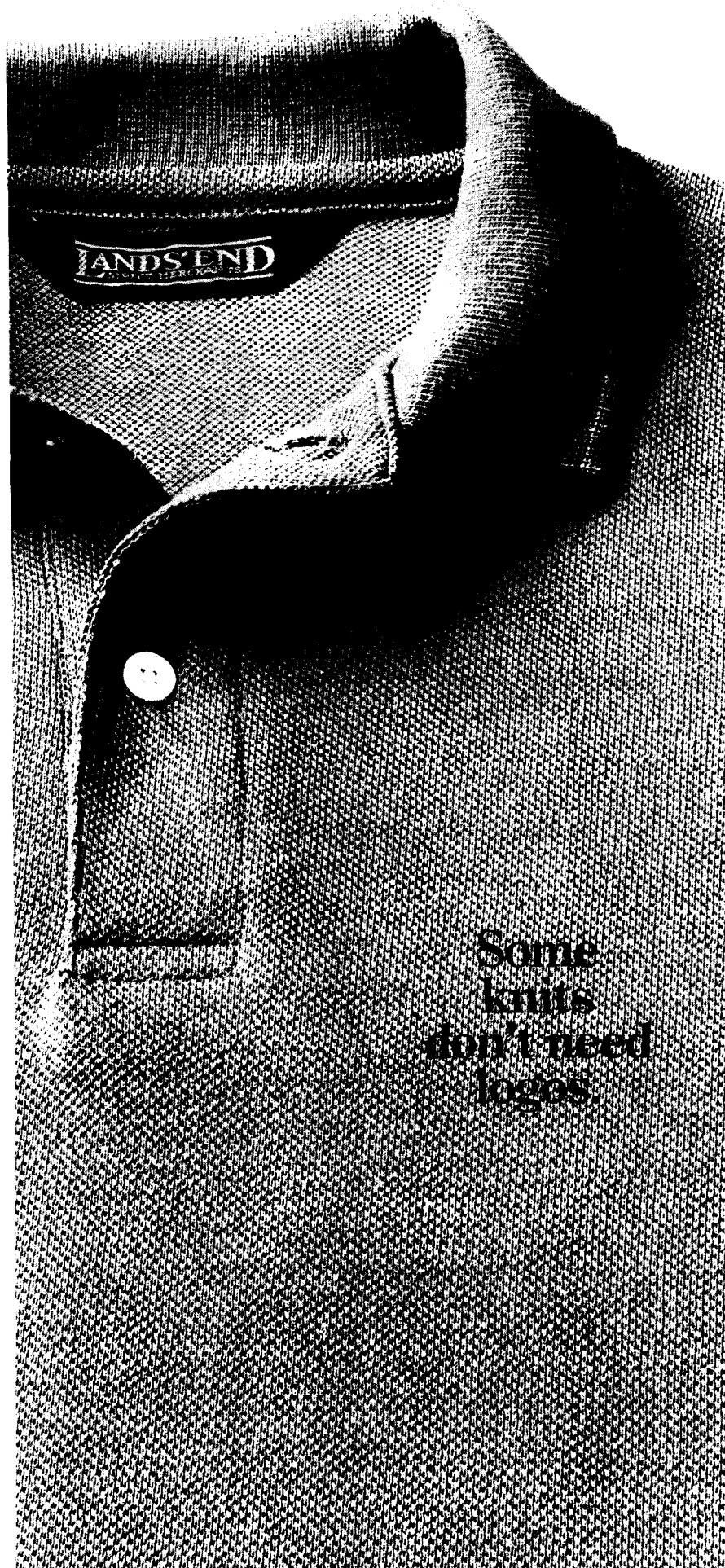
The general elections held in July were likewise intended to restore at least a patina of legitimacy to the regime. Michnik, who was in prison at the time, wrote that the election was "an act of homage" to Jaruzelski, and asserted that Poles "have bowed to the force of terror long enough, slavishly lining up at the polling stations." The turnout, estimated by the opposition to be 50 percent (the government claims 75 percent)—this in a country where voting is required and usually brings out 95 percent of the electorate—was an indication of the government's failure to get what it wanted from the exercise. One priest told me that older parishioners, having cast their ballots, came to confession to ask pardon for their sin. The government had threatened to cancel their pensions if they did not vote. Such episodes hardly inspire public confidence in the regime.

The economic situation makes the battle against Jaruzelski no easier. The frustration engendered and the time expended in coping with food shortages and a lethargic bureaucracy leave little stamina for fighting the government. If the drain on vitality should increase, this would mark the end not only of Solidarity but of its intellectual and spiritual legacy.

An underground journalist provided me with the most illuminating description of the present "war" in Poland. The key participants in the struggle, he said, are not the government and the resistance but the ghosts of Poland's political and cultural heritage. The regime must confront the ghosts of Solidarity, of democracy, and of national unity—enemies that can withstand the heaviest truncheon. But the real challenge, he continued, is the one facing the Polish people themselves. For they must attempt to preserve these ghosts intact and if possible to restore them to life.

—Charles Kupchan

Charles Kupchan is a John M. Olin fellow at Harvard's Center for International Affairs. He is the author of a forthcoming book on the Persian Gulf and has written frequently on European affairs.



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When they met, she was at the height of her powers, an actress adored, even worshiped, by all Italy. He, rising poet, novelist, journalist, was the pampered son of a wealthy landowner. Together, Eleonora Duse and Gabriele D'Annunzio were a memorable conflagration.

Both, it is said, were habitués of a certain Roman cafe. There D'Annunzio was introduced to the potent seduction of Sambuca Romana, Rome's remarkable liqueur distilled from berries of the wild elderbush. Its suavity and elegance appealed to his poet's sense of form; his ardent nature responded to the fire at its center.

It was on a warm evening in June that Duse and her coterie arrived at the cafe just as D'Annunzio's liqueur had been served. One of his friends insisted that he meet the great actress, taking him to her table. The full force of her beauty was overwhelming. Impetuously, he drew up a chair and fell deep into conversation.

As they talked, he toyed with his glass, dropping roasted coffee beans into it one by one until three floated there. Pausing to light a cigarette, he held the match for a moment close to the liqueur. A blue flame danced over its surface, matching the flame born at that instant in the hearts of poet and actress.

Thus began a relationship that for six years inspired them both: him to write plays for her to perform; her to performances of incandescent radiance.

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CRYING WORKSHOP TO BE OFFERED

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BY PRUDENCE CROWTHER

A COEDUCATIONAL CRYING workshop will be offered next semester by Dr. Rollo Freshet, of the Floating College of Life. The course will incorporate recent crying research by the Psychiatry Research Laboratory at St. Paul, Minnesota, and will address the topics itemized below. Enrollment will be limited. Students are asked to submit a *lacrimae vitae* of not more than a page or a tear specimen of above normal toxicity.

Tears are currently thought to relieve the body of poisons built up during stress; as a consequence, men suffer more from stress-related diseases. Most anti-anxiety regimens feature time-consuming exercises and diets high in costly veal; we will analyze the economics of the crying "jag" and take a look at what it can do for corporate profitability. Guest securities analyst Bud Portfolio will take "A Second Look at Liquid Assets."

Emotional tears ("psychogenic lachrimation") are higher in protein than "onion" tears, and wives will be taught to encourage husbands to "go to pieces" while conserving tear stock as a base for nutritious soups and chowders.

Permission to cry is culturally conditioned, and cross-cultural keening will be considered. Swedish men now have crying parity with women: are they half as inhibited as before, or simply twice as depressed? In Switzerland men never cry, and women are jailed for snuffling. The new field of forensic crying will be examined, along with recent data on jury manipulation through witness/prosecutor "breakdowns."

Guest female mourner Nimet Al-Rashid will demonstrate the difference between ululating and howling in her village.

Do men get ahead by accumulating and utilizing their toxins? Guest zoologist Maurice Bowker will cast doubt on

this theory with reference to his work on female dominance in subhuman species.

Questions to be posed: Dr. Bowker has reported that even in the animal kingdom adult high-ranking males are nervous around pubescent females. Do these males ever "burst" into tears, and are testosterone levels thereby reduced?

Do hyenas laugh because they can't cry?

Extrapolating a little, do clowns really "cry on the inside"?

Studies show that the bulk of tears are shed between 7:00 and 10:00 P.M., when people are most likely to watch TV. Is TV that bad, or is it just "pathetic"?

Guest legend Lena Horne will sing "Cry Me a River" and tell how she

has loosened up in keeping with the new findings.

Stress causes swollen mucosa, reducing our immunity to colds. Dr. Maude Lynne, of the Spielberg Institute, considers the cold as a symbolic form of weeping, and rhetorical weeping as an alternative to getting really sick.

Laboratory work will be required, and a lab fee of \$25 must be prepaid to cover the cost of pillow and pipette. Students will be paired off, and men will practice learning to cry for effect. In a toxicity demonstration the instructor will dissolve some pennies in tears.

For the final exam students will be asked to cry freestyle for six minutes. The posting of test scores will be followed by a fancy dress brawl at the Ethical Culture Society.

ROLLO FRESHET, B.S., Ph.D., is the foremost authority on the art of letting go. A student of Horace and Nadia Gabor, he has led crying seminars and panels in many places. His first book, *Lacrima de Lacrima*, is on the verge of being published. □

Prudence Crowther, a writer in New York, is editing the letters of S. J. Perelman.

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MAY 1985

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“discrimination is discrimination, no matter what it is based on.”

Smokers Get a Raw Deal

By Stanley S. Scott

The civil rights act, the voting rights act and a host of antidiscrimination laws notwithstanding, millions of Americans are still forced to sit in the back of planes, trains and buses. Many more are subject to segregation in public places. Some are even denied housing and employment: victims of an alarming — yet socially acceptable — public hostility.

This new form of discrimination is based on smoking behavior.

If you happen to enjoy a cigarette, you are the potential target of violent antismokers and overzealous public enforcers determined to force their beliefs on the rest of society.

Ever since people began smoking, smokers and nonsmokers have been able to live with one another using common courtesy and common sense. Not anymore. Today, smokers must put up with virtually unenforceable laws regulating when and where they can smoke — laws intended as much to discourage smoking itself as to protect the rights of nonsmokers. Much worse, supposedly responsible organizations devoted to the “public interest” are encouraging the har-

Stanley S. Scott is vice president and director of corporate affairs of Philip Morris Inc.

assment of those who smoke.

This year, for example, the American Cancer Society is promoting programs that encourage people to attack smokers with cannisters of gas, to blast them with horns, to squirt them with oversized water guns and burn them in effigy.

Zealots, stop maltreating cigarette users

Harmless fun? Not quite. Consider the incidents that are appearing on police blotters across America:

- In a New York restaurant, a young man celebrating with friends was zapped in the face by a man with an aerosol spray can. His offense: lighting a cigarette. The aggressor was the head of a militant antismoker organization whose goal is to mobilize an army of two million zealots to spray smokers in the face.

- In a suburban Seattle drug store,

a man puffing on a cigarette while he waited for a prescription to be filled was ordered to stop by an elderly customer who pulled a gun on him.

- A 23-year-old lit up a cigarette on a Los Angeles bus. A passenger objected. When the smoker objected to the objection, he was fatally stabbed.

- A transit policeman, using his reserve gun, shot and fatally wounded a man on a subway train in the Bronx in a shootout over smoking a cigarette.

The basic freedoms of more than 50 million American smokers are at risk today. Tomorrow, who knows what personal behavior will become socially unacceptable, subject to restrictive laws and public ridicule? Could travel by private car make the social engineers' hit list because it is less safe than public transit? Could ice cream, cake and cookies become socially unacceptable because their consumption causes obesity? What about sky diving, mountain climbing, skiing and contact sports? How far will we allow this to spread?

The question all Americans must ask themselves is: can a nation that has struggled so valiantly to eliminate bias based on race, religion and sex afford to allow a fresh set of categories to encourage new forms of hostility between large groups of citizens?

After all, discrimination is discrimination, no matter what it is based on. □

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HONDA

*The weightless environment of space,
in which valuable new commodities can be manufactured more efficiently than
on Earth, may be the next economic frontier for American companies*

BUSINESS IN SPACE

BY DAVID OSBORNE

CHARLES WALKER LEFT HOME LAST AUGUST ON AN unusual business trip. An engineer at McDonnell Douglas Astronautics Company, in St. Louis, Walker was to spend six days in a new laboratory processing a secret drug, for later clinical testing on animals and human beings. Rumors about the drug abounded: according to one story, it was a treatment for patients prone to blood clots; according to another, a single-injection cure for diabetes.

What was truly special—indeed, historic—about Walker's work, however, was not the identity of the new drug. Rather, it was the nature of the laboratory to which he reported. On August 30 Charles Walker became the first commercial scientist to work in outer space, on board the space shuttle *Discovery*.

Walker's six-day sojourn heralded a new era in the use of space. In years past the country's interest was mainly in exploration: most notably, of course, in sending astronauts to the moon. Recently attention has shifted to the Reagan Administration's desire to put anti-missile weapons in orbit—the Star Wars scenario. The real story of space today, however, is the opening of a new economic frontier.

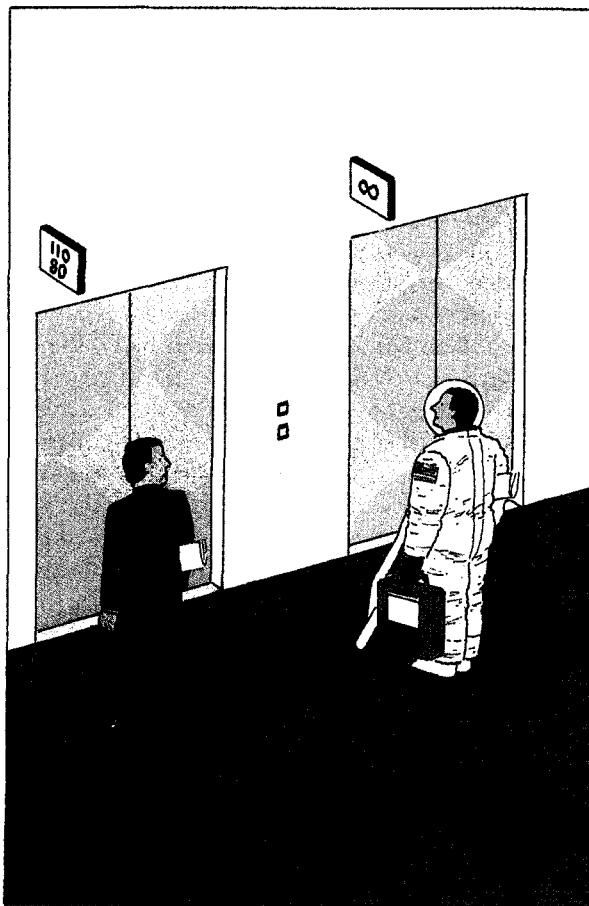
"The benefits our people can receive from the commercial use of space literally dazzle the imagination," President Reagan declared last July, when he announced a national policy to accelerate the commercial development of space. "We can produce rare medicines with the potential of saving thousands of lives and hundreds of millions of dollars; we can manufacture superchips that improve our competitive position in the world computer market; we can build space observatories enabling scientists

to see out to the edge of the universe; and we can produce special alloys and biological materials that benefit greatly from a zero-gravity environment."

Reagan's speechwriters were not exaggerating. Today, just a quarter-century after the first human being ventured into space, hundreds of corporations are directly involved in the space business. Twenty-five years from now the scale of industrial activities in space may rival that of today's computer industry. The quarter-century after that will bring even greater triumphs, visionaries tell us: miles-wide solar arrays in space, beaming power down to Earth by microwave; mining operations on asteroids and the moon; perhaps a human colony on Mars. Peter E. Glaser, a vice-president of the consulting firm Arthur D. Little, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, is one of the chief advocates of using satellites to relay solar power. "I believe that space

in the twenty-first century will probably be what aviation, electronics, and computers were, together, in this century," Glaser says. "It is the next evolutionary step for humanity."

HOW FAST THE NEW economic frontier will be opened depends in large part on the actions of the United States government, and also on what the Soviet Union, Japan, France, and West Germany do. Like the transcontinental railroads that opened the West and the national highway system that propelled the country into an era of rapid mobility, space ventures require investments beyond the capacity of the private sector. Already the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) has spent more than \$200 billion (in current dollars), much of it to create the infrastructure needed to exploit space.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY GUY BILLOUT

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Consistent with its free-market philosophy, the Reagan Administration intends to turn over as much as possible of that infrastructure to private corporations, in order to encourage business enterprise in space. Some of the Administration's initiatives appear wise, others unwise; none, however, has received the degree of public scrutiny that one expects for policies affecting conventional industries. An examination of those initiatives is overdue. But first let us survey the new industries that lie over the horizon.

The first industry in space is already mature: satellite communications. It generates some \$3 billion a year from the transmission of television and radio broadcasts, telephone conversations, electronic mail, and business data. The second industry to appear on the horizon, known as remote sensing, is at least a decade behind the first. Remote-sensing satellites are often referred to as "spies in the sky," because they are used extensively by the military. But they have myriad civilian applications as well. The satellite-relayed weather maps on local news programs, which have dramatically improved forecasts and reduced deaths from hurricanes and the like, are an obvious example. Remote-sensing satellites can also detect air pollution (a federal experiment is under way to track the sources of acid rain, for instance) and measure ozone and other critical atmospheric elements.

From a commercial standpoint the most promising use of remote-sensing satellites is in providing pictures of the earth's surface. Photographs from the five *Landsat* satellites launched by NASA since the early 1970s have proved invaluable in the mapping of remote areas. They have revealed unknown lakes, islands, and underwater shoals and reefs. They have also been used to map routes for railroads, pipelines, and electric-power lines; to run rough population surveys; and to guide ships through iceberg-infested waters.

The most extensive commercial uses of *Landsat* data are in mineral exploration and agriculture. By studying satellite images of known oil, gas, and mineral deposits, scientists have learned to identify features that might point to new deposits. Oil companies look for folds and domes capable of trapping oil or gas. Minerals experts search for clays often associated with uranium, or plants that grow on tin or molybdenum deposits. *Landsat*'s multispectral scanner records the reflection of light off the earth with a sensitivity to color far surpassing that of the human eye; by enhancing colors digitally, explorers can detect features they would have missed if they had walked the land themselves.

In agriculture satellite images are used chiefly for crop forecasting. The Russian wheat deal in 1972, in which 20 million tons were bought at low cost from American trading companies, thus sharply inflating the price to consumers here, persuaded the Department of Agriculture to begin monitoring the Russian crop by satellite. The United

States exports as much as two thirds of the harvest of some crops, and so estimates of international supply and demand are crucial.

The Earth Satellite Corporation, a Maryland-based company founded in the early 1970s, provides daily crop-supply predictions. The company breaks up the globe into units that are about the size of a midwestern county. *Landsat* data on the vigor of crops in each unit are integrated with weather information, and the resulting forecasts are relayed by computer to subscribers. Satellites are even sensitive enough to track crop-killing frosts; by one estimate, Florida citrus growers save \$35 million a year because satellite data tell them precisely when to turn on the burners in their orange groves.

THE ECONOMIC POTENTIAL OF COMMUNICATIONS and remote-sensing satellites notwithstanding, there is a feeling among space buffs that the real revolution will come only when we are actually manufacturing in space. Many experts believe that space-based "materials processing"—as the production of materials as diverse as drugs, alloys, and crystals is called—will be more important commercially than genetic engineering.

On Earth gravity influences every physical process, however minutely. For example, when two metals of different densities are mixed to form an alloy, gravity causes the heavier metal to drift toward the bottom. The resulting mixture is not uniform and thus not as strong or durable as it could be. In a weightless environment this defect is avoided and superior alloys can be produced.

This is not to imply that an object in orbit around Earth—the space shuttle, for instance—ever escapes gravity's pull. The combination of the shuttle's fall toward Earth and its forward momentum is what defines its orbit and keeps it from veering into deep space; this state of free fall produces the effect of weightlessness. Imagine being in a broken elevator as it plunged toward the ground: if you dropped a coin as you fell, it would seem to float, because your body, the coin, and the elevator would all be falling at the same speed. That is roughly what happens to objects in orbit. Thus, while press reports often refer to zero gravity, scientists use a different term: microgravity.

Corporations can exploit the weightless environment of space to learn how to refine the manufacture on Earth of such heavy products as lead alloys. Given the cost of getting into space, however, only products of extremely high value per pound, such as pharmaceuticals and crystals, will ever actually be manufactured there. According to Gregg Fawkes, the director of a study on the commercial development of space for the National Chamber Foundation, the research arm of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, "There are a bunch of materials that are in common industrial applications that are worth literally millions of dollars a kilogram. For instance, a lot of pharmaceutical materials are very valuable, because you can save human life with them." Some, such as urokinase (an enzyme that dissolves

David Osborne's article "America's Plentiful Energy Resource" appeared in the March, 1984, Atlantic.

blood clots), can be produced on Earth only in minute quantities and at great expense. Jesco Von Puttkamer, a long-range planner at NASA, says that studies done for NASA five years ago showed that space manufacturing could bring the production cost of urokinase down from \$1,200 a dose to around \$100. (Blood-clotting disorders kill some 200,000 people every year.)

An obvious advantage of manufacturing in space is that molds and containers are not necessary. For example, crystals can be grown with no risk that they will touch a surface and absorb alien molecules. Or objects can be made perfectly spherical, with none of the distortion that comes from resting on a surface. The first commercial products manufactured in space, in fact, were tiny spheres, which NASA made last year for the National Bureau of Standards. The bureau sells "standard reference materials": devices for measuring microscopic electronic components, for instance, or for calibrating instruments like filters and porous membranes, which measure tiny particles. The spheres—droplets of polystyrene—are 1/2500th of an inch in diameter, or about the size of a red blood cell. They are sold 15 million or so to the vial; each vial is the size of a little finger and costs \$400. Businesses will use the spheres in counting blood cells, measuring particulate pollution, producing finely ground products such as paint pigments and chemicals, and so on.

NASA plans to make four sizes of spheres for the bureau, using an instrument designed by John W. Vanderhoff, a professor of chemistry at Lehigh University. Once NASA has shown that the process will work, it will turn the business over to Vanderhoff.

Vanderhoff's company, Particle Technology, Inc., is the first private enterprise to have sold a product manufactured in space. The runners-up will probably be McDonnell Douglas and Johnson & Johnson, which have already sponsored joint experiments on five shuttle flights. They have done work on a number of substances, including urokinase and the pancreatic cells that secrete insulin. They had hoped to be testing their first product—Charles Walker's secret drug—on human beings by now. But the batch that Walker brought back last September was contaminated by bacteria when the equipment malfunctioned and the temperature of the solution was allowed to rise. As of this writing Walker was scheduled to try again in March.

Walker's research group uses a process known as continuous-flow electrophoresis, in which molecules like proteins and enzymes are separated by means of electrical charges. Such separation is fundamental to biological research. Electrophoresis—a common technique—does not work reliably in Earth's gravity field; samples of dense materials, for example, tend to collapse in a blob. McDonnell Douglas reports that one experiment in space produced as much as 716 times more separated product than its equivalent on Earth would have, with a four- to five-fold improvement in purity.

McDonnell Douglas and Johnson & Johnson hope to sell their first product in 1988. In addition, McDonnell

Douglas has a shopping list of as many as twenty other difficult-to-isolate products that it might develop independently; these include interferon, skin-growth agents, and a potential treatment for emphysema. By the mid-1990s it hopes to be making three of the twenty in space; by the late 1990s, if a space station is available for commercial work, it hopes to be making as many as fifteen.

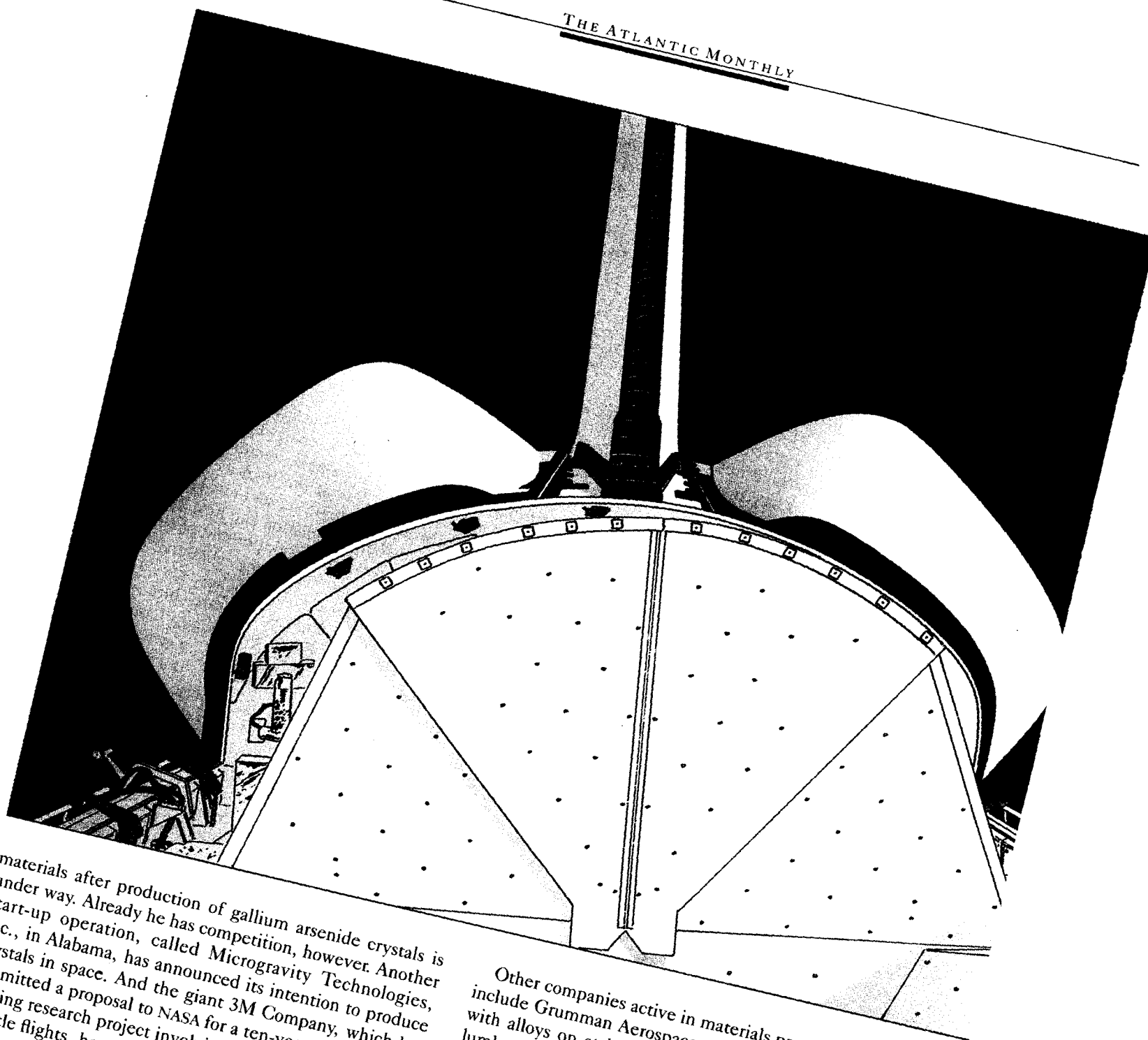
The pioneer in crystal growth is Microgravity Research Associates (MRA), a small Florida-based company founded in 1979. Several years ago NASA predicted that two or three \$500 million satellites outfitted as space factories and serviced every three months by the shuttle could meet half the growth in U.S. semiconductor demand over the next decade. MRA is trying to fulfill that prediction.

MRA's first product will be crystals made from gallium and arsenic, two soft metals. Gallium arsenide crystals, which conduct electrons ten times faster than silicon, can be used in computer chips, lasers, switching devices in fiber-optic systems, high-frequency antennas, solar-power arrays, and other wonders of the high-tech world. They are particularly useful in anything sent into space, because they are quite resistant to radiation and heat and their tremendous speed yields more work per unit of weight.

Crystals are normally grown in long cylinders. After they reach a diameter of three to four inches, they are sliced into the thin wafers used to manufacture chips and other devices. When grown on Earth, however, gallium arsenide crystals suffer serious imperfections. The executive vice-president of MRA, Russell Ramsland, Jr., describes the convective flow that creates the imperfections this way: "It's just like when a cold front moves through an area and you have a high wind, because you have cold, dense air moving in where there was hot, less-dense air. That wind is really a convective flow. You have the same thing taking place at a molecular level in a crystal, where you have a hot liquid transforming into a cold solid." As hotter, less-dense material rises, cooler molecules move in. "Inside that convective-flow storm you'll have molecules being displaced, vacancies being created, dislocations—and all of those will result in structural-integrity and chemical-homogeneity problems for the crystal," Ramsland says.

When the effects of gravity are absent, a convective flow cannot occur, because the changes in density and weight that take place as a substance cools no longer provoke any movement. Lighter molecules no longer rise; denser molecules no longer sink.

Ramsland and his associates believe that gallium arsenide, because of its high conductivity, will be instrumental in the development of the next generation of computers—perhaps in the pursuit of "wafer-scale technology," with which the industry dreams of putting an entire computer on one wafer. MRA's president, Richard L. Randolph, expects the company's niche to be at the upper end of the market, "in sophisticated and costly devices where the demand for utmost performance, reliability, and durability will justify the greater cost necessitated by space production." Randolph hopes to move on to other, more complex



materials after production of gallium arsenide crystals is under way. Already he has competition, however. Another start-up operation, called Microgravity Technologies, Inc., in Alabama, has announced its intention to produce crystals in space. And the giant 3M Company, which has submitted a proposal to NASA for a ten-year materials-processing research project involving as many as seventy-two shuttle flights, has also done crystal work.

"One of the things about growing large crystals is that you can look at the molecular structure," Henry Owen, a 3M spokesman, says. "They're large enough to put under an electron microscope and really get into them. Maybe you can find a way that you can make them on Earth, then. On the other hand, you may come upon something that can only be done in space. That being the case, you'll manufacture there." Scientists at 3M see advanced crystals as the key to an entirely new kind of computer, one that uses light rather than electrical current to process data at superhigh speeds.

Other companies active in materials processing in space include Grumman Aerospace, which plans to experiment with alloys on at least three shuttle flights; Battelle Columbus Laboratories, which has shown interest in processing collagen fibers for the repair and replacement of human connective tissues; Union Carbide, which has signed an agreement with NASA to research glass-forming alloy systems; and Westinghouse, which is examining the possibility of manufacturing ultra-pure, bubble-free glass.

Few companies are ready to risk much money on materials processing, however. According to Isaac Gillam, who runs NASA's new Office of Commercial Programs, by last December only eight firms had signed "joint-endavor agreements" with NASA to exchange access to experimental results and equipment for free rides on the shuttle. Only eight more agreements were under discussion.

Even so, Russell Ramsland is optimistic. He says, "The number of calls we get now from major companies is astonishing. In '82 or '83 we couldn't even get people to return

MAY 1985



calls. By the time you get a McDonnell Douglas and a Microgravity Research and maybe one or two others bringing something down that is really new and can make some money, I think there's going to be a pretty interesting rush at the research doors—which is what this country needs. Because right now, if I had to name four or five products you could make in space that would be good commercial ventures, I couldn't do it. But I could name you about twenty-five areas that I'd love to have money to do research in that *might* produce good commercial ventures."

TO CASH IN ON MATERIALS PROCESSING, COMPANIES will need more than the shuttle. They will need orbiting space factories and crews (or robots) to run them. They will need, in other words, an infrastructure of support facilities and services—the fourth major industry, along with satellite communications, remote sensing, and materials processing, on the horizon.

In the past NASA provided the infrastructure, but since Reagan took office emphasis has shifted to the private sector. The administrator of NASA, James Beggs, has talked about transferring the shuttle to private ownership late in this decade. Moreover, five companies have been established so far to build small rockets that would launch satellites that the shuttle can't handle. (One, Space Services Inc. of America, in Texas, caused a minor sensation this winter when it announced its plan to put the cremated remains of thousands into orbit.) Other firms build "upper stage" rockets, to send satellites from 150 miles or so above Earth—as high as the shuttle can carry them—to an altitude of 22,300 miles, where geosynchronous orbit can be achieved. (At that height a satellite can orbit at the same speed at which the earth turns. If the satellite's path follows the equator, its position with respect to Earth will be fixed, and it will be able to stay within reach of its ground stations.)

Fairchild Industries is developing small space laboratory

platforms called Leascrafts, the first of which may be ready in 1988. McDonnell Douglas may use a Leascraft for early production, but it is also contemplating the construction of a larger space factory. Space Industries, Inc., a young Texas-based company run by Maxime Faget, who supervised NASA's development of manned spacecraft for twenty years, is building a thirty-five-foot-long industrial space facility with a pressurized compartment in which visiting astronauts could work.

The *Queen Elizabeth* of space, however, is the space station, and that remains a federal project. Though slippage in the schedule is probably inevitable, the Reagan Administration hopes that the station will be launched in 1992, which is the 500th anniversary of Columbus's voyage to the New World. Optimistically budgeted at \$8 billion, the station is to be manned and is to serve as a laboratory for materials processing and research, as a permanent observatory for astronomy and remote sensing, as a storage depot for spare parts, fuel, and supplies, and as a base from which to service other satellites and platforms—perhaps clustered together to form the first space-based industrial park.

The space station is not without its critics. Several studies have suggested that "free-flying" factories independent of any space station and tended by robots might do just as well for less money. (The shuttle has enemies too, particularly in the liberal press. The \$14.2 billion spent on it to date makes it an inviting target. Rarely do the critics consider, however, the potential economic impact of space-based materials processing or the crucial roles that the shuttle can play as a research laboratory and, if space factories become a reality, as a delivery vehicle.)

A federally built space station may or may not be necessary, but clearly it would accelerate the development of space commerce—just as federally subsidized railroads and highways have accelerated economic development in years past. A space station would make possible permanent crews of astronauts, and their presence would improve the economics of any investment dramatically. "Should there be any malfunction, they can go out and correct it, and the factory will continue to produce," Isaac Gillam, of NASA, says. "You could put an automated factory up there without the station, but once it breaks down, you've got to make a special shuttle flight up to fix it. And if it breaks down again, you've got to make another, and that becomes prohibitively expensive. The idea of having people present at all times, to monitor production changes, adds to the economics of the situation and makes more projects viable."

People in the business stress that the station would persuade investors that NASA is serious about space commerce. "We feel that a lot of companies will wait, in terms of raising significant amounts of capital, until they know whether there's going to be a space station for sure," says Brad M. Meslin, of the Center for Space Policy, a consulting firm in Cambridge, Massachusetts, that specializes in evaluating industrial opportunities in space. The large ap-

propriations needed to lock in the station are scheduled for the 1987 budget, which will be up for final votes in mid-1986.

Private enterprise could handle many services necessary to support space manufacturing: power generation, orbital refueling, waste management, food supplies, health care, and so forth. Rockwell International is looking into an in-orbit electric utility—a huge solar array, projected to cost more than \$1 billion, to supply power to an industrial park in space. NASA has let contracts with two aerospace firms, Boeing and Martin Marietta, to develop concepts for a "space tug" to take payloads from the space station up to geosynchronous orbit. Among other things, the tug would be used in repairing and retrieving satellites in high orbit, just as the space shuttle was used last year to repair one satellite and retrieve two others in low orbit.

Once this capacity exists, perhaps by the late 1990s, the nature of geostationary satellites is likely to change. Today the average communications satellite lasts eight or ten years, after which it is moved out of the way to make room for a new model. If it fails prematurely, it must simply be abandoned. Its rescue or repair is impossible, because the shuttle's range does not extend far enough to reach it. When communications satellites can be serviced, many experts predict, they will give way to large platforms that will house not only antennas and transponders for a range of communications services but also observatories for scientific exploration and perhaps giant solar arrays for power generation. Such a trend would create a new wave of economic activity based on the production, launch, and assembly of these vast structures.

WHEN DISCUSSIONS MOVE FROM SPACE STATIONS and orbiting platforms to the next cycle of innovations, the true visionaries take over. Besides solar-powered satellites they dream of nuclear-waste disposal in space; mining operations on asteroids rich in precious minerals; and 10,000-square-meter solar sails, driven by photons from the sun, for long space voyages. Robert Frosch, a vice-president of General Motors, who was the administrator of NASA from 1978 to 1980, has proposed solar-powered mining and manufacturing centers on the moon that would replicate themselves, and thus turn out more products every year.

Thomas O. Paine, who was the administrator of NASA from 1969 to 1970, said at a recent NASA symposium on lunar bases that if the United States did not plan a mission to Mars soon, the Soviets would beat us to it. Paine explained that a first step toward Mars would have to be a permanent moon base, "to leave behind selected materials, equipment, and supplies, with qualified men and women remaining to work between regular supply trips." Why the United States or the Soviet Union would *want* to go to Mars is another question. The answer begins with the fact that after Earth, Mars is more hospitable to human life than any other planet in the solar system. The Viking sat-

ellite mission in 1976 revealed that Mars has an atmosphere, at least a small amount of water, and an accommodating surface. The planet might thus serve as a staging area both for the mining of asteroids and for exploration of the outer reaches of the solar system.

The science-fiction writer Arthur C. Clarke has shown an uncanny knack for predicting activities in space. He is intrigued by the notion of a "space elevator": a structure made of very strong but lightweight materials that would stretch from Earth to the altitude of geosynchronous orbit and beyond. The elevator would use the weight of a descending capsule to pull another capsule up. It could carry people to facilities in geosynchronous orbit without the enormous expense of energy entailed by, say, a moon launch. Or, acting as a kind of sling, it could hurl space vehicles beyond the reach of gravity for long voyages. Clarke predicts that the space elevator will be built "about fifty years after everyone stops laughing."

With the exception of the self-replicating factory and the space elevator, these proposals have actually been studied by NASA. For instance, John S. Lewis, a professor of planetary sciences at the University of Arizona, has applied for a grant from NASA to build a piece of automated equipment that could be used on the shuttle to extract iron, nickel, and cobalt from debris collected on asteroids. Lewis hopes to test the machine on the shuttle before long and speaks of commencing mining within fifteen years.

Observers skeptical of such notions abound, of course. Daniel Deudney conducts space-related studies for the World Policy Institute, in New York City. In a recent paper for the Worldwatch Institute, he labeled satellites for solar-power transmission, asteroid mining, and colonies on the moon "the most grandiose hallucinations of technological civilization." Even Peter Glaser, who popularized the solar-power-from-satellites idea, agrees that serious problems remain to be solved before such dreams can come true. But he also says, "When the Wright brothers started to fly their airplanes, you couldn't quite predict that you would have 747s flying the Atlantic, or the *Concorde*. It's hard to predict what the space industrial infrastructure will look like fifty years from now."

HOW REAL IS THE ECONOMIC PROMISE OF SPACE? Consider the numbers. According to Jerry Grey, the publisher of the magazine *Aerospace America*, space is a \$22-to-\$23-billion industry today. The satellite-communications business takes in perhaps \$3 billion a year, NASA spends \$7.5 billion, the military spends more than \$10 billion, and another billion or two comes from peripheral businesses: remote sensing, publishing, and so on.

Satellite-communications revenues are growing at a rate of 20 percent a year, and Grey projects annual revenues of anywhere from \$40 billion to \$100 billion by the turn of the century. He estimates that materials processing could be

worth another \$10 billion to \$20 billion, launch services \$5 billion, NASA \$8 billion, and the military perhaps \$25 billion, unless there is a major arms treaty limiting space weapons. Throwing in remote sensing and other space-related activities, Grey foresees a \$100- to \$200-billion industry by the year 2000. As a point of reference, the aviation industry—including aircraft construction, airline revenues, airport operations, and so on—is a \$100 billion business today. Electronics manufacturers took in \$125 billion in 1982. The Center for Space Policy, which released its own estimates recently, is more optimistic than Grey about materials processing but less optimistic about satellite communications. It foresees a \$55 billion business—not counting NASA or the military—by the year 2000.

Even these estimates may be overstated. Deudney, for one, feels that the projections of what he calls "space promoters and enthusiasts" are inflated. "Until we've actually done more R&D work on materials processing in space, it seems to me that estimates of commercial marketplaces are extremely premature," he warns. "At this point it's essentially unknowable." Deudney questions even the potential of producing pharmaceuticals in space—an enterprise that many observers consider all but a sure thing. "There's just going to be such a cost differential between doing something in space and doing it on the ground that there's always going to be an incentive to take what you learn in space and do it on Earth," he says.

Where so little is known, there is much room for disagreement. John F. Yardley, the president of McDonnell Douglas Astronautics and the former chief of the space-shuttle program at NASA, predicts a market for space-manufactured pharmaceuticals of a billion dollars a year just ten years from now. And Gregg Fawkes, of the National Chamber Foundation, believes that the major profit-maker in the year 2000 "will probably be something nobody's even thought of yet." Fawkes expects space-based manufacturing to boom, but he also expects processes on Earth to benefit enormously from technologies invented for the purpose of exploiting space. He cites artificial intelligence, robotics, remote manipulators, high-speed communications, light-based computation and communications, and cryogenics (the use of supercold materials), among other fledgling enterprises. "You can probably look at that suite of technologies as the base of the next wave of industrial expansion and growth, steel having been one wave, aerospace and computers and electronics in general another," Fawkes says. "If you went into space only to find out about those technologies and apply them on Earth—even if there's nothing you're doing in space that makes money—that's more than sufficient reason to do so."

Every year NASA publishes a book describing about fifty products developed by its researchers that have been in commercial use or service. Leafing through successive editions, one sees robotic systems, high-temperature lubricants, protective coatings, medical-scanning equipment, tough new ceramic surfaces, even ingestible tooth-

paste. The best-known example, however, is solar technology. Because satellites use solar arrays for their power, NASA has been the driving force behind advanced solar research. If satellites get larger, and if the space station is built, the quest for ever more power from ever less hardware will continue. One of the most promising avenues for solar-cell technology is, again, gallium arsenide, which is a more efficient transformer of energy and is more stable at high temperatures than the silicon used for cells now.

Brad Meslin, of the Center for Space Policy, compares the development of space to that of the American West a century ago. "Anyone who was sitting around in 1840 thinking about this railroad thing couldn't imagine a fraction of the economic potential that would eventually be realized by opening up the West," he argues.

IN THE END THE IMPORTANT QUESTION MAY BE NOT how abundant the fruits of space commerce will be but who will enjoy them, and how soon. The Europeans, Soviets, and Japanese are in the race, and in some areas they are ahead of us.

Since 1971 the Soviets have had rudimentary space stations (*Salyut 1* through 7) in orbit. While the United States has run perhaps a hundred materials-processing experiments in space, the Russians have conducted some 1,500. They have developed infrared receivers using cadmium mercury telluride crystals made in space; they have tested the synthesis of interferon, urokinase, and other drugs; and they have produced metal alloys and special glasses for optical devices.

In 1979 R. Z. Sagdeyev, the director of the Soviet Space Research Institute, predicted that a "vast amount of industrial activity will begin in orbit" in upcoming years.

MILKWEED

The milkweed now with their many pods are standing like a country of dry women.

The wind lifts their flat leaves and drops them.

This is not kind, but they retain a certain crisp glamor; moreover it's easy to believe

each one was once young and delicate, also frightened; also capable

of a certain amount of rough joy.

I wish you would walk with me out into the world.

I wish you could see what has to happen, how each one crackles like a blessing

over its thin children as they rush away.

—Mary Oliver

That activity will probably revolve around a complex space station, with room for as many as twelve cosmonauts, that the Russians expect to place in orbit by the end of the eighties. Other Soviet investments are also impressive. William Claybaugh, a partner in Space Fund I, a venture-capital firm for projects in space, based in New York, describes the program and its implications as follows: "The Russians are months to a year or so away from launching a space shuttle—one which is about the same size as ours, but which may carry considerably more payload. They also have a little space plane, which I'm sure is the envy of every officer in the U.S. Air Force. And finally, they have a *Saturn V*-class booster, something that looks like it's going to be capable of putting about 300,000 pounds into orbit. That set of infrastructure, assuming the early test flights go well and all that hardware works, positions the Soviet Union to do things in space that we couldn't possibly duplicate. Mars is plainly within their capabilities, but more to the point, they are building the infrastructure to set up a complete Earth-moon transportation system. That's something that could be sprung on us any time in the next five years. If the Russians have a lunar base in the early nineties and we can't begin to think of doing that until ten years later, you're then talking about national psyche, a nation's understanding of itself and its role in the world."

The Europeans and Japanese, as one might expect, have invested more in commercial sectors within which they might leapfrog the United States. Typically, the French are concentrating on glamorous hardware that will enhance national prestige. They operate the world's only successful commercial rocket system, which now boasts thirty firm contracts and eleven reservations for satellite launches—\$875 million worth of business. This fall they plan to launch their first remote-sensing satellite, whose state-of-the-art design may well dominate the emerging market.

The West Germans, also playing true to national form, are concentrating on materials processing, where the greatest commercial potential lies. They have been the prime movers behind Spacelab, the European laboratory that flies on our shuttle, and Eureca, a free-flying research-and-manufacturing facility scheduled to begin operating in 1987. According to Hans Ulrich Steimle, the project manager of a Spacelab mission whose crew will include two German astronauts and that will concentrate on materials-processing research, "Our heavy interest in materials sciences obviously is not shared in other countries. But we should not be shortsighted. This may be only a very small, narrow program, but in the long term we can be the leader in it and it will pay its own way."

The Europeans are also designing a new generation of space vehicles: a French mini-shuttle and heavy rocket, a largely German laboratory module for the U.S. space station, and a British space tug. It is not clear whether all or any of these ultimately will be produced, however.

The Japanese, who protect their infant space industry by forbidding purchases of American satellites, have sent

up some twenty-five satellites on Japanese launch vehicles, and they plan to send up fifty more by the year 2000. Japanese corporations dominate the world market for satellite ground stations. More important, the Japanese space agency is ahead of all competitors in research on the next generation of communications-satellite technology, and it is working hard to catch up in remote sensing.

Both Japan's government and its private sector are also taking an interest in materials processing. The government plans to construct a laboratory that will be part of the U.S. space station, along with two free-flying manufacturing platforms, at a total cost of more than a billion dollars. Four major Japanese trading companies have formed teams of as many as fifty corporations, each to pursue commercial opportunities, particularly in materials processing, in space. And Japanese corporations are investing in new American firms that are involved in space commerce. Richard Randolph, the president of MRA, bemoans the contrast between American investors, whom his company pursued for several years with limited success, and the Japanese, who came knocking on his door.

FOREIGN COMPANIES, PARTICULARLY IN FRANCE, Germany, and Japan, have expressed a willingness to invest now for profits that they may not see for fifteen or twenty years—a luxury that very few American companies can afford. What's more, our overseas competitors have the advantage of being technological followers, rather than innovators. "The French and Japanese and German space programs are very consciously picking off the commercial opportunities that were identified as a result of U.S. research activities," Fawkes says. "Where we have fallen down is in stimulating a commercial response within the U.S. community."

Part of the problem is that not enough basic research has been done on the behavior of materials in space to persuade American corporations to invest. In 1978, when NASA began to solicit applications for sending experiments up in the shuttle, it projected that by 1982 twenty flights a year would be reserved primarily for research. Because of budget cuts and delays, NASA has approved only twenty-five experiments for funding, and only four of these have been scheduled. Richard Halpern, the director of NASA's Microgravity Sciences Division, says that more than anything, he needs "flight time to convince people that the potential of materials processing is real and not just something I stand up and talk about."

With so much basic science remaining to be done, the risks of investing in materials processing are especially high, and the payoff, at this point, is still in the ten-year range—beyond consideration even for many venture-capital firms. Given the short-term focus of most American corporations and financial institutions, the American economy depends to a great extent on entrepreneurs to provide the technological breakthroughs important to growth. So much capital is usually needed to work in space, however,

that few garage entrepreneurs have a chance. According to Jerome Simonoff, a vice-president of Citicorp Industrial Credit and an expert on financing space projects, "Where the entrepreneurs will come from, more often than not, is the dissatisfied employee working for the big company who lost his argument to build his pet project and who says, 'I'm going to go out and form my own company.'" By then, of course, foreign competitors may have the jump on us.

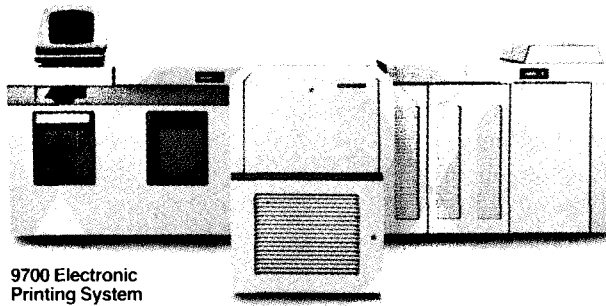
Even aerospace companies, which have the expertise to create new industries in space, are not expected to take the initiative. (McDonnell Douglas is the exception, no doubt because its president, John Yardley, headed NASA's shuttle program.) Having generated guaranteed profits for their stockholders for years on government contracts, aerospace executives are unlikely to roll the dice on a new product or service whose market is *not* guaranteed.

In France, Germany, and Japan the government develops strategies for the commercial exploitation of space and then works hand-in-hand with business to bring them to fruition—a textbook example of "industrial policy." Industrial policy is anathema to the Reagan Administration: its goal is to get government out of the marketplace, not further in. At the same time, however, President Reagan is a pragmatist. He wants to encourage the commercial development of space, and in space a government role is inevitable. Private corporations could never have invested \$200 billion to create the infrastructure necessary to do business in space. The Reagan Administration has not only accepted this fact but has worked out an energetic set of policies to subsidize and promote private investment in space.

Consider the space shuttle, on which NASA has spent roughly \$14 billion so far. At the moment, taking up a full payload, which can consist of as many as four communications satellites, costs as much as \$250 million. But the agency charges only \$74 million—leaving as much as \$175 million per mission to be subsidized. Moreover, NASA signs "joint-endeavor agreements," in which private companies such as MRA and McDonnell Douglas get free shuttle flights in return for allowing access to experimental results or use of the equipment being tested. NASA also offers bargain-basement prices for single experiments ("get-away specials" is the agency's phrase) and free rides for industry scientists and for certain new pieces of hardware.

NASA works hard to get the private sector excited about space. The agency has paid two major consulting firms a total of several million dollars to interest executives in the idea of doing business on the space station. NASA goes out of its way to make the data and technology it has developed available free of charge to the private sector, and often its own scientists help private companies develop their space-research programs. The agency even develops complex new technologies that the private sector needs but will not pay for, such as the next generation of communications satellites.

The Reagan Administration is streamlining the regula-



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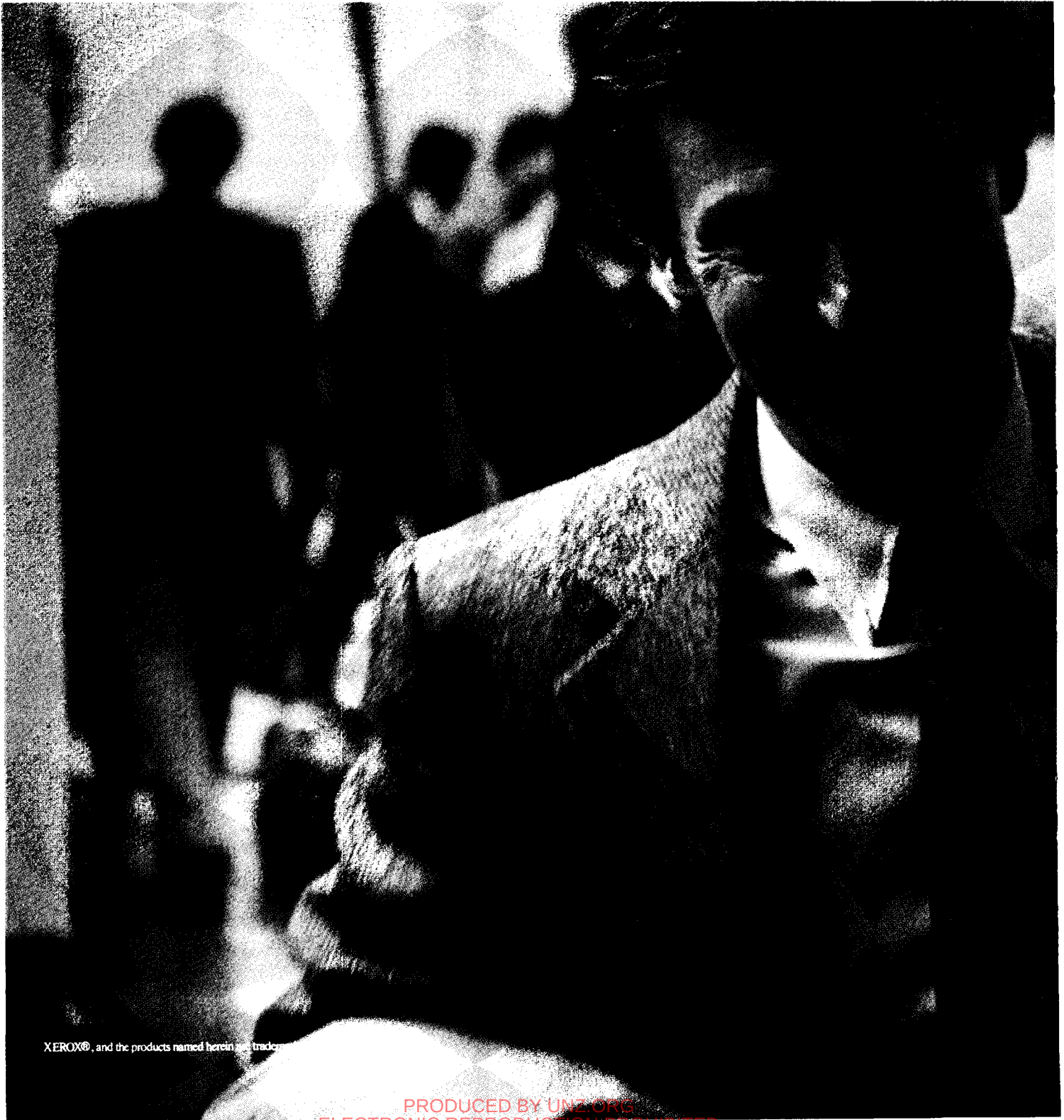
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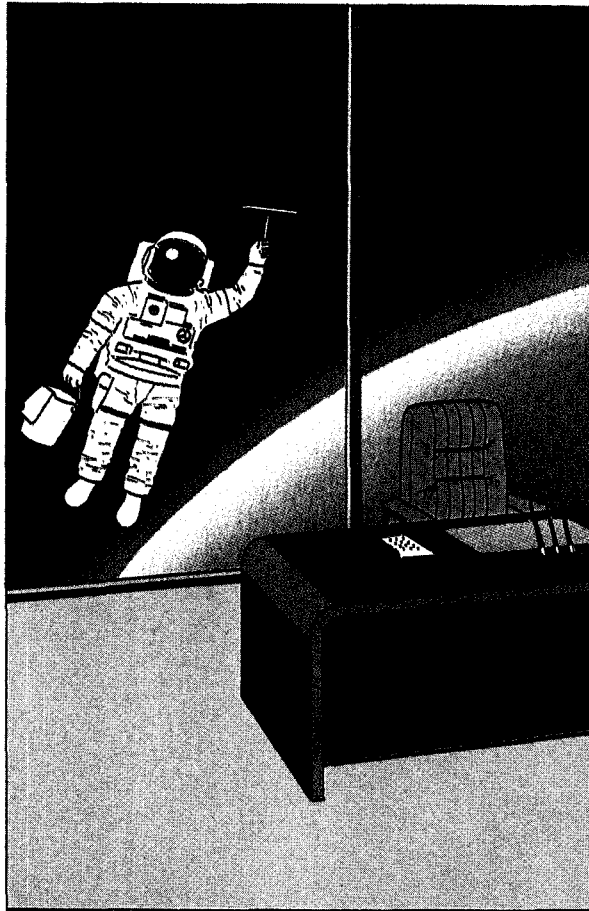
tory maze that hampers private space ventures and reforming the tax code so that investments in space will get the same breaks that investments on the ground do. Reagan has also pledged to expand research and development in areas that have commercial applications; to give industry a larger role, through advisory committees, in determining the federal agenda; and to pursue long-term contracts with new space ventures "if the government has a need for the product and if the purchase would be cost-efficient."

THE ADMINISTRATION'S efforts to stimulate the commercial development of space are impressive, and they are nothing if not industrial policy. But their *ad hoc* nature, as well as the unspoken conflict between free-market ideology and government intervention, has created problems. The inconsistencies threaten to cripple two industries that the Administration wants to turn over to the private sector: rocket-launch services and remote sensing.

Rockets are known in the trade as expendable launch vehicles, or ELVs, and the predicament they are in is relatively simple. To save money now that the shuttle is flying, NASA is turning over its Titan, Atlas/Centaur, and Delta rockets to companies that plan to use them to launch satellites. At the same time, however, NASA feels compelled to justify the shuttle's tremendous cost by selling its own launch service. NASA's subsidized price, which will be in effect until October of 1988, makes it difficult for private rocket companies to compete. Thus, while the Reagan Administration is creating a rocket industry with one hand, it is destroying that industry with the other.

Both General Dynamics and Transpace Carriers, the firms that are taking over the Atlas/Centaur and Delta rockets, have made it clear that unless the Administration soon announces a realistic price for shuttle space after 1988, they will abandon the launch business. The last rockets to be manufactured for NASA are under construction, and once the assembly lines shut down, they will be impossibly expensive to start up again.

The solution to all this depends upon whether we want a rocket industry, in order to compete with the French, Japanese, Soviets, and Chinese. Many believe that ELVs will continue to be of great value to the satellite industry.



No one is certain just how much traffic the shuttle will be able to carry, and satellite owners say that they find launching on a rocket much simpler and less time-consuming than launching on the shuttle. David Grimes, a former NASA official who founded Transpace Carriers, warns that we are about to lose "the pickup trucks of the space age." Given that American taxpayers have invested billions of dollars in NASA's ELVs, it seems reckless simply to discard them.

The Department of Transportation has appointed a committee of industrial advisers on commercial space transportation. It grappled with these questions at its first meeting, last October, and came up with sensible advice. Essentially, the group recommended that NASA raise its shuttle fares so as not to place private ELV operators at a disadvantage, announce the new fares as soon as

possible, and quit worrying about justifying the shuttle on the basis of how many commercial satellites it launches. (The advisers hope that once this is done, the French will raise the rate for their Ariane rocket, which many believe is subsidized to be competitive with the shuttle.) Sentiment was strong that the unique capabilities of the shuttle—rescuing and repairing satellites, providing an orbiting laboratory for materials processing, and so on—should be given priority over its abilities as a satellite launcher.

The status of the *Landsat* remote-sensing system is more complex. *Landsat* satellites were designed as experimental, not commercial, vehicles. The pictures and data they sent back to Earth were available to all comers for the cost of reproduction. Foreign countries were encouraged to build receiving stations and allowed access to data for next to nothing. Gradually a market began to emerge, consisting primarily of governments (state, federal, and foreign) and oil- and mineral-exploration companies. All grew accustomed to bargain-basement prices. In the late 1970s, when the Carter Administration decided to commercialize the system, it was obvious that this would have to be done slowly, because the market was still relatively small and could not sustain prices high enough to generate a profit. The Carter plan called for a ten-year transition, in which more and more services would be contracted out to private industry. Eventually the entire system would be sold.

The Reagan Administration, however, decided to turn the *Landsat* system and, for good measure, the federal

weather satellites as well, over to industry right away. Congress quashed the idea of selling the weather satellites, but not *Landsat*, and the Administration started looking for a buyer. Soon it became apparent that federal subsidies for *Landsat* would have to continue, even if the system were sold. Negotiations were under way with two finalists, Eastman Kodak and EOSAT, a joint venture of RCA and Hughes Aircraft, when the Office of Management and Budget suddenly deleted *Landsat* from the fiscal 1985 budget. Outraged, officials of the Commerce Department, which has responsibility for *Landsat*, wrangled the promise of a \$250 million subsidy from the White House. Because the figure was so low, Kodak dropped out and EOSAT won by default. Then, before Congress voted on the \$250 million budget item, it adjourned for the year. The Administration has continued to negotiate a contract with EOSAT, but it must resubmit legislation authorizing the sale and subsidy.

This comedy of errors may kill the prospects for an American remote-sensing industry. When the *Landsat* satellite that still works was launched, in 1984, its life-span was expected to be just three years. It will take three years or more to build and launch a new satellite, private or federal. (NASA may be able to retrieve and repair *Landsat 4*, which broke down after only a year, but there are no guarantees.) Thus any company thinking of using remote-sensing data knows that it cannot rely on the U.S. system. Meanwhile, France will launch its first satellite this fall. If our satellite goes dead and the French succeed, any U.S. comeback will be difficult. The French will reap the economic and diplomatic benefits of providing remote sensing for the world market, and a U.S. investment of at least \$3 billion will go down the drain.

AT THE MOMENT, WE HAVE A CLEAR LEAD IN THE race to commercialize space. We have the space shuttle, and we will probably have a space station by 1995. But the experience of the past fifteen years is cause for concern. We have developed one new technology after another—from video-cassette recorders to machine tools to semiconductors—only to watch the Japanese take the market from us.

Many ideas have been put forward for securing our hold on the markets, not just in transportation and remote sensing but in materials processing and communications as well. They include seed money for applied-research projects with commercial potential, special tax credits for space commerce, and federal insurance to limit the risks of investing in space. Because ideas like these call for further government intervention in the marketplace, they have generated controversy. But as we have seen, not only is the government already in the space business, it *created* the marketplace. Some consideration of how it can best steer that marketplace is surely in order.

Successful precedents for aggressive federal intervention do exist. For example, from 1925 to 1975 the federal

government channeled more direct support for technological research to aviation than to any other industry. Most of the money was spent to develop commercial products—spent, that is, on applied, rather than basic, research. The National Advisory Committee on Aeronautics, NASA's predecessor, built huge wind tunnels and other facilities where companies tested their designs. The government also provided an enormous demand for aircraft, first with its airmail contracts and later through military procurement. With so much federal support, American firms excelled at moving products to the marketplace. Even though the British invented the jet engine, it was the United States that captured the commercial market. Aviation is still one of the country's export powerhouses.

The computer industry is another triumph of government intervention. The first electronic computers were invented on military contracts signed during the Second World War. As the first machines went into operation, few foresaw any commercial market for them. The transistor was invented independent of military procurement, in 1947, at Bell Laboratories, but until 1955 virtually all other computer-related research continued to be funded by the government. Even from 1955 to 1960, when entrepreneurs poured into the computer business, the chief impetus was government contracts. Both of the breakthroughs that made IBM a success during this interval—the random-access magnetic-core memory and transistorized computers—were federally funded. After 1960 the demands of NASA and the military for computers that could fit inside missile cones and spacecraft led to the creation of the semiconductor industry. Both the silicon transistor and the integrated circuit were developed for military or NASA use. Large-scale production of integrated circuits got off the ground with NASA's decision to use them for guidance on the prototype *Apollo* spacecraft and with the Air Force's demand for an improved version of the Minuteman ICBM guidance system.

Federal intervention has led to some spectacular failures, as well. In the late 1960s the government decided that the United States needed a commercial supersonic transport (SST) to compete with the British-French *Concorde*. When industry failed to put up its own capital, the government stepped in. In 1971, after several years of mounting costs, technical problems, and opposition from environmentalists, Congress killed the SST. The market has since vindicated that decision. The *Concorde* has cost the British and French governments several billion dollars.

In the late 1970s, when it appeared that oil and natural-gas prices would only grow, Congress approved a \$15 billion program of loan guarantees and price supports for synthetic-fuels production. Within three years we were in the midst of an oil-and-gas glut and it became obvious that synthetic fuels would not be profitable for decades. Though the program has been cut back, much of the several billion dollars that taxpayers have invested so far will undoubtedly have to be written off.

Two lessons emerge from this quick survey. The first is

that the government can work wonders when it funds applied research to develop commercial products. The second is that it will occasionally back the wrong horse. Free-marketeers conclude that because the government cannot be sure of picking winners, it should not even try. This notion ignores the fact that our government is already deeply involved in picking winners, with its provision of \$400 billion a year in special tax breaks and trillions of dollars in loans and loan guarantees—most of which has gone to businesses.

THERE ARE WAYS FOR THE GOVERNMENT TO PROTECT its bets. One is to target whole technologies rather than specific products. Richard Kline, the director of space-station programs at Grumman Aerospace, suggests that NASA might make grants of up to \$100,000 for research aimed at developing commercial products in space. "We've done a fair amount of talking with non-aerospace companies, and we now understand the position of many would-be entrepreneurs in some of the traditional companies in the United States," Kline explains. "It's an uphill battle for them to bring their system to the top of their organization, and what I'm talking about is really a way to let this entrepreneur get his feet underneath him, get his plan put together, so that he will be able to convince his board or CEO or whoever he must go through that they should take a flyer and see if there isn't a new market to be found in space commercialization."

An interesting model is the Industriefunden, a small government institute in Sweden, staffed largely by engineers, which awards grants to industry of up to several hundred thousand dollars for the development of new processes or products. The Industriefunden negotiates loans to fund perhaps 30 percent of the research, which the companies repay only if the project is successful.

When our government distributes money for research and development, it would be wise to consult potential buyers of the new technologies in question. When a government agency like NASA lets a contract for its own project, it knows what it needs better than anyone else. The situation is quite different when an agency wants a product made for the marketplace and does not allow the marketplace to define what will sell. The histories of the *Concorde* and synthetic fuels demonstrate that the result may well be an unsalable product. In cases where the government is not the consumer, every effort should be made to turn over decisions about funding to groups of advisers from the private sector.

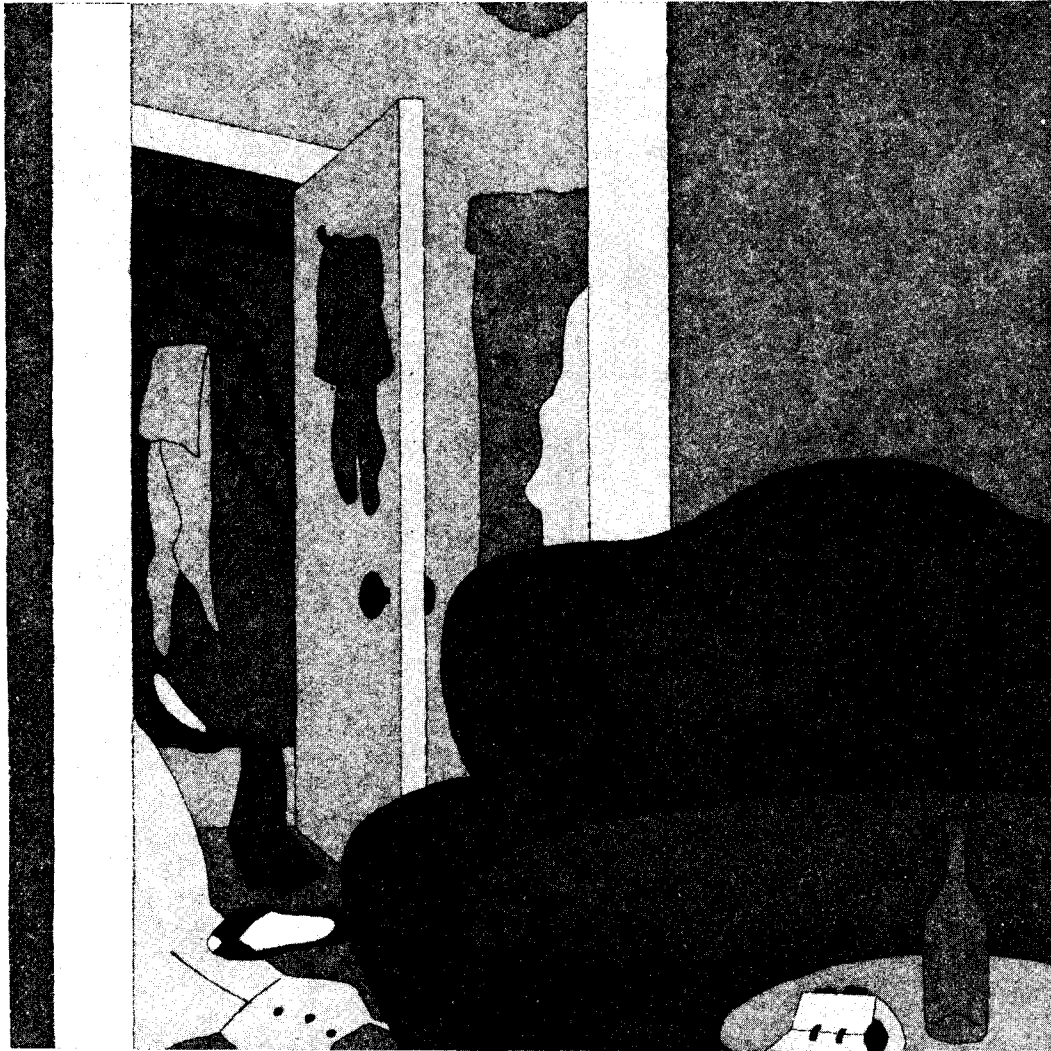
Direct procurement will always be the most powerful tool available, of course. When the government creates a market for new technologies, investors are attracted to them. Traditionally, this occurs when the government needs a new product for its own purposes. The Japanese have been known to guarantee markets (for robotics and computers, for instance) in the absence of such a need, simply to get a promising new industry off the ground.

The Reagan Administration intends to use procurement as an incentive for commercial projects in space only when the government needs a product and its purchase is "cost-efficient." It might be wise to go further. For instance, crystals made in space are likely to be instrumental in future defense and NASA missions and critical to coming generations of technology; aggressive procurement, beyond what might be cost-efficient in the short run, could help the United States win the race to commercialize them. Remote sensing is another obvious example: since federal and state governments are the primary consumers of *Land-sat* data, any plan to turn the satellites over to business should use government procurement to guarantee at least part of the market.

The favorite method of picking winners in this country, the tax incentive, is extremely inefficient. The problem is that tax breaks can be applied to almost anything: research that would have been done regardless, activities other than research and development but disguised as such, and so on. Edwin Mansfield, an economist at the University of Pennsylvania, has found that the Reagan Administration's research-and-development tax credit is stimulating only about thirty cents' worth of new research and development for every dollar of tax revenue lost. If the government had spent each dollar on direct grants, it might have generated three times more research and development. The Japanese and the West Germans seem to understand this point; they rely much more heavily on outright subsidies than on tax credits.

No matter how careful the government might be in making its choices, anything put into space—a communications satellite, a shuttle, or an orbiting factory—can fail. When that happens, a major investment can be wiped out. A few dollars' worth of faulty insulation on a wire can damage a \$270 million satellite, as it did *Landsat 4*. The satellite industry, which has had to write off as lost roughly one out of six satellites launched since the mid-seventies, protects itself by buying insurance. In 1983, however, three major losses cost the satellite-insurance industry \$300 million—more than it had earned in premiums since it began to issue policies. Rates have doubled, and many underwriters worry that the market cannot cover a full shuttle load of three or four satellites. Jerome Simonoff has proposed that the federal government act as insurer of last resort, just as the Federal Reserve acts as lender of last resort to protect banks from the risk of failure.

If the emerging space industry demonstrates anything, it is the central role that the government already plays in economic development. We can ignore that role and continue to manage the process in an *ad hoc*, often contradictory way. Or we can acknowledge the existence of our many industrial policies and try to refine them into a coherent strategy to preserve our leadership in a changing international marketplace. How we respond will tell us a great deal about our capacity to adapt to the realities of a new economic era—and thus to remain pioneers well into the twenty-first century. □



A Short Story



TYLER AND BRINA

BY SUE MILLER

TYLER LOVED WOMEN. HE WAS IN LOVE WITH WOMEN. He saw them in shops, on the subway, at work, and imagined them falling back over and over, laughing, crying, soft, wet. He was turned on half the day. He didn't much care, either, what they looked like. His secretary, with the little rim of fat over her girdle and her sad eyes. The firm young girls with T-shirts ending above their navels, who weighed his fruit at the grocery store. He stood, holding out a plum, a bill, and he loved them. He wanted to lift the hair out of their eyes, to slide his hand down past the tops of their blue jeans onto their tanned bellies, to push them down—so gently!—to make them

smile, open their mouths; to make them cry out softly; to take their pain away.

He had thought this might change when he married Brina. He had hoped it would. But even though he slept around less, and now was careful when he did—he knew Brina wouldn't forgive him if she found out—he still yearned after women all the time, yearned for their gentleness, their loving response, their sweet dampness.

Now Brina wanted a divorce. She had moved out and was living in an apartment belonging to a woman from her office who was on vacation. Tyler dropped by nearly every evening after Petie was asleep. He wanted Brina back. He made love to her again and again on the living-room couch, where she slept at night, often with his clothes on, Brina's

Sue Miller teaches writing at MIT and is at work on a novel.

skirt wrinkled into a thick belt at her waist. Something about seeing her like that in the purplish light of the streetlamp which flooded into the room drove him on. Even when he couldn't come anymore, he still wanted her. "Oh, you bastard," she'd moan. "You bastard. God, I hate you. I hate you."

Petie was seven years old. He was Brina's son by her first marriage. She wouldn't let Tyler see him anymore. She thought it would be difficult for Petie. He had had a hard time getting used to Tyler in the first place. It had taken nearly the whole year Tyler and Brina had been married. As recently as a few months before Brina moved out, Petie would take the opportunity, if he and Tyler were wrestling or tickling, to punch or kick Tyler as hard as he could in the groin. Once Tyler had actually heard Petie whisper to himself "Get him" before he struck.

The morning of the day before Brina left him, Tyler had taken a shower with Petie. He had squatted down under the spray and let Petie scrub his back. Petie's wiry small body felt strange gliding across Tyler's back and buttocks while Petie scrubbed. Then Tyler felt a short stream of lukewarm water on his back, and Petie said, "I spit on you, Tyler, did you feel it? I spitted right on you." Tyler turned, still squatting, to look at Petie. He was grinning expectantly with his mouth open, the water flattening his blond hair dark against his small, neat head. Tyler felt the uneasiness he often felt with Petie and never felt with women—a sense of not knowing what the next move ought to be.

"Now can I get you?" Tyler asked.

"Yeah!" Petie said. His body jiggled in anticipation.

Tyler tipped his head up into the spray and filled his mouth. He squirted the water onto Petie's chest. Petie laughed, and Tyler laughed with him, partly in relief that he'd chosen the right thing to do.

"I can't even feel it," Petie said. "I can't even feel it because I'm *already* wet."

Tyler had seen Brina smile at them through the clear plastic shower curtain while she put her makeup on. He had felt, suddenly, that the three of them were a family, locked together. When they had dropped Tyler off at the subway on the way to Petie's school and her work, he had kissed Brina's mouth, had rested his hand briefly on Petie's damp hair.

Tyler was a contractor and a part-time developer. He owned and managed eight small apartment buildings around the city. He'd bought them one by one, including the one he and Brina lived in, and had done the renovations on them himself. That night, just before he left the office, one of his tenants called, a woman named Meredith. Someone had broken into her apartment, had stolen her television set and stereo. The lock on her door had been broken, and the super was out for the evening—he'd left a note by his buzzer. She was afraid to stay overnight by herself unless someone fixed the lock. Tyler called Brina and told her he'd be late for dinner, not to wait. He took the truck and stopped at the hardware store for a new

lock and a chain, because he guessed that the extra protection would reassure his tenant.

When he arrived at her apartment, she was sitting in the entryway with the door swung open, smoking a cigarette and drinking what looked like whiskey. "Oh, thank God you're here," she said. She stood and stubbed out the cigarette. "Look, just look at what these jerks did to my house!" She gestured behind her toward the living room. Tyler could see records in and out of their jackets spilled all over the floor. Papers were strewn everywhere.

"And look in here," she said. She walked down the hall ahead of him. She was wearing heels and a skirt. Tyler watched her legs, the quick shifting gleam of the light on her stockings as she moved in front of him. She stood in her bedroom door. It was worse in here. Her clothes had been dumped from the drawers. The closet yawned open, the empty hangers angled awkwardly this way and that. "It just makes me feel so *violated*," she said.

Tyler had heard it before. Several of his buildings were in lousy neighborhoods. He was carefully sympathetic, though. He talked to her for a while before he started working on the door. When he'd finished, she offered him a beer and asked him to sit for a few minutes before he left, just until she calmed down. She had been working in her bedroom, and she'd changed into jeans and a fuzzy pink sweater. Tyler sat on the couch. She curled up in a large chair opposite him. They talked about insurance, what kinds of coverage they had. Then he asked her about her work. She was a social worker, she said. She worked with juvenile offenders. "In fact," she said, and giggled, "the chances are excellent that some *client* of mine pulled this little number tonight."

Tyler smiled and gently shook his beer can. Almost empty.

"Oh, I'm going to miss my record player," she said abruptly. "I was just thinking how usually when people are over, I play music while we talk. Course I've got a radio. Do you want some music?" She was a little drunk, too serious. Tyler grinned and shrugged. "I'm going to get my radio," she said. "You stay right there." She got up and ran down the hall. When she returned, Tyler noticed she wasn't wearing a bra under the sweater. She looked up from plugging the radio in and caught him staring at her. As she sat down next to him on the couch, they were both smiling, as if they already shared some kind of secret.

WHEN HE CALLED BRINA AT HER JOB, ABOUT TEN the next morning, she said, "Oh, God, you're all right." After a long silence, she said more softly, "I called the hospitals, but you weren't there." He could hear that she was starting to cry.

"No," he said. And then, "I'm sorry."

After a minute she said in a pinched voice, "How can this be? I don't want this to happen, Tyler."

"I'm sorry," he said.

"But *what*? What do you plan?" she said. "How can this

be?" She was crying openly now. He could imagine her in her office at work, trying to cover her face in case anyone walked in.

"Can we talk about it tonight? Can I come home?" he asked.

"Home?" Her voice soared to an unfamiliar, awkward register on the word. "Home?" she asked, and then she hung up.

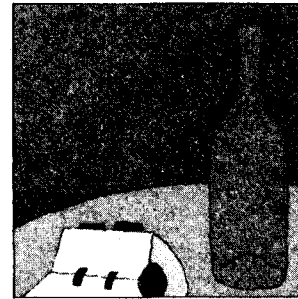
ONE SIDE OF BRINA'S FACE WAS DEAD, INJURED IN A childhood accident. When they made love, Tyler, for some reason, lay more often with his head on that side of hers. Looking at her, he was sometimes startled by the stillness on her face, as though she were in a deep, dreamless sleep. "Oh, oh, oh, God," she would cry in an agonized voice from her blank face as Tyler lowered his head to her shoulder, his body hard at work. When she smiled, half of Brina's face lit up, and the rest lifted only slightly in sympathy, as though, Tyler thought, she knew of some deep sorrow that lay under every fleeting joy.

When Tyler first saw her after he'd slept with Meredith, the live side of her face was distorted with rage, and both eyes were puffy from sleeplessness and tears. He'd gone home first, but she wasn't there. Their apartment looked a little as Meredith's had the night before. Brina had pulled things out of drawers and left them all over their bedroom, Petie's bedroom. The suitcases that usually sat on the top shelves of their closet were gone. Tyler felt such a sense of desolation that for a moment he thought of leaving the apartment too, of going somewhere to have a drink. But he didn't. He got out their Rolodex and began to call their friends, Brina's friends, until he found someone who knew where she had gone. In a cold voice Marietta said, "Well, I suppose you'll find out anyway," and gave him the address.

Tyler got there at about ten o'clock. The building was an old triple-decker in a run-down part of town where students and blacks lived. Under the stairs in the entrance hall were baby carriages, someone's cross-country skis, heaped-up boots. From the first-floor apartment came laughter and loud jazz. Tyler mounted the stairs. On the second floor the name he was looking for, Eliopoulos, was printed on masking tape above the doorbell. He rang and waited. Then he rang again. He could hear Brina blowing her nose. The door opened. She looked at him for a moment, half of her face pulling into hard, angry lines. Tyler tried to look at the other side, her sad eyes, her drooping lips. Abruptly she stepped forward and hit him sharply with her fists, four times, and then stepped back and slammed the door. Neither of them had said anything, though Brina had made a little noise of effort with each blow. She had been swinging awkwardly, from the side, and Tyler had covered his head as well as he could after the first blow smashed into the side of his nose, but one of his ears was ringing dully as he left, and when he reached up to touch his face, his hand came away wet with blood.

He stopped in a drugstore on the way home to get disinfectant and a styptic pencil. He stood in front of a display of pantyhose thinking about Brina, about what he could do to get her to talk to him. He knew if he could just talk to her, just get his hands on her—he could see his hands slide across the top of her bathrobe onto her breasts—things would be all right. She was all he wanted.

"Can I help you find something?" a girl asked. Tyler looked at her. Freckles, long straight hair. She was wearing a pale blue drugstore smock and very tight jeans. She smelled of Juicy Fruit chewing gum. She smiled at him. A big gap between her two front teeth touched Tyler's heart, and he smiled back. "Yes," he said.



TYLER WAS CAREFUL WITH BRINA. HE DIDN'T BRING flowers or presents; he didn't call or try to get in touch with Petie. He just kept coming over. At some point, he knew, she would have to take responsibility for his silent presence outside her door. After a week and a half she finally let him in, and twenty minutes after that Tyler was making love to her on the couch. He pushed up onto his elbows to look at her. She had turned her face away from him, and her eyes were shut. She seemed trusting, utterly at peace. Tyler's heart swelled with remorse and gratitude toward her, and he began to weep softly. She turned to him, and he saw that her face was remote, cold, full of a hard anger. "Brina," he said, frightened. He couldn't believe she could make love with him without feeling love. He touched her face gently, as though he could change what he saw with a gesture.

"Don't talk to me," she whispered furiously, and pulled him to her.

Now Tyler began to woo Brina. She wouldn't let him in until after nine, when Petie was asleep, because she thought that it would be hard for Petie to see him. But every night Tyler arrived at nine and stayed until midnight or so, when Brina kicked him out. Mostly they made love, although once or twice Brina wouldn't. Then Tyler talked. He talked about how much he loved her, how weak he was. About how his weakness didn't affect his love for her. About how hard he'd tried to be faithful, how much he wanted her back. Brina seemed to listen; but she still wept or cursed him when they did make love. And she always turned away afterward and hunched over, facing the back of the couch and holding herself as if for comfort.

Sometime in the second week of this strange courtship

EULOGY FOR RICHARD HUGO

We both wore masks. Mine over my mouth
Was there to catch each word, each dangerous breath
Before it reached the man sitting in bed
And found its way through his defenseless blood.
His mask was a royal bruise across his chest
(Where one lung labored, labored hard as Christ
To cure the marrow that had turned against him)
And the swollen flesh of a face, once lean and handsome,
Now stretched past guilt and fear, past innocence
And courage into a skin-tight radiance.

While blood hung on a scaffold, dripping warm
And slow to its cold future in his arm,
He talked of jobs and money and old games,
Of letters and love, good humor and bad dreams,
Of what he'd learned, in pain, about his lives,
Of struggles between his better and bitter halves.

For thirty years I'd known a starving child
Inside him, tough and subtle, shrewd and squalid,
Who shared his body, glaring through his eyes
And balking at the cost of wretchedness.
Outside, he wore a life intensely human
And over that, at times, like a mad shaman,
The skulls of enemies and skins of beasts,
Tatters of beggar boys and family ghosts —
Sacred disguises. "What I do is me"
Became for him "What I seem, we all may be."

These struggling selves made poems, did without
The gibberish of God, grudge-matching wit,
The urge to pose or maunder, prattle or preach,
And sang blunt beautiful American speech
In voices none of us had heard before
Whose burden was "We can grow up through fear."

He spent his days in search of a hometown
Where he could be class hero and class clown,
Unknown and famous, friendly and alone:
Wearing his old school colors, the gray and white
Of ashes, he lies there now, its laureate.

—David Wagoner

Meredith called him at work. She sounded tense. There were some problems at the apartment. Could he stop by after work? She'd be home by five-thirty or so.

Tyler couldn't go to Brina's until after nine anyway, so he told Meredith he'd stop by around six.

He drove over in the truck again. He was driving it home regularly now, so that he'd be able to get to Brina's and back easily. Lying on the dashboard was a miniature boot from one of Petie's superhero dolls. Tyler had found it in the glove compartment. He was planning to take it to Brina's later. He'd even thought of a joke he might try on her when he got there, about being a prince looking for the woman who would fit this shoe. He wasn't sure he would, though, because Brina was several inches taller than he was and so far he'd imagined only two or three tough, sarcastic things she might say in response, each having to do with her size.

Meredith had Vivaldi on the radio when he came in. She was wearing jeans and a work shirt, but her makeup was fresh, Tyler could tell. He followed her to the kitchen. She opened the refrigerator and brought out some wine. He watched her lift two glasses down from the shelf. He could see the bumps of her nipples against the light blue shirt. She was thinner than Brina. He took the wine.

She raised her glass. "Cheers," she said, and smiled.

He sipped and set the glass down on the butcher-block counter. He'd installed it three years ago. He couldn't help admiring it for a moment. He turned to her. "What's the problem?" he asked.

"No problem," she said. She stepped closer to him. Tyler saw a little nick of lipstick on the corner of one of her front teeth. He felt sorry for her.

"I thought something was wrong," he said.

"Only that I hadn't heard from you," she said, and looked at him. Tyler felt a shrinking inside. "I had a nice time that night."

"Me too," Tyler said, not meeting her eyes. He drank some wine.

"Well?" she said. She cocked her head and smiled flirtatiously at him.

Tyler took a step or two backward. "Look," he said. "I don't know if you knew it or not the other night. I probably should have said something. But I'm married."

She stood very still but nodded her head. "I knew."

Then Tyler explained what had happened, how Brina had moved out. She stared at him while he told her, and he watched the determined cheerfulness bleed from her face, the bitter lines creep to the corners of her mouth. She was running her finger again and again around the top of her wine glass. Tyler was telling her how much he loved Brina. Suddenly she smiled at him, a forced, brilliant smile. He fell silent. After a moment she said, "So *love* her, for Christ's sake." Her upper lip trembled slightly, and a single tear snaked through her makeup. "God knows I wasn't asking you to love *me*."

Tyler's heart squeezed tight with pity. He closed his eyes and reached for her.

WHEN BRINA CALLED FROM WORK, SHE SOUNDED SO crisp and efficient that Tyler for a moment thought it was Meredith again. But then she said, "I'm just calling, Tyler, to tell you where we'll be now. Maryanne's back, so we're going to the Lloyds' for a couple of weeks, while they're gone. Do you have their address?"

"I'm not sure," he said. "I might somewhere, but why don't I write it down, to be safe?"

Brina dictated it to him in her secretarial voice. Tyler's hands began to tremble as he wrote the numbers and letters. He read them back to her, because he was so excited that he wasn't sure he'd heard them right. She had called him! She wanted him to know how to get to her. "Thanks, Brina," he said. "Thank you."

The Lloyds had a king-size bed, as Tyler and Brina did at home. The first night Tyler visited Brina there, he slowly and carefully took off all her clothes, then removed his own, and they made love until four in the morning. Before Brina made him leave, he got her to promise to think about moving back home again.

The second night, Tyler brought a bottle of wine and some dope over, but Brina met him at the door wearing an old sweatshirt and jeans. She'd pulled her hair back into a limp ponytail. She told him he couldn't come in. Petie had some stomach bug and was up every half an hour or so vomiting. Tyler wanted to stay, wanted to help with Petie, but Brina was distracted and unbending.

Driving home, Tyler began to get angry at her rigidity, at the particularly useless way in which she insisted that his life should be affected by her principles. He turned out of his way and drove past Meredith's apartment. Her living-room lights glowed yellow on the second floor.

She answered the door with the chain on. She was wearing a striped robe and big green puffy slippers. Tyler held up the bottle of wine. "Party time," he said.

She smiled and shut the door. He heard the chain slide off, and then she reopened it. She had kicked off the slippers. "I was wondering when you'd get around to coming over again," she said.

Tyler hadn't meant to talk about Brina with her tonight, but after they made love he felt a resurgence of the anger that had brought him to her apartment in the first place. He told her what Brina had done, making it sound as though it had happened several days before. This time, instead of getting tearful or angry, Meredith took a professional tack. Brina, she offered, was projecting her own anger and fragility onto Petie and using him as a way of punishing Tyler. There were several possible reasons for this, psychodynamically speaking, and Meredith offered one or two.

Tyler knew better than to listen to much of what she had to say, but he liked speaking about Brina with someone else, liked hearing her name spoken out loud. He felt excited and closer to Brina while he and Meredith were talking about her, and he asked questions to keep the conversation going. He supported her theories with intimate details that Brina had told him about her first husband, her

childhood. Meredith went to the kitchen to get a cigarette. He watched her walk away from him, small and boyish without any clothes on. "I'm sorry," he said, when she was sitting next to him on the bed again. "I shouldn't talk so much about this. About Brina."

"It's all right. People need to talk about the things that are bothering them."

"But it can't be very much fun for you."

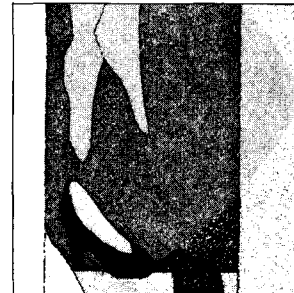
"I don't mind. It's all right."

"It's all right for a while. It shouldn't be for very long, though."

Meredith looked at him as though he were making some sort of promise. "I'll let you know when it starts to bother me."

The next night, the phone was ringing when he got back from Brina's. He knew it was Meredith and almost didn't answer it, but the thought of her sitting alone at the other end, listening to the phone ring in his empty apartment, swept him as suddenly and forcefully as a pang of self-pity, and he picked up the receiver.

She was cheerful. She invited him over for a nightcap. Tyler tried to say no, but when she persisted, even began to offer to come to his house, he decided it might be the best thing to go over there briefly.



TYLER SAW MEREDITH FIVE OR SIX TIMES IN THE next two weeks, sometimes at her apartment, sometimes at his, though they never made love in the bed he shared with Brina. Something about her sexual greediness excited him, gave him an appetite for the tenderness and restraint he had to employ with Brina. And she was the only person he could talk to about what had happened. He felt all right about the situation, because, as he told himself, he was always honest with Meredith, he never pretended to her that he didn't want Brina back or wasn't seeing her. In the end he thought of himself as being faithful to both Meredith and Brina during this period.

BRINA INVITED TYLER OVER FOR DINNER. THEY WERE lying in the Lloyds' big bed. The Lloyds were supposed to get back from their vacation in five days. Tyler and Brina had avoided talking about this, about where Brina and Petie might go next.

"What time?" Tyler asked.

"About six or so."

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Tyler felt his heart thudding as it sometimes did when he'd drunk five or six cups of coffee in one morning. "With Petie," he said.

"He misses you," Brina said. "It just seems dumb, after a while, to keep punishing him because I'm mad at you." Tyler didn't let himself look at Brina, didn't let himself hope. They were lying on their backs, not touching, and he stared intently at the useless, nipple-like fixture on the ceiling above him.

"And I'm not so mad at you anymore, Tyler." She sighed. "I guess I see that you can't help yourself—that you're just going to slip every now and then. And that it doesn't mean much of anything to you and me. Or Petie. To who we are. I mean, a family." She had turned on the bed, and Tyler could tell she was looking at him. "But if I think about it too long or hard, I can literally make myself throw up. And I never want to see it or know about it again. Ever." Her voice was like a threat. Tyler nodded his head, and she relaxed again. The light from the candle on the bedside table flickered on the ceiling with the little rush of air from her movement. Tyler lay absolutely still, full of longing for her but afraid to touch her.

"I don't know," she said. Her voice was softer, almost as though she were talking just for herself. "I feel like it's a terrible compromise. Terrible. One I never thought I could make. Or would even be asked to make. I thought of our bodies as being part of each other. It made me feel . . . injured, or damaged. And Petie too. I felt like you broke something that held us all together." Her voice wavered and she was silent for a while. "But then I saw, I guess I saw, that other things really held us together. Or could. Because I *do* still love you, Tyler." She had turned toward him again. He felt her breath on his shoulder. "What's loving and generous in you, the stuff Petie misses, I miss it too. And it sort of seems fair to me that in the same way you have to struggle with your nature to stay with me, to stay true to me, that I should struggle with mine, with my . . . inflexibility, I guess, to be with you."

Tyler reached out and touched Brina's hand. She responded quickly, passionately, and for the first time since she'd moved, she led them through their lovemaking.

Afterward they talked about when she should move back. Tyler persuaded her that they didn't have to wait until the Lloyds returned. He'd come Friday night with the truck, and they could throw everything in it and bring her and Petie home. They talked a long time. Tyler fell into a light, then a deep, sleep. Brina didn't wake him until five-thirty. For a moment, opening his eyes in the strange bed, with dawn just outside the windows, Tyler thought he'd stayed too long with some other woman and almost panicked. Then he focused on Brina's half-tender face and his heart slowed down.

Tyler left work early on Friday. He stopped at the five-and-ten and bought a Tonka truck and two new superhero dolls for Petie. Outside the Lloyds', though, he suddenly felt that there was something cheap about apologizing to Petie with toys, and he left them in the truck.

He rang the bell. He could hear Petie shout, "It's him!" behind the door. It swung open, and Petie stood there grinning. He was larger than Tyler remembered. He threw himself up and into Tyler's arms. His wiry arms and legs wrapped tightly around Tyler's shoulders and hips. Petie had never embraced Tyler before—no child had—and Tyler was momentarily startled by the animal-like energy in Petie's grip, the sense of his making some claim on Tyler's affection. He realized abruptly how little he'd thought about Petie in the past month or so.

He held Petie awkwardly and patted his narrow, hard back. After a minute the boy uncoiled himself and dropped from Tyler's body, still smiling up at him, but shyly now, as though he sensed the hesitation in Tyler.

Tyler knew some gesture was required of him. He felt helpless. "My man!" he said, and held out his hands. Petie laughed, and they went through the elaborate hand-slapping routine Tyler had taught him. Then Petie started to tell him about a new game Brina had bought for him. He disappeared down the hall to get it.

Tyler looked up and saw Brina standing in the kitchen doorway. He went to her and held her. Tears were in her eyes, and she bowed her head to rest it on Tyler's shoulder for a minute. "I'm so glad you're here," she whispered.

Petie reappeared, carrying a big, flat cardboard box. He asked Brina if he and Tyler could play his game before dinner. Brina turned back quickly to the sink so that Petie could see only the blank side of her face. "Of course," she said smoothly. Tyler had never realized that she might consciously decide which side of her face to show to the world, and he felt a momentary shock, as if of recognition.

The next day Brina and Petie moved back in with Tyler. As Tyler carried the suitcases and the boxes of Petie's toys up to the apartment, he felt the same sense of hope, the sense that everything could be different, that he'd felt the first time he'd done it. He even tried to carry Brina into the bedroom, but they gave up, laughing, as they had the first time.

That night, while Brina was reading Petie a story, Tyler called Meredith. He'd been nervous all day that she might call him and that Brina might answer, but they'd been out a lot doing errands, getting beer and groceries, and they'd had dinner at a Chinese restaurant, Petie's favorite, to celebrate. Tyler planned to see Meredith sometime on Monday, for lunch if he could, and to tell her as gently as possible what had happened.

She sounded glad to hear from him, although there was an edge to her voice. But when he asked her about getting together Monday, she was silent a moment. Then she said, "Monday? That seems suddenly pretty far away. I mean, I haven't seen you for days."

"Well, things have been happening. We need to talk."

"Let's talk right now. I can talk right now. Why don't you come over?"

"No, I think Monday's best," Tyler said.

"Why?"

"Well, see, I think what's going to happen is that prob-

ably . . . Well, it's almost definite that Brina's going to move back in." Tyler wasn't aware of lying to Meredith. He was conscious only of a need to spare her feelings.

"Oh, now wait a minute, Tyler. *Wait* a minute," she said. He recognized her tone with relief. She wasn't hurt. She was going to give him advice. "When did all *this* happen?" she asked.

"Well, it's sort of happening. I mean, we've been talking about it for a couple of days. That's why I haven't called. And I'm going over there tonight."

"So that's it? That's why you can't see me?"

"Right."

"Have you talked to anyone else about this, Tyler? I mean, to get a sense of perspective about what Brina's doing here?"

"No. Just Brina."

"Jesus!"

"What?"

She paused a moment, as though to think of the best way to break bad news. Then she said, "You are so . . . malleable, Tyler. Or gullible, or something. I've never met anyone like you." He didn't answer. "Look," she said after a moment. "Where are you now?"

"Why?" Tyler asked, suddenly nervous.

"Just where are you? Are you home?"

"Yes, but I'm leaving. In just a second. I'm due over there."

"She can wait a few more minutes," Meredith said. "You just sit tight. I'm coming over."

"No!" he said sharply. Then, "No. I need to take off now."

"I'll be there in five minutes, Tyler. You just wait." She hung up.

Tyler sat a few minutes by the telephone trying to think what to do. He heard Brina reading the story, her voice full of expression, and Petie's bright laughter. He went to the door of Petie's room. Brina was stretched out on Petie's bed, the book propped up on her stomach. Petie leaned against her breast, rhythmically twirling a strand of his hair. Brina finished a sentence and looked up.

"I'm just going to go out for a minute," he said. He knew his voice sounded evasive.

She stared at him. "Out where?" Petie sat up and looked from one of them to the other, worried by their voices.

Tyler felt a little band of irritation squeeze his stomach. "I'm going to go sit on the front stoop. Okay with you?"

She looked at him a moment more, frowning. Then she lifted her shoulders. "Okay," she said.

Tyler went downstairs and stood on the front steps. It was a warm night and it was still light outside. From the park on the corner came the sounds of a ball game. An old couple three doors down had brought folding chairs outside and were sitting on the sidewalk, talking and surveying the empty street. Tyler put his hands in his pockets and looked first one way down the street and then the other. Then he sat down. Minutes passed. He felt almost sick. He debated walking to the corner to head Meredith

off, but worried that for some reason she might come from the other direction and ring the bell before he could get back. He suddenly recalled her frosted hair, the dark nail polish she wore, things that he knew Brina would think cheap. A window opened and closed above him. Somewhere someone called a wandering child to a slow rhythm: "*Daaavid. Daaavid.*"

Meredith drove up. She got quickly out of the car, walked around behind it, and came to stand in front of him. She smiled. "Hi," she said.

Tyler stood up. "Look, I've gotta get going," he said. "This really isn't a good time for me."

She looked at the old couple, who were watching them. "Let's just go inside for a few minutes, Tyler," she said. "I think I really need to talk to you about this."

Her voice was firm and authoritative, and Tyler felt again the irritation he'd felt before with Brina, more sharply this time. Who were these women who thought they could run his life?

"Can't swing it," he said. He was startled by the absoluteness in his own voice.

She looked at him. "This isn't *like* you, Tyler." He shrugged. She shook her head. "I just have to tell you, Tyler, that I think she's done a real *number* here."

"We're married, Meredith. She doesn't have to do any number for us to live together."

She looked at him, her eyes widening. They were a lighter color than he'd thought. "I really can't believe this," she said. "I just cannot *believe* it."

Tyler felt as though he were being accused of breaking some promise. "I never told you I was leaving Brina," he said.

"You never *said* so, no," she said. "But what were all those conversations we had? I mean, someone doesn't just *talk* that way."

He looked at her blankly.

"Tyler," she said. There was pleading in her voice and her lower eyelids suddenly shimmered with tears. Tyler hated this. She saw him weakening and reached up to put her hand on his arm.

Tyler had just begun to pull away gently when he heard the crash behind him. He turned around. Brina stood in the lobby between the building's two glass doors. She stared through the outer glass door at Meredith and Tyler on the stoop. She held an empty tray crookedly, and around her feet on the tiled floor were green shards of broken bottle glass, an overturned bowl, a bubbly pool of what must have been beer. Tyler stared in at her. Slowly he raised his hands and put them on the glass door. She looked out at him for a long moment, her whole face expressionless. Then her lips moved a little as though she were whispering something, and the muscles began to pull and shift in the live side of her face. Tyler stepped closer to the door. But as he stared through the glass at her, she turned away from him. Now all he could see in Brina's face was her vacant serenity as she looked down at the mess that lay around her feet. □



FIRST ENCOUNTERS

COSIMA WAGNER AND FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

HE WAS NOT YET twenty-five but was already a professor of philology at Basel—brilliant, absent-minded, a little prudish, more than a little romantic. The cynicism, the famed misogyny, would come later. An amateur composer, he worshipped Wagner, whom he had recently met. So when in June of 1869 he received an invitation for a weekend at Tribschen, Wagner's isolated Swiss villa, Nietzsche was prepared to ignore the fact that the young baroness with whom the composer had lived for six years and had had two children was herself notoriously illegitimate and still married to the baron.

What he could not ignore on his arrival that Saturday was that Cosima was also very pregnant. Not that her condition was mentioned, of course. At dinner Wagner was sociable and ebullient enough for them both, and at eleven everyone retired. At one Cosima woke Wagner and told him she was in labor. The midwife arrived about three, and at four Cosima gave birth to a boy. Nobody woke Nietzsche; presumably nobody had to.

His presence, so to speak, at the birth of her son assured Nietzsche's position as a family intimate. Wagner basked in his adulation, and to Cosima he was, well, *useful*. Whatever she could not buy in Lucerne—toys, dolls, a Dürer engraving—he must find for her in Basel. It was he who on Christmas Eve helped her set up the puppet theater; he who hid the eggs with her at Easter. He escorted her when Wagner was busy, dedicated writings to her, and—with enormous presumption—wrote a piano duet in her honor. They were of the same generation; Wagner of the one before. If Nietzsche harbored Oedipal fantasies of displacing the father-figure, they were aborted by the eventual rupture in the friendship. After Wagner's death Nietzsche and Cosima never again met. He achieved his own fame; other women appeared, disappeared. But after he went mad and was hospitalized, he sent her a single love letter, and told his doctors: "My wife, Cosima Wagner, has brought me here."

—Nancy Caldwell Sorel

*The old liberal public philosophy
no longer compels widespread belief, but its conservative
successor is at odds with the new realities of the world economy*

TOWARD A NEW PUBLIC PHILOSOPHY

BY ROBERT B. REICH

A PUBLIC PHILOSOPHY GIVES MEANING AND COHERENCE to what would otherwise seem random phenomena: a starving child, a shuttered factory, a new Russian missile. By "public philosophy" I mean something less rigid and encompassing than an ideology but also less ephemeral than the "public mood." I have in mind a set of assumptions and logical links by which we interpret and integrate social reality. A public philosophy informs our sense of what our society is about, what it is *for*.

A public philosophy is conveyed through parables. It is made manifest in the stories we tell one another about the events of the day. We seldom discuss our public philosophy directly. As good American pragmatists, wary of grand themes, we prefer the ellipses of metaphor. Yet, however formed, a public philosophy shapes our collective judgments. It anchors our political understanding.

In the twentieth century two public philosophies have struggled for dominance in this country. Though the specific contents of the two change over time, we term one side "conservative," the other "liberal." When we ask what conservatives or liberals stand for, we are asking a question about public philosophy.

These days most of us know what conservatives stand for, but we are far less certain about liberals. American conservatives now have a clear public philosophy, whereas liberals do not. This essay is about why that is so. It is also about the need for a new and more coherent liberal public philosophy and the difficulties that may frustrate the development of such a philosophy.

1. THE CONSERVATIVE COHERENCE

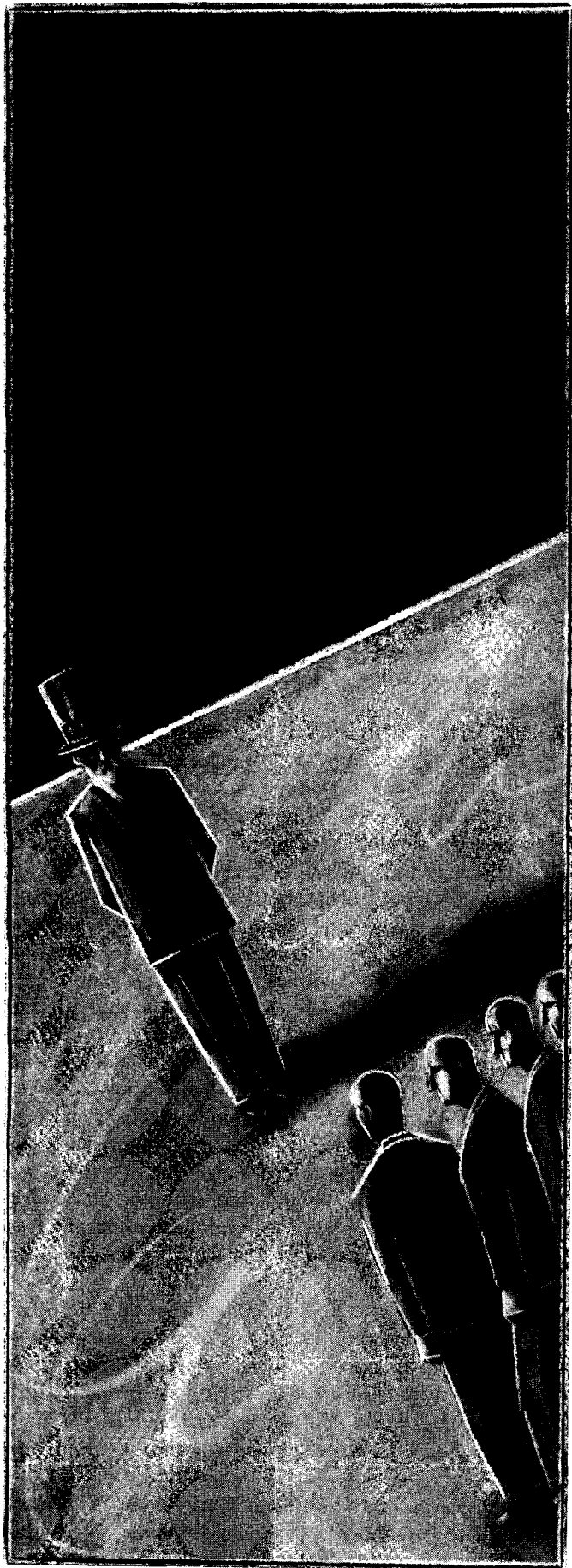
MANY LIBERALS REFUSE TO CREDIT THE CURRENTLY reigning conservatism with a philosophy at all. They prefer to see it as nothing more than a thinly veiled scheme to further enrich the wealthy. This view seriously underestimates the appeal of the conservative philosophy and misses its intellectual coherence. Other liberals concede conservatism's new claim on the public's

sentiments but see it as a sign of the temporary reversion toward private interest and away from public activism that periodically overcomes the citizenry. This view fails to account for the reformist zeal of the new movement and its aggressive use of public power to transform the American system. The new conservatism is no simple rejection of "big government," for it subordinates a significant part of the economy to the military and aims at expanding the power of the police, teachers, and other designated authorities.

Still other liberals want to attribute the change in public attitudes to the congenial personality of Ronald Reagan, rather than to any philosophical shift. The President is indisputably an artful orator and a master of parable. But this explanation overlooks the ground swell of support for conservatism in America that arose before Ronald Reagan arrived in Washington. The new conservatism is a wider phenomenon than Reaganism. The ideological chest-thumping of the current Administration, for example, obscures Jimmy Carter's quieter but profound conservatism. Ronald Reagan's genius lies not in changing the nation's view of how the world works—he has been saying the same things for years, after all, without sparking much of a response—but in giving clear voice to themes the public has shown itself ready to embrace.

The new conservative public philosophy presents a coherent approach to the world. It proposes explanations for a great deal of our collective experience over the past twenty years, and it embodies these explanations in a vivid core parable about the perils of indulgence and permissiveness. The story line is familiar to postwar America: it is one of doting parents and their spoiled children, of public irresponsibility and social excess. But the parable also tells of a world "out there" grown more ruthless, and sternly warns that as individuals and as a nation we must struggle for survival. It conveys a moral: We are in danger of losing our way. We must impose discipline and responsibility. Through renewed fortitude we can triumph over the forces that threaten us. The parable presents an intricate blend of dissenting Protestant theology and social Darwinism—of salvation, redemption, and triumphant survival. The lesson is dramatically clear, and it applies to a range of public issues. The parable's power lies in its simplicity and scope, and its evocation of unarticulated fears and hopes.

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Consider the new conservative public philosophy's position on social welfare. First, the welfare system is riddled with waste and fraud. Second, when welfare *has* gone to those it was intended for, its effects have often been perverse. It has encouraged poor teenage girls to have babies and discouraged them from marriage and work, trapping children in a lifelong culture of dependency and irresponsibility. At the same time, criminal suspects now enjoy so many rights that our police are incapable of keeping order, so drugs and crime infest our cities. We have forbidden teachers to control their classrooms, so inner-city schools are failing to educate poor children. The three forms of laxness reinforce one another: the easiest path for inner-city youths is to drop out of school, and then for the girls to have babies and live off welfare, and for the boys to live off girlfriends on welfare and the proceeds of crime.

This view is backed by a plethora of studies purporting to show the inefficacy or the downright malignancy of welfare. Charles Murray, in his recent book *Losing Ground: American Social Policy 1950–1980*, examines the data on poverty and welfare, particularly those collected since the Great Society, and discovers that despite the striking growth in welfare spending the plight of poor blacks has not improved. Murray concludes that we failed to deal with poverty because we created all the wrong incentives—to get into poverty rather than to get out. We undercut discipline and responsibility. The only solution, in the minds of Murray and many of his fellow conservative sociologists, is to reverse course. We should eliminate welfare (except to victims of sudden and unexpected hardships). We should allow our teachers to punish and expel. We should authorize our police officers and judges to mete out swift and certain punishment. In short, we should restore social discipline.

The conservative parable equally encompasses economic policy. For years, the story goes, America has been profligate. The liberal solution to the tendency of the economy to succumb cyclically to recession and underemployment was for the government to spend freely enough to take up the slack. But this Keynesian approach ultimately proved its own undoing. Government went on spending beyond its means, even during times of buoyant growth. Also, it bred expectations that it would always step in to snap the economy out of slumps and slowdowns. The result was a breakdown of social discipline. In looking back on twenty years of liberal economics, the conservative economist Herbert Stein, of the American Enterprise Institute, put it succinctly: “The standard brand of liberalism . . . was still undisciplined, still devoid of guidelines and limits.” The government went on a spending binge through the late 1960s and the 1970s, while workers went on a wage binge. Succeeding Presidents tried to keep the rate of unemployment too low, relative to what the economy could manage without fueling inflation. By the late 1970s prices were out of control. Such irresponsibility undermined the integrity of the entire economic system.

The lesson of this story, too, is clear. We must restore

discipline to the economy. We had to “break the back” of inflation in the early 1980s through tactical unemployment, to remind workers of their vulnerability to joblessness should wage demands get too high, and we must stand ready to do so again. According to Stein, and other conservative economists would agree, future economic policy must “take the control of inflation as its first priority” and relegate unemployment to a lower priority. To control inflation is to impose discipline on the system; the attainment of every other economic goal depends upon that basic discipline.

Other strands of the conservative economic philosophy hold that the only way to discipline government spending is to pass a constitutional amendment mandating a balanced federal budget. Yet others emphasize the discipline of the marketplace and the central importance of rewarding successful entrepreneurialism and punishing failure. According to this view, we should reduce taxes and forswear subsidies and bailouts. “The key to growth,” says George Gilder, in his recent contribution to conservative public philosophy, *The Spirit of Enterprise*, “is quite simple: creative men with money. The cause of stagnation is similarly clear: depriving creative individuals of financial power.” This may sound like a call for indulgence toward the creators of wealth, and therefore an exception to the conservative rule of social discipline, but for spokesmen like Gilder, the market is *the* source of social discipline—rather than taxes or government regulations. There is a spirited debate between the budget balancers and the supply-siders like Gilder over whether we should increase taxes to narrow yawning budget deficits. But both sides diagnose our economic ills as the heritage of an overly permissive environment in which no one was held responsible for his economic actions.

Foreign policy makes up a third aspect of the conservative parable. For years liberals have sought to appease the Soviets, placate the less-developed nations of the Third World, and coddle our allies. As a result, the story goes, we became an easy mark. Our defenses were down; the Soviets surged ahead of us in armaments. Emboldened by our passivity, they viciously subjugated Afghanistan, cracked down in Poland, and expanded their influence in southern Africa, Southeast Asia, and Central America. Simultaneously, the United States was being taken for a ride by Third World nations that demanded our aid but persistently sided with our adversaries and voted against us at the United Nations. Other Third World nations have threatened default on loans from our banks. We were humiliated by Iran and have been easily victimized by international terrorists. In addition, Japan and our European allies have been unwilling to cooperate with us in restricting East-West trade. Worse, they have taken advantage of our open economy by dumping their subsidized goods here. Japan is strongly reluctant to import American goods.

The overarching lesson is the same. We must impose discipline, on adversaries and allies alike. We must regain our credibility, and the way to do that is to get tough. We

should dramatically increase our military defenses, get the Soviets (and their Cuban allies) out of Central America, give aid to Third World nations only when they play on our side, crack down on international terrorists (even if some innocent lives are lost in the process), and tighten up on East-West trade, so that the Soviets cannot easily take advantage of our technology. We should “play hardball” with our allies on trade and defense. We should threaten to retaliate against Japan if its markets are not fully open to our products. And we should impose austerity on Third World debtors, ensuring that they repay their debts and end their profligate ways.

Liberal indulgence toward the Soviet Union is thought to have threatened our very survival. According to foreign-policy hard-liners like Richard Pipes, of Harvard, we cannot conciliate the Soviets, nor should we try to. The danger of nuclear war will recede only when the Soviet Union transforms itself from a totalitarian state into a freer and more democratic one. Liberal accommodation has only fortified Soviet totalitarianism. According to this view, pressures for change are growing within a Soviet Union collapsing from economic and moral decay. Pipes’s most recent book, *Survival Is Not Enough*, lays out the appropriate strategy for the United States: we should promote the internal disintegration of the Soviet Union by “a combination of active resistance to Soviet expansion and political-military blackmail and the denial of economic and other forms of aid.” Pipes takes the hardest of hard lines, and it is all about discipline. The Soviet Union is crumbling from within because its social order is rife with corruption and its economy is woefully inefficient. To hasten that process we will have to be tougher than they are.

What is so compelling about all these arguments—drawn from social welfare, economics, and foreign policy—is that they are mutually reinforcing. No conservative public philosopher, and certainly no politician, subscribes to the full complement of these views. (Ronald Reagan has given voice to many of these themes while often acting in contradiction to them, as evidenced in, for example, the unprecedented budget deficits that his policies have created.) But the details of these arguments are less important than the overarching parable. Liberal permissiveness has laid us open to exploitation. Without discipline there has been no accountability. Without accountability, decadence has crept in, irresponsibility has become endemic, the system has lost its “moral fiber,” and we have let ourselves become victims.

The conservative parable embodies a subtle but important distinction between two forms of social discipline—one applying to *us*, the other to *them*. *They* are the poor, the workers who demand unjustly high wages, our trading partners, Third World debtors, and the Soviets. We must discipline them. To do so we will need to be strong and resolute.

In a curious way bundling such disparate issues together into a single parable of decadence, slackness, and assertiveness gives comfort. The larger explanation suggests a

way of comprehending, and thereby eventually reversing, the decay. Lessons can be learned, steps taken. It is simply a matter of recognizing the prevailing pattern and applying the moral. The new conservative public philosophy offers an easy formula.

2. THE LIBERAL ABDICATION

THE LIBERAL RESPONSE TO THE NEW CONSERVATISM has been unconvincing—and not because Walter Mondale, Tip O'Neill, John Kenneth Galbraith, and any number of other liberal spokesmen have been lacking in imagination. Even in recent years liberals have shown no end of cleverness in devising new schemes and programmatic solutions to all manner of problems. Those who bemoan the liberals' dearth of "new ideas" have not been paying attention. The failure has lain deeper, with a liberal public philosophy that no longer embodies a story in which most Americans can believe. The liberal parable does not explain. It does not yield clear lessons. It does not ring true.

The prevailing liberal public philosophy rests on notions of altruism and conciliation. The parable is that of wise and generous parents who skillfully accommodate the conflicting demands of their children, help their poorer cousins, and seek reconciliation with wayward relations. The modern liberal hero is a combination of Jesus and Robert Young.

This parable generalizes across issues as easily as the new conservative fable does. It requires no great elaboration here, because it is so familiar to us. The needy should be helped. The less fortunate should have the opportunity to become as prosperous as the richest among us. Those who are members of groups that have been discriminated against in the past should be given special help. People who commit crimes should be rehabilitated, not merely punished. Economic policy should favor full employment even at the cost of some inflation, for joblessness is an awful burden to impose on anyone; inflation can be restrained by an incomes policy that, unlike the conservative remedy, will cause no increase in unemployment. Taxes should be progressive. Poorer nations deserve our aid, to encourage land reform and the growth of democratic institutions. As to our allies, we should work in concert with them, all the while recognizing that their needs and priorities may be different from ours. And we should persistently seek a structure of peaceful coexistence with the Soviets, through trade, cultural exchanges, summit meetings, and arms control.

The liberal public philosophy has its own coherence. Only through altruism and conciliation can we maintain domestic tranquillity and global peace. Only through peace can we gain prosperity. Only through prosperity can we afford to be charitable and conciliatory. The logic is internally consistent. And this philosophy contains a moral vision no less compelling than that of the disciplinarians.

But the parable of the generous and wise parent seems to many Americans disconcertingly naive in a world grown colder and crueler. Popular wisdom now teaches that the welfare system does not reduce poverty, "full-employment" budgets cause inflation, Third World aid merely generates corruption and profligacy, détente merely promotes Soviet aggression. The new conservatives did not invent these relationships; they just pointed them out. Charity and conciliation are worthy goals for our personal lives, but such sentiments cannot sustain a nation in the world as it is. They are no longer reliable pillars for a public philosophy.

Yet the fact is that pure altruism never figured prominently in the liberal public philosophy of the period from the New Deal to the end of the Second World War—the gestation period of modern liberalism. The New Deal was concerned primarily with social insurance rather than with the redistribution of wealth. The stronger precept of social solidarity was born not of specific legislation or programs but of certain experiences—the Depression and the Second World War—that profoundly affected almost all Americans. The goals of reviving the economy and winning the war, and the sacrifices implied in achieving them, were well understood and widely endorsed. The public was motivated less by altruism than by its direct and palpable stake in the outcome of what were ineluctably *social* endeavors.

This distinction between social solidarity and altruism parallels the conservative penchant for disciplining others but not necessarily ourselves. The liberalism of the New Deal and the Second World War partook of an inclusive spirit of generosity toward ourselves. Society was not seen as composed of *us* and *them*; it was the realm of *we*. This celebration of social cohesion and community found expression in Frank Capra's films, Robert Sherwood's plays, John Steinbeck's novels, Aaron Copland's music. The last scene in *It's a Wonderful Life* conveyed the typical lesson: Jimmy Stewart learned that he could count on his neighbors and their generosity and goodness, just as they had once counted on him. We were all bound together, fundamentally dependent on one another's compassion and common sense.

The liberal idea of common dependence even found its way into thinking about national defense and international trade. While conservatives sought to isolate America from the world, the liberals who emerged from the Depression and the war designed a system of "collective security" in which we and our allies would work collaboratively. These earlier liberals forged the United Nations and other structures for mediating international political disputes, and they created a parallel system for working out the rules of world trade.

The liberalism of the 1960s was quite different. By this time many Americans were experiencing the exhilaration of rapidly rising incomes, along with the new mobility and privacy that went with cars, highways, and suburban homes. There was less occasion in everyday life for social

solidarity. Generosity still claimed the liberal conscience, but circumstances had transformed this sentiment into altruism. Thanks to liberal altruism the hitherto ignored lot of the poor was brought to the public's attention. Gradually, however, our poorer citizens, and the inhabitants of other, poorer nations, became *them*.

The special conditions of the time allowed *us* to be generous to *them* with little identifiable sacrifice. The extraordinary growth of the American economy during the 1960s made it possible for the nation to wage a war on poverty, and then another on North Vietnam, and even enjoy a rise in living standards. Keynesianism, the dominant economic school of the time, asserted that such public spending, far from impoverishing the middle class, would serve to keep the vast economic machine going at full throttle. Extending civil rights to blacks also cost the majority of Americans relatively little. Segregation in southern schools, lunch-*conettes*, and hotels could be forcefully attacked without causing unpleasant side-effects elsewhere. The United States was pre-eminent in the world economy, with no serious trade competition from overseas. So the nation could afford to indulge its allies and the Third World; boosting foreign purchasing power could only result in more American export sales. In short, the liberal public philosophy of the 1960s and early 1970s entailed a peculiarly low-cost form of charity.

This easy altruism was reinforced by prevailing pluralist ideas about American democracy. By the 1960s pluralism had come to serve both as a description of the American political system and as a prescription for its continued health. American politics was thought to be powered by shifting and overlapping groups whose leaders bargained with one another over the shape and purpose of public action. The result was assumed to be a stable but responsive political system. To many Americans, these features helped explain why democracy had continued to survive so well in the United States, in contrast to its fate in other nations.

In the pluralist view, the "public interest" was nothing more (or less) than an accommodation among group leaders, with no substantive content apart from what these leaders sought. Policies that could placate a greater number of interest groups were by definition the most conducive to the public good. Pluralism thus contained no principled limits on what compromises should be reached or how far government should go to accommodate the various groups that made up the public.

These two intellectual currents—Keynesianism and pluralism—were easily combined. Just as Keynesianism legitimized the idea of activist government as a way to stabilize the economy, pluralism legitimized it as a way to stabilize politics. Both currents were ultimately propelled by the comforting notion that some people could be helped without imposing costs on others. Full employment in the economic sphere, coupled with the ongoing accommodation of interest groups in the political sphere, would ensure that everybody got his over the long term. Public is-

ues were subtly transformed into private claims, all of which could eventually be satisfied. Hard choices and the setting of priorities could be avoided; the logic of public action could be left vague. Social altruism knew no bounds and had no strict definition. There was no finely honed and rigorous liberal public philosophy, because there seemed to be no need for one.

As a result, postwar liberalism was doomed to excess. Its fullest flowering, in the 1960s and early 1970s, occurred in an anomalous moment of history during which the United States was particularly unconstrained. It was a sheltered and rich environment, a cultural hothouse unlike anything America had experienced before or is likely ever to experience again.

ANY PUBLIC PHILOSOPHY SO GERMINATED WOULD BE enfeebled once it left the hothouse. Liberalism was no exception. As the economy began to slow and American economic pre-eminence came under challenge, it was no longer possible for some groups to benefit without the burden manifestly falling on others. But because liberal pluralism lacked any definition of the public good apart from the sum of individual claims, and also lacked a system of principles for screening and balancing such claims, conflicts grew harsher and claims more insistent. By the late 1970s liberalism and, inevitably, the Democratic Party, too, appeared less the embodiment of a shared vision and more a tangle of narrow appeals from labor unions, teachers, gays, Hispanics, blacks, Jews, the handicapped, the elderly, women. Of course these demands were no more parochial than those from Republican claimants—bankers, oil companies, insurance firms, doctors, and corporate bureaucrats, among others. But the perception remained that the Democratic Party was dominated by "special interests," because by the late 1970s the liberal public philosophy conveyed no central theme to organize and legitimize the claims of its diverse constituencies. It failed to explain the new reality in which we found ourselves, and to prescribe clear lessons. It offered nothing but a feeble and unconvincing call to charity and conciliation. Without an integrating philosophy, these fractious Democratic constituencies, each promoting its own agenda, were all that liberalism had to show to the citizenry.

The philosophical watershed, where conciliation gave way to discipline, came with the Administration of Jimmy Carter—the Democratic President who carried into policy many of the central precepts of the new conservative public philosophy. Carter understood the public's growing disdain for Washington. He had campaigned as an outsider, against the Washington "insiders." He decried "fraud, waste, and abuse" in the burgeoning welfare system and sought its overhaul. (Carter's abortive reform effort adopted the model of the negative income tax, first proposed by conservative economists to minimize administrative complexity and purge the system of its presumed incentives against work and family.) Carter's conservative tendencies



became particularly apparent in the last years of his Administration. He appointed Paul Volcker chairman of the Federal Reserve Board and supported the Fed's decision, in October of 1979, to limit the nation's money supply in order to combat inflation, even though interest rates and unemployment were predicted to rise as a result. And it was Carter, and his national security adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski, who ended détente with the Soviets. In the wake of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, in December of 1979, Carter embargoed grain sales to the USSR; and in response to the Soviet deployment of SS-20 missiles in Eastern Europe, Carter moved to install U.S. missiles in Western Europe.

All these departures from liberal public philosophy were understandable: many Americans resented the growth in welfare spending; inflation was soaring; the Soviets were becoming more aggressive. The point is that Jimmy Carter—and the American public—embraced the new conservative public philosophy because it seemed to offer the only comprehensible guide to what was happening and what to do about it. The world was already divided into *us* and *them*—that is, greedy workers, the poor, Soviets, and other foreigners. The choice was to be either charitable and conciliatory or assertive and tough. The first alternative had proved to be tragically misguided. That left only the second. Absent any other option, the public's efforts to discern what was at stake and the lessons to be learned inevitably began to be shaped by the conservative parable.

3. THE NEW REALITY

EVERY PUBLIC PHILOSOPHY THAT GAINS CREDENCE, every story about our lives together that strikes a chord of recognition among the public, contains some truth. If it did not, the parable would not resonate so powerfully in our collective consciousness. But a public philosophy is a simplification of reality. Without some simplifying fables, citizens would be awash in disconnected data. The world is too complex for wholly empirical politics.

The new conservative public philosophy contains an important element of truth. America's permissive policies of the 1960s and early 1970s, and the larger failure to define goals and limits, of which the permissive policies were a consequence, did contribute to the growing problems of welfare dependency, inflation and economic drift, and Soviet aggression. Permissiveness—that is, an overwhelming preference for smoothing over rather than settling conflict—contributed to an environment in which unaccountability flourished, both at home and abroad. In abdicating public authority America issued an invitation to irresponsibility, at home and abroad.

But the skeins of cause and effect are far more tangled than anything dreamt of in the conservative parable. The 1960s liberal public philosophy can be faulted for ignoring the harsh realities of the late 1970s and the 1980s. But the

new conservative public philosophy is open to criticism for denying their underlying causes. However much public laxity may have contributed to our troubles, it was not the principal culprit. A far deeper transformation was occurring across all three realms of immediate concern—domestic poverty, the national economy, and the Soviet threat. The transformation is still going on, even if we can discern only its outlines.

Before turning to first causes, consider some salient symptoms: The median family's income in real dollars was no higher in 1980 than it had been ten years before. In the 1981–1982 recession it was five percent lower, and it has yet to make substantial gains. In fact, by 1983 the average weekly earnings of American production workers, adjusted for inflation, were just about the same as they had been a full twenty years before. Women and Baby Boomers streamed into the workplace—some 19 million of them over the 1970s, and millions more since then. But many of these new entrants have been driven by the need to prop up stagnant or declining family incomes. Young workers, in particular, fell behind. Many could no longer afford to buy their own houses nor aspire to the standard of living enjoyed by their parents.

The poorest among us have fared the worst. America's poverty rate—the fraction of the population officially listed as controlling too little cash to tend to their minimal needs—stopped declining in 1973 and then slowly began edging up again, reaching more than 14 percent during the 1981–1982 recession. Charles Murray and like-minded conservative sociologists are right about the persistence of poverty. But they are wrong about its central cause. The poorest fifth of the nation's families has consistently received about six percent of total personal income. When the income of the median American family stopped rising, so did that of the poorest.

The pernicious lure of welfare dependency cannot be blamed for the continuing plight of America's poor, as conservative sociologists would have us believe. Subtract payments to the middle class and the elderly from the nation's growing social-welfare bill and it becomes apparent that the needy have received surprisingly little public help during this long period of stagnation. In fact, from 1970 to 1980 annual cash assistance for each non-elderly poor person in the United States rose by just \$93—hardly a sum to tempt crowds of Americans away from honest labor. Adjusted for inflation, benefit levels for Aid to Families with Dependent Children, which is the largest cash-assistance program for the poor, actually declined during the decade, and they have continued to decline since 1980.

Most "welfare" has gone to the middle class, through programs like Medicare and Social Security, not to the poor. By 1980 the aggregate of these benefits was more than three times larger than that for programs based on need.

Just as conservative sociology provides the wrong explanation for the persistence of poverty, conservative economics gives the wrong explanation for our long-term in-

dustrial problems. Our economy has suffered less from inflation and underinvestment than from a long-term slowdown in productivity. For nearly two decades before 1970 the average working American had produced around three percent more goods and services at the end of each year than at the start. But in the 1970s the annual increase in the rate of productivity fell dramatically. Not even the current economic recovery has returned productivity to its former level of growth. Almost no growth of productivity in America has meant almost no rise in the real incomes of Americans. This stagnation has been particularly apparent in comparisons between the United States and other nations. From 1973 to 1983, for example, while American productivity improved by an average of 0.3 percent a year, the Japanese were producing 2.8 percent more each year. Even the troubled economies of Western Europe raised productivity more rapidly than we did.

No one can fully explain why our rate of productivity growth has declined, especially relative to that of other nations. But we know that productivity depends on economic organization—on how our firms are managed and our workers motivated and trained, and on how quickly our enterprises adapt to new possibilities and challenges. Adaptation is the key, because the terms of global competition have changed dramatically.

And here we have come to the heart of the matter. The stresses Americans began experiencing in the 1970s are intimately connected with the transformation of the global economy. The two oil shocks of the 1970s, the flood of Japanese automobiles and consumer electronics into America, and the loss of American jobs in basic manufacturing—much of this story is painfully familiar.

Other aspects of the transformation are less well understood. Our difficulties competing in the world actually became apparent in the early 1970s, long before the dollar's most recent upsurge against foreign currencies. American manufacturers were able to stay competitive during the 1970s only with the help of a drop in the value of the dollar, which produced a drop in the foreign prices of American exports. No degree of toughness with our trading partners would have altered this outcome much. At the same time, what we consider to be a normal rate of unemployment has been creeping upward, from four percent twenty years ago to seven percent today. This higher figure signifies a pervasive mismatch between people who want work and the specific skills that employers now require. It, too, suggests a failure of adaptation, an inability to keep up with changes in the world economy.

THIS TRANSFORMATION IS NOT LIMITED TO THE PATTERNS of trade between the United States, Japan, and Western Europe; it is far more international than that. In fact, our economic fate is being played out ever more centrally in the Third World—in particular, Latin America, the Middle East, and Southeast Asia. The planet's population balance is tipping precipitously in the

direction of the Third World. In 1950 two thirds of mankind lived in less-developed nations. By 2020 the proportion will be five sixths. The implications for our economy and our politics are profound.

Step by step the nations of the Third World are climbing toward industrialization and a higher standard of living, though each one is pursuing its own path to development. As recently as the mid-1960s Taiwan, Hong Kong, Korea, Mexico, and Brazil were specializing in simple products that required large amounts of unskilled labor but little capital investment or technology—clothing, footwear, toys, simple electronic assemblies. By the mid-1970s several of these countries had followed Japan's lead into steel and other basic capital-intensive processing industries. Japan, meanwhile, had become an exporter of steel technology as well as basic steels, and had moved its industrial base into products like automobiles, color televisions, small appliances, consumer electronics, and ships—all products requiring technical sophistication as well as considerable investment in plant and equipment. By 1980 Taiwan and the other rapid industrializers had themselves become major producers of these complex products. At the same time, poorer countries like the Philippines, Sri Lanka, and India were taking over the production of clothing, footwear, toys, and simple electronic assemblies.

The pace has quickened in recent years. Far from halting this migration of mass production to the Third World, automation is actually accelerating it. Sophisticated machines are readily transported to countries where wages are low. Robots and computerized machines are substituting for semi-skilled workers. And all the while, ever greater numbers of Third World citizens are flooding into the work force. The World Bank estimates that between 1984 and 2000, about 600 million people from developing nations will enter the world labor force. The vast majority will be willing to work for a small fraction of the wages of an American. More than two billion people now live in countries where the per capita income is the equivalent of \$400 or less. Some of these nations are already stepping onto the first rungs of the industrial ladder.

While this transformation is causing strains in industrialized nations, as workers in basic industries face the loss of traditional jobs, it is leading to upheaval in much of the Third World. Some developing nations have sunk deeply into debt, and many are awash in severe inflation. Rapid industrialization has contributed to urban poverty, corruption, and social unrest; the unrest has encouraged extremist left- and right-wing regimes and, on occasion, religious zealotry.

This unrest brings us to the last realm of the new conservative public philosophy, which concerns the Soviet threat. There can be no doubt that the Soviet Union has taken advantage of Third World instability wherever possible—most recently in the Middle East and in Central America. It has also moved to secure its own borders when it has sensed that regional unrest might ignite religious or nationalistic fervor, as in Afghanistan. In both cases Ameri-

ca's failure to take a sufficiently hard line with Moscow may have encouraged Soviet adventurism, as Richard Pipes and other conservative foreign-policy specialists suggest.

But here again the conservative parable is perilously incomplete. These Third World tensions are manifestations of an economic and social transformation. Their connection to the East–West rivalry is in most cases derivative and wholly secondary. Our national security is surely affected by religious fanaticism in Iran, sectarian violence in Lebanon and India, the ability of the oil-producing nations to raise oil prices, the flow of advanced weapons to all manner of semi-sovereign groups, South Korea's and Taiwan's advances in high technology, and China's convulsive drive toward modernization. But these developments are not the result of Soviet machinations, and to view them as such, to treat them as occasions for secondhand warfare between the United States and the Soviet Union, leads to tragically myopic prescriptions. Yet the conservative parable holds no other role for the poor majority of mankind than as a pawn in the East–West struggle.

4. A DANGEROUS CONCEIT

THE NEW CONSERVATIVE PHILOSOPHY IS COMFORTING to an America confronted by a newly intractable world—mostly poor and non-white—in which America is no longer pre-eminent. The parable of permissiveness and indulgence invites us to deny the wholly natural loss of an unnatural postwar economic and political supremacy, and to reject our new interdependence. It lets us blame our trials on liberal indulgence and promises renewal if only we forswear the flabby principles of altruism and conciliation. It charges us to summon our power and exercise it boldly to reclaim our hegemony.

But the conservative parable virtually ignores the fundamental transformation of the world economy and society. It overlooks the key relationships between domestic poverty and the stagnation of family incomes, between this stagnation and changes in the global economy, between these changes and political instability around the globe, and between this instability and Soviet opportunism. Its message of social discipline and pugnacity, in other words, does not so much seek pre-eminence as presume it. This is an invigorating but reckless vision.

The first objective of our public policy, and thus the first concern of a durable public philosophy, must be to define America's place in a transformed world. The overriding goal is not to resist change by clinging to dangerous notions of world mastery but rather to embrace change as inevitable and to ease the dislocations it causes. Our other goals—reducing domestic poverty, maintaining a buoyant national economy, and deterring Soviet aggression—are attainable only insofar as we achieve this basic orientation to reality. But the new conservative public philosophy fails to comprehend the scope or importance of the global eco-

conomic changes we have been discussing and the force they exert on our goals, and thus many of the policies that it inspires are being pursued without any attempt to assess their unintended effects. In being tough with the Soviets, with our trading partners, and with Third World debtors, therefore, we run the risk of frustrating global adjustment. The ironic result is that we also make worse the problems of domestic poverty, our national economy, and Soviet adventurism.

This danger can be best illustrated by following a single thread of current national policy as it weaves its way through the global political economy. Let us select an obvious thread—one that begins with the U.S. military buildup. Since 1981 real defense spending has increased by 30 percent. Next year alone we will spend nearly \$300 billion on defense. The precise consequences of this spending boom are elusive, but there can be little doubt that it has already set off a complex chain reaction. Military spending, along with the 1981 tax cut, pulled the American economy out of recession. And with money now moving easily around the globe, we have been able to finance our capital gap, and thus our arms buildup, by attracting capital from abroad with our high interest rates. As foreigners have bought more and more dollars, the price of the dollar has increased dramatically (money, too, follows the law of supply and demand). From 1980 to 1984 the dollar rose 60 to 65 percent against the weighted average of other major currencies. The effect has been to make American goods less competitive in world markets than they were, and to make foreign goods more attractive to American consumers.

By following the thread further we can find some positive consequences of this "military Keynesianism." The American recovery has helped to revive the rest of the world economy. In 1983 the increase in U.S. imports accounted for half of the net growth in global trade. For Japan, much of Western Europe, and most of Latin America, exports to the United States now make up the largest single component of their national products. Meanwhile, American consumers have been able to buy cheaper goods from all over the globe. And the surge of bargains from overseas has kept a lid on inflation; no American producer wants to price himself completely out of the market.

But so much money has been pouring into the United States that sometime this year we will become a net debtor—owing more to the rest of the world than foreigners owe us—for the first time since 1917. A lot of this new money can leave as quickly as it came in. As a result American banks have become highly vulnerable to international caprice. Electronic twitches on Telex machines can throw them into bankruptcy. And American manufacturers, already under siege, have seen their markets shrink radically at home and abroad. The excess of imports over exports has swollen from \$36 billion in 1980 to more than \$123 billion in 1984, and it is still growing. American jobs in exporting industries are being lost.

With foreign goods priced so low, it has been easy for

American manufacturers to claim intolerable injury and to charge foreigners with trading unfairly. They have taken their case to Washington. In 1979 sixty-two petitions to restrict imports were filed with the U.S. International Trade Commission; by 1983 the number had more than tripled. The Reagan Administration, meanwhile, has vowed to "get tough" with our trading partners. It has obtained so-called voluntary agreements with other nations to hold back their exports to the United States of a variety of products, including steel and, until very recently, automobiles. Of course, these agreements have been made "voluntarily" only because the exporting nations know full well that unless they cooperate the United States will impose tighter restrictions unilaterally. All this protectionist pressure has had an effect. In 1980, 20 percent of the goods produced in America were protected from foreign competition by barriers other than tariffs. Just three years later 35 percent of our products were similarly protected. (Congress has recently amended the trade laws to make it still easier, in certain instances, for American producers to take shelter from imports.) Even though the dollar will eventually come down, many of these protections will likely remain.

Keep following the thread. Remember that it began with an arms buildup, aimed at getting tough with the Soviets. But now trade tensions are mounting around the globe. Our Western European allies applaud the American recovery, but they worry about the outflows of capital to the United States. How are they to rebuild their older industries, they wonder, if their capital is going to pay America's bills? To preserve their capital, they have been forced to raise interest rates. But this tactic has made it more expensive for Europeans to borrow money, which in turn threatens to slow down their economies. The Europeans are also riled by mounting protectionism in the United States. The European Economic Community has threatened to retaliate against American quotas on European steel pipe and tubes. Jacques Delors, the head of the Common Market Commission, recently summed up the state of transatlantic relations as "abysmal." Europe, he said, is the victim of an "increasingly aggressive and ideological American Administration." Relations with Japan are not much better. In 1984 the United States imported at least \$36 billion more from Japan than Japan did from us. Congress thunders about retaliating by closing off more of the U.S. market to Japanese goods.

But it is in the Third World where the thread we are following becomes formidably tangled. American protectionism is hitting less-developed nations especially hard, because agreements that fix the amount they can export to the United States by reference to their current share of the American market, such as the existing steel and textile agreements, prevent these nations from shifting their resources into more-profitable industries. This stops their climb up the industrial ladder. And because Third World nations have substantially less bargaining leverage with the United States than do our European allies, they be-



come prime targets for additional trade restrictions. Last year, for example, the Reagan Administration sharply tightened the rules governing textile imports, making it more difficult for Third World exporters to circumvent their quotas by shipping cloth products to countries with less-restrictive quotas, which in turn ship them to the United States. Also in 1984 the Administration imposed duties on billions of dollars worth of previously duty-free Third World imports. The Commerce Department is now conducting investigations that could result in penalties against several Third World producers who are alleged to be subsidizing their exports. Western Europe, with more than ten percent of its work force unemployed, is taking similar steps to reduce Third World imports.

Follow the thread further: several of the largest Third World nations are deeply in debt. Most of these debtors are located in Latin America, virtually on our doorstep. They borrowed enormous sums of money during the heady 1970s, when their rapid growth, coupled with global inflation and relatively generous terms from banks awash with Arab oil money, made borrowing easy. But these loans have had to be paid back in dollars, and the dollar is now far more expensive than it was. As U.S. interest rates have edged upward, the servicing costs on these loans have become prohibitive. And the flood of capital pulled into the United States by these high rates amounts, in effect, to a constraint on the Third World's access to finance. These trends are converging to drive emerging nations back into poverty.

The United States has chosen to respond by relying on the discipline of the market and of international bankers. The Reagan Administration has left it to the International Monetary Fund to work out "austerity" plans for these nations. Austerity is a polite word for lower living standards. The plans are intended to clamp down on these nations' consumption so that global creditors will believe that new loans and longer payment periods can be honored.

The timing could not be worse. Much of Latin America is now experimenting with democracy. In the past five years generals have allowed power to pass to elected civilian presidents in Peru, Bolivia, Argentina, Honduras, Panama, and, most recently, Uruguay and Brazil. These democratic experiments are important for their own sake, of course. They are also critical to America's long-term security, for they hold out the promise of gradual reform leading to a modicum of political stability and popularly based friendship with the United States. Nevertheless, they are delicate experiments. Generals and Communists both are waiting to pick up the pieces if things should go awry. And they could go awry precisely because of the economic squeeze in which many of these nations now find themselves. High unemployment and declining living standards make a singularly unpropitious beginning for the new democracies. Ominously, the United States has increased military aid to several of these nations to deter leftist factions.

The thread is leading back to where it began. Working

its way through the world economy, the American defense buildup is jeopardizing our relations with our allies and the stability of Latin American democracies. Yet these relations are critical to our long-term security. The Soviets would like nothing better than a gradual dissolution of NATO and a disaffected Japan; they would relish sharpened unrest in Latin America. To sacrifice these key relationships in the name of toughness against the Soviets stands on its head the logic of national security in a complex and interdependent world. To rely solely on market discipline for Latin American countries, while blocking their exports to the United States and ignoring the impact that an overvalued dollar has on them, is to display the toughness of a bully.

Follow the thread to its end. The plight of Latin America and the rest of the Third World also works its way back into American society, reinforcing the problems of American poverty. In 1980 the Third World accounted for about 40 percent of American exports. But mounting protectionism in the United States, coupled with our high interest rates and the imposition of austerity on many Third World nations, is already slowing world trade and global adjustment. In turn, this sluggishness threatens to retard economic growth here at home. And we face an even more vicious circle, as global instability leads investors to flock to the relative safety of American financial assets, boosting the demand for the dollar and perpetuating its destabilizing climb.

Meanwhile, millions of Latin Americans continue to pour into the United States. Some are fleeing political repression; others, destitution; still others, the social strains caused by rapid industrialization. There is no accurate figure on the extent of illegal immigration, but it is estimated that more than a million Latin Americans are crossing our borders illegally each year. Immigration, both legal and illegal, accounts for about half of the present population growth of the United States. The consequences are mixed. America gets the benefit of another generation of immigrants, who have proved to be among the world's most determined and ambitious people. But there are also costs to pay, such as housing and educating these new immigrants. And many American blue-collar and service workers are increasingly concerned that the new immigrants will take their jobs. There are calls to get tough on immigration—to reduce the number of aliens allowed in, to increase border surveillance, to end bilingual education, to penalize employers who hire illegal aliens.

We have examined only one strand of the connections between our social, economic, and foreign policies. These connections are complex, and opinions differ about exact lines of cause and effect. But it should be apparent that they involve aspects of the same global transformation, which requires a fundamental reconsideration of America's relationship with the rest of the world. Such a reconsideration calls for a new public philosophy.

The old liberal vision of charity and conciliation will make only a modest contribution to this new philos-

ophy. It offers no strategy for a major power that neither claims nor seeks supremacy. It offers no guidance for making hard choices. It slides too easily into paternalism and sentimentality. A workable approach to the Third World, for example, is nothing so simple as more foreign aid. And liberalism is too ready to protect the jobs of American workers through trade restrictions, though for reasons different from those of the new conservatives, who would close the American market to foreigners in retaliation for allegedly unfair trade practices, but with much the same result.

The new conservative parable of the disciplinarian is equally simpleminded—and perhaps more dangerous. It hinges on a go-it-alone conceit that is inappropriate to our evolving position in the world. It substitutes acting assertively—against the Soviets, our trading partners, Third World debtors, immigrants—for embracing and easing the global changes underlying these tension points. It delegates responsibility for dealing with these changes to our military strategists, our bankers, and our besieged manufacturers. But these nominees are ill suited to the role. Military strategists are worried about Soviet aggression, bankers about their loan portfolios, manufacturers about their quarterly profits. Each group holds responsibility for a limited domain of international relations and has every incentive to ignore the broader damage wrought by a tough stance. This anomalous delegation of responsibility frustrates global adjustment. Ironically, we end up aggravating our more immediate problems of domestic poverty, high unemployment and inflation, and Soviet aggression.

5. A NEW PUBLIC PHILOSOPHY?

WITHIN THE NEXT DECADE THE PUBLIC PHILOSOPHY is likely to shift perceptibly once again. Global politics and economics are fragile enough to suggest the grim conjecture that the next shift might well occur on the heels of a crisis. A more gradual shift, obviously, is much to be preferred.

Whatever form it might take, the new philosophy would embrace a much more informed and strategic approach to global change. Its parable would evoke dynamism and diversity. Above all, the new philosophy would reject the notion—so deeply embedded within both liberal altruism and conservative pugnacity—that the central struggle of our age is over the division of a fixed quantity of global wealth. It would suggest instead the possibility of an enhanced quality of life for all, contingent upon mutual adaptation. It is crucial to understand that such an approach would be neither a matter of charity nor a ploy in a competitive struggle for survival but an expression of a larger and more enlightened self-interest—akin to the ideal of social solidarity that modern liberalism abandoned for altruism. The easier the transition is for any one group or nation, the smoother and more rewarding it will be for everyone else.

The new public philosophy would lead to policies that would embrace the new reality of interdependence in all three realms—economics, foreign affairs, and social policy. To take just a few examples, in determining the supply of money the Federal Reserve Board would consider what central bankers in other nations were planning to do with their currencies. Simply in order to avoid extreme global recessions and inflations the Fed would attempt to adjust its money targets according to total world liquidity. At the same time, the United States would better synchronize its spending and taxing decisions with those of other key nations. When the productive capacities of the world were being underutilized, we would seek a coordinated expansion; when the world economy was in danger of overheating, we would try to coordinate a reduction in global spending.

Our trade policies would welcome the transfer of basic industries to poorer nations—we would reject the grim choice between deindustrialization and protection. A central task would be to ease the transition of our firms and workers—and those of other advanced nations—out of low-skilled, standardized businesses of the sort that Third World nations are beginning to enter. Simultaneously, through the International Monetary Fund or another international lending agency, we would offer Third World nations access to the kind of long-term financing they desperately need. So far as these and similar measures ameliorated the trauma of global change, the Soviets would have fewer opportunities to insinuate themselves into local upheavals. We could feel more secure about reducing our military support to Third World countries and would avoid the periodic left-wing reactions that our support often inspires. We might even begin to reduce the number of our troops stationed around the globe, who make up the most expensive single category in our defense bill.

A more adaptable world economy would help restore the long-term upward direction of American incomes, including those of poorer Americans. But a new public philosophy would also embody the recognition that we have a direct stake in the poor themselves, in their increasing productivity and adaptability. In an era in which capital and technology flow around the earth at the speed of an electronic impulse, national economic competitiveness depends to an ever greater extent on the health and readiness of all our people. Domestic social policy in education, child nutrition and care, job training, and so on would come to be seen as an extension of our policies for global adjustment.

But none of these piecemeal responses to global interdependence, nor any others, will come about unless they are framed by a new public philosophy. The relationships are too complex, and the changes they signify too painful, to be accepted without a fundamental shift in how we perceive reality. What stories will we tell each other to justify and explain this altered world? What parables will help us recognize and accept the new patterns? How can we impart new meanings to the ideas of prosperity and security, on a planet where clear lines can no longer be drawn between *us* and *them*?

The need for a new public philosophy is shared broadly around the globe. The movement of money, technology, and goods is accelerating much more quickly than is the capacity of people and their social organizations to adapt. Abrupt social and economic dislocations are difficult and frightening. Resistance is taking many forms, none cruder than the fearful hostility to immigration that some Americans and Europeans now display. Some of the poorer countries are being seduced by the romance of leftist revolutions or military dictatorships, or entranced by xenophobic religious movements that distract them from their immediate predicaments. Such responses ultimately shift the burdens of adjustment onto other, similarly resistant members of a linked world system. And just as common adaptation could yield higher standards of living for everyone, a contagious failure to adapt could bring all of us down.

Clearly, the transition to a new public philosophy will not be easy. We are entering a paradoxical era. At a time when technology is rendering geographic borders almost irrelevant, there is an upsurge in nationalism—in chauvinistic posturing and sectarian violence. At a time when global collaboration can yield huge benefits, we are witnessing a withdrawal from international institutions and multilateral negotiations, save for joint military commands and banking consortia. At a time when social and economic interdependencies are growing more complex, there is a new thirst for simple solutions. In all these dimensions resistance to change is mounting precisely as—and largely because—the change is becoming more convulsive.

If it is to be useful to us, a new public philosophy must explain reality and yield palpable lessons for the future. But if it is to be accepted, it must do so in a manner that simplifies and reassures. These two conditions are becoming sharply at odds in this age of turbulent change and baffling complexity. The question is, can we find a new public philosophy that is at once adequate to reality and emotionally compelling? □

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*Wealthy speculators
have transformed the once genteel
hobby of horse breeding into a
high-stakes enterprise*

THE MARKET IN BLOODLINES

BY SAM TOPEROFF

THE TASK OF BREEDING EXCELLENT THOROUGHBREDS has traditionally been reserved to aristocrats. However, when the value of racehorses began to be measured by purse earnings rather than by the prestige of races won, breeding racehorses became a highly competitive business. In recent years a vastly expanded market for well-bred horses has attracted some of the world's richest investors. They pay astonishing prices for quality sires, broodmares, and yearlings, have thrown the breeding industry into confusion, and may even endanger racing as a sport.

More than 45,000 Thoroughbred foals were born in the United States last year, and about 8,000 were born in England, Ireland, and France, the principal racing countries of Europe. All these Thoroughbreds have common ancestral sources—the Byerly Turk, the Darley Arabian, and the Godolphin Arabian, three stallions that stood in England at the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century. Strictly speaking, a Thoroughbred racehorse *must* be a descendant of at least one of those three horses.

Raised by breeders who study bloodlines with exquisite attention, Thoroughbred racehorses today are the result of centuries of genetic experimentation. The goal of that experimentation is quite simple: to produce a Thoroughbred combining speed and staying power.

So many variables affect a good horse's makeup, however, that breeding remains more intuitive art than exact science. If you mate a stallion with speed and staying power to a broodmare with the same qualities, you may or may not get a fast, strong offspring. The genetic odds are that you will get a foal whose abilities are about midway be-

Flying Childers with Jockey Up by James Seymour. Flying Childers, a son of the Darley Arabian, was England's first great racehorse

tween those of the parents. In statistics and genetics this is called "regression to the mean." You may also get an absolute dud, or, if you're lucky, that once-in-a-lifetime horse that transcends its inheritance.

Thoroughbred breeding has rested since its aristocratic beginnings on a premise that when applied to human beings is politically volatile: dominant traits are inherited and are not a product of environmental engineering. "A racehorse," explains Patrice Renaudin, the director of the French Breeders Association, "has always been judged on the basis of bloodlines, appearance, and performance. Blood is the most important: even an average horse who carries excellent blood will sell for more money than a horse who has won a million dollars but has crummy blood. In other words, passing on an ability to race well is quite a different matter from merely being able to run fast. It's a hundred times more valuable."

In spite of this aristocratic notion, every once in a while genetic chance produces a "sport," a horse of undistinguished bloodlines who becomes a champion racer. Surely the best contemporary example is John Henry, the victor of thirty-nine races and the winner of over \$6.5 million in purses, more than double the winnings of any other horse in history. His sire, Ole Bob Bowers, was so unimpressive that John Henry was sold as a yearling in Kentucky for \$1,100 and was gelded to improve his temperament for racing. He went through six changes of ownership during his first three years.

UNTIL RECENTLY RACING WAS THE PRESERVE OF A small number of families who bred "the best to the best" and held on to the "best that was produced" for generations. Families like the Vanderbilts, Wideners, Whitneys, Phippses, Sloanes, Chenerys, and Wrights kept stallions of high quality and mated them to a variety of excellent broodmares, selecting the best offspring and using them in turn as breeders for future generations. A stallion would often "cover" only twenty or so carefully selected mares in a year, and the payment for such services might well be reciprocal breeding privileges. When an actual fee was charged, the amount was nominal, usually in the \$500 to \$1,000 range, though sometimes it rose as high as \$5,000. This closed, self-perpetuating system gave the

stables of these few families a significant breeding and racing advantage. In Europe even today the Windsor family, the Rothschilds, and the Aga Khan tend to breed, train, and race their own horses using this traditional system.

In 1949 the seeds of a radically new approach to horse breeding were planted by Leslie Combs II, now the eighty-two-year-old master of Kentucky's Spendthrift Farm. As the agent for Louis B. Mayer, the movie mogul, Combs offered to sell shares in the English champion Alibhai and found "eight or ten" takers willing to pay \$15,000 a share. "Later," Combs recalls, "those shares sold for \$50,000." Thus was born the first syndication.

Combs had sold shares in Alibhai's "blood," in his proven ability to produce a high percentage of good runners. Each share entitled the buyer to breed one mare to Mr. Mayer's imported stallion every season for as long as Alibhai lived. A shareholder could exercise that right, of

course, but he could also trade or sell it in a given year. He could even sell his share for a profit, if its market value increased—as did the value of shares in Alibhai.

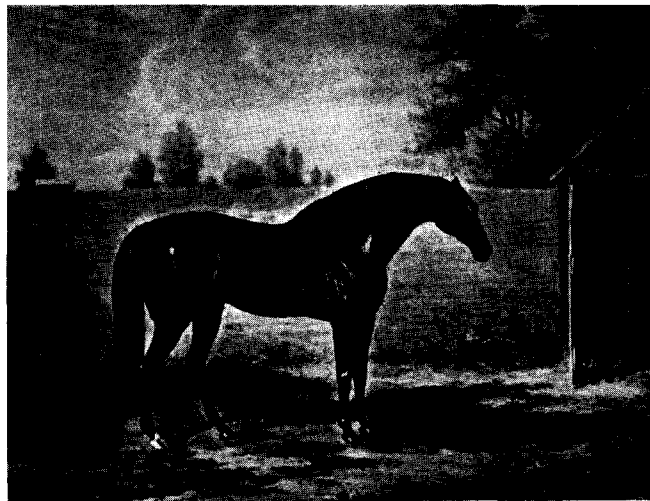
Moreover, since a stallion can cover forty to fifty broodmares each year, the potential for immense profit to syndicators soon became apparent, and each year since 1949 syndication has made the bloodlines of popular stallions available to numerous breeders.

Once Combs had syndicated Alibhai for Mayer and

the potential for profit in syndication became known, the new approach began to take hold, though so slowly that it represented no serious challenge to the primacy of the great breeding families and farms. However, with each syndication another new idea gained strength—Thoroughbred breeding as an investment. Racing and breeding began to attract new people with new money, and these investors began to acquire some of the best bloodstock in the world.

Syndication of the great Secretariat in 1973, for \$6.08 million, ushered in a new era. This first major breeding syndicate included racing owners and breeders, industrialists, bankers, insurers, and real-estate developers from England, Canada, Switzerland, Ireland, and Japan as well as America. This syndication also became, more or less, the model for subsequent ones, in which the stallion's value is divided into thirty to forty shares, with the original owners keeping about 25 percent of the shares for themselves.

After the Secretariat "package" American syndication prices began to soar. Seattle Slew was syndicated for \$12 million, in 1978, and Affirmed for \$14.4 million, in 1979.



THE GODOLPHIN ARABIAN
Engraving after the oil painting by George Stubbs

THE BETTMAN ARCHIVE

Sam Toporoff, a longtime contributor to The Atlantic, is writing a book in defense of boxing.

Spectacular Bid went for \$22 million, in 1980; Conquistador Cielo brought a record \$36.4 million, in 1982. The syndication price of \$36 million for Devil's Bag, in 1983, was perhaps the most remarkable, because he was then a two-year-old, with his truly demanding races still ahead of him.

Syndication of a racehorse, although it gives the owners of a well-blooded, proven runner an apparent advantage, does not assure them of huge profits. As with most investments, performance determines value, and shareholders in a stallion whose offspring win few stakes races (races in which the purse has been contributed by the nominators of the horses) will see the value of their shares diminished.

Secretariat, although still considered one of the top American stallions, has been in the minds of some breeders something of a disappointment. His bloodlines are magnificent—he's a descendant of Bold Ruler—and he has been bred to the best mares in the world, but he has not, after eleven years, sired a truly outstanding horse. Similarly, Affirmed, who won the three Triple Crown races in 1978, did not produce any American stakes winners until this year, when two of his offspring at last won races. Ironically, Alydar, whom Affirmed beat in each of the Triple Crown races, has sired stakes winners in abundance.

The most successful stallion of the modern era has been Northern Dancer, who won the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness in 1964. Roughly one in five of his foals wins a stakes race, a remarkable figure and a rare demonstration of the primacy of blood. Northern Dancer's stud fee for a single mating can now exceed half a million dollars, and the client must pay whether or not the broodmare produces a live foal.

ONCE THE BEST BLOODSTOCK IN THE WORLD—much of which was of American provenance—became available on the open market, prices began to escalate at the world's major auction sales for yearlings, or one-year-old untrained and unraced horses. At the same time, many of the traditional families began to get out of racing.

By most reckonings, Robert Sangster is the man who started the run on American yearlings. Sangster had inherited a Liverpool-based organization that runs Britain's largest soccer pool, and he is also involved in gaming, lotteries, and sports betting wherever these are legal. In the early 1970s he began buying yearlings, especially ones in

the Northern Dancer bloodline, at the major American sales. In 1975 he paid \$200,000 for a son of Northern Dancer. The horse, whom Sangster named The Minstrel, went on to win the Epsom Derby in 1977.

Most European racing differs from American racing in three significant ways: the horses run on grass, they run longer distances, and they run clockwise. When European horsemen discovered that the get of Northern Dancer and certain other American stallions raced especially well under European conditions, prices for these yearlings began to rise. When quantities of Arab oil money came to the Keeneland (Kentucky) Select Yearling Sale in the early 1980s, prices began to rise sharply. Bidding by Sheik Mohammed bin Rashid al Maktoum, the prime minister of Dubai, forced Sangster to a record outlay of \$3.5 million for a Northern Dancer colt at Keeneland in 1981. One of Maktoum's purchases that year, a \$3.3 million son of Northern Dancer that he named Shareef Dancer, won the Irish Sweeps two years later.

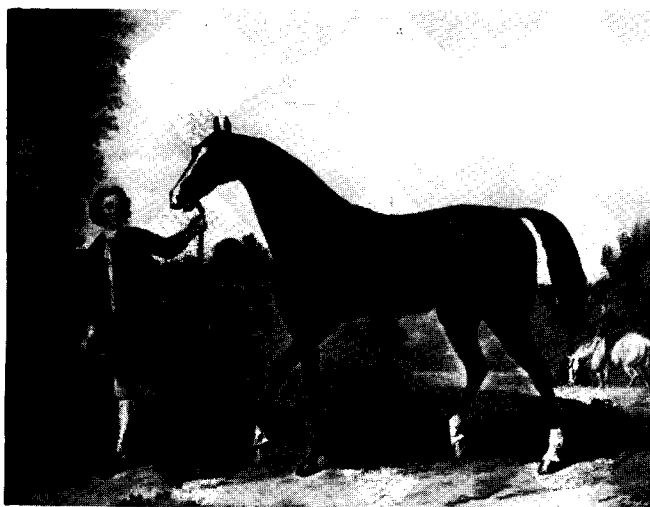
Horse breeders who thought that the market had peaked were surprised when Sangster bought a son of Nijinsky II, himself a son of Northern Dancer, for \$4.25 million in 1982. That was a great Northern Dancer year: eleven of his colts were sold for an average of \$1,260,000 at Keeneland.

In 1983 Maktoum paid an astonishing \$10.2 million for another Northern Dancer colt. Last July at Keeneland

that price wasn't topped, but overall sales were up 8.6 percent. And the amount bid for the four most expensive yearlings, \$27.25 million, was greater than the total for all 207 yearlings sold in 1976.

In addition to Sangster and Maktoum, the Greek shipping magnate Stavros Niarchos is a major figure in the international horse world; he often joins financial forces with Sangster to block Maktoum. Yet another high bidder is Nelson Bunker Hunt, a Texas millionaire. Hunt has had good luck racing his horses in Europe, where they have won the French and English derbies and the prestigious Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe. A relative newcomer to the select bidders' circle is Allen Paulson, a former airline mechanic who is reported to have made half a billion dollars when his corporate-aircraft firm, Gulfstream Aerospace, went public. In the past three years Paulson has become one of the biggest spenders at major American sales.

Two more big names are Khaled Abdullah, a cousin and the chief European financial adviser of King Fahad of Saudi Arabia, and Mahmoud Fustok, an oil-rich Saudi construction magnate who oversees some of Fahad's invest-



THE DARLEY ARABIAN
Engraving after the oil painting by John Wootton

THE BETTMAN ARCHIVE

ments. Abdullah races primarily in England and Ireland, Fustok mostly in France.

On the face of it, a multimillion-dollar investment in an untrained and often temperamental and delicate animal is risky. In the United States only about 60 percent of all Thoroughbred foals will ever be sound and well-trained enough to race; only about three percent will win a race of any sort (though more will finish "in the money"—second, third, or fourth); and, most important, only one in fifteen will earn more than he costs in upkeep, which at a major racing center is about \$25,000 yearly.

Patrice Renaudin says, "It seemed to me at first that these new buyers were purchasing and selling horses for other reasons—perhaps as leverage against inflation or the fluctuations of the dollar, or for tax advantages—and these may indeed be partial motives. But inflation has cooled, the dollar has turned completely, and they are still in the bloodstock business. I am convinced that they are primarily in the sport for its own sake. But they have also created tremendous profit possibilities for themselves. The breeding industry will never be the same."

In spite of the possible pitfalls and the long odds, the potential for control of future generations of super-stallions is what attracts the new big spenders. Hardly any investment can match, say, a Northern Dancer, who can cover forty mares a year, do it for almost twenty years, and pass that same profit potential on to some of his sons and grandsons. When the horse does all this under tax laws that enable an owner to write off up to 70 percent of expenses and depreciate the horse when his productivity diminishes, you've got a remarkable investment.

Admittedly, very few stallions are in such demand, which is why the big bidders not only buy the best bloodlines but also buy in volume, to protect themselves against the statistical likelihood of disappointment. At last year's Keeneland auction Sheik Maktoum bought forty-six yearlings for \$51,275,000; Sangster and Niarchos together bought twenty-three for \$35,620,000.

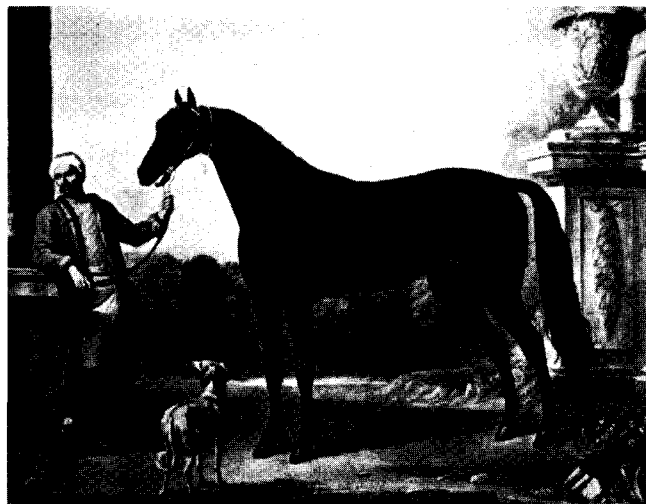
So much is at stake in the purchase of a promising yearling that little is left to chance. Prospective yearling buys are scrupulously examined by squads of veterinarians and experienced horsemen. William Reed, a noted international Thoroughbred surgeon, says, "These days a whole new field of veterinary medicine is developing around the examination of yearlings for sale. It is much more exacting than in the past. Horses are examined with x-rays and ultrasound. Doctors go inside to the lungs to try to discover

potential breathing problems. All the present technology is utilized."

Sangster's examining team is considered the model: his specialists probe young horses for heart size, bone structure (especially in the legs), sweating cycles, and sperm potency. A horse's temperament and mannerisms are also important, and Vincent O'Brien, Sangster's Irish trainer, has spent as much as eight hours with a horse to try to determine such things as how he responds to crowds and whether he is a stall walker and thus dissipates his racing energy. A genealogist, who with the aid of a computer can reconstruct many generations of breeding history, has become indispensable. Nevertheless, even with every modern advantage no one can guarantee that a horse will not go lame overnight or, worse, remain healthy and run slowly or, worst of all, become sterile as a result of equine disease.

Picking winners at the sales pavilion is as hard as picking them at the pari-mutuel window. But Sangster, in particular, has become adept at making a profit on what he calls his "lesser" horses, by reselling them on the booming international market that he has helped to create.

Japan, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Italy, Spain, Germany, Argentina, and Venezuela all have horse-racing circuits, but historically they have lacked the high-quality racing bloodstock necessary to meet the level of international competition. To horsemen in these nations



THE BYERLY TURK
Engraving after the oil painting by John Wootton

Sangster and other large investors sell well-bred horses that no longer fit into their own breeding plans. The international market is so strong at present that, Sangster contends, he turns a profit on 90 percent of the horses he sells off.

Because of very high syndication prices, a perverse trickle-down effect has begun to inflate not only the prices paid for yearlings and older horses but also the cost of virtually everything that happens in racing. The main and most obvious goal for promising racehorses has always been their winning prestigious races and the purse money that goes with them. Before syndication, in fact, that was the way breeding value was established: a racehorse that won a million in purses was worth roughly a million as a stallion. Today, however, syndicated stud value can be more than fifty times earnings. A prime recent example is Conquistador Cielo, who won less than \$450,000 in purses but was syndicated for \$36.4 million after racing only thirteen times in his career. With such payoffs constantly in mind, owners and trainers are under enormous pressure to show their male stakes horses at their very best. Where, under what race conditions, how often, against whom, and

for how long one races a potential champion are decisions that have never before meant so much.

Pleasant Colony, the 1981 Kentucky Derby and Preakness winner, was syndicated for \$12 million and retired that same year. John Campo, his trainer, says, "I'm in this business thirty years, and syndication is nothing like the old pressures. Every time you run bad, you're in trouble. It's crazy. Those guys who plunk down six hundred thousand dollars, a million dollars, they want to see their horses run. But every time you lose, it's going to cost you plenty, so you've got to look around for races you can win. Deep down you know the true quality of your horse, and if you try to protect him too much, like Conquistador Cielo or Devil's Bag, it begins to look like a scam."

Pronounced a superhorse on the basis of five straight very impressive victories, Devil's Bag was syndicated as a two-year-old for \$36 million (thirty-six shares at \$1 million apiece). The sum is staggering, because at two a horse is not yet fully developed and hasn't been tested at the longer, classic distances required of older horses. At three Devil's Bag won his first, short race easily, but he was badly beaten in the mile-and-an-eighth Flamingo Stakes, the longest race of his career to that point. Some of the shareholders began pressuring Woody Stephens, his trainer, to retire the horse, fearing that additional defeats, especially in the Kentucky Derby, would destroy their investment.

Devil's Bag ran again, winning the Derby Trial Stakes unimpressively—he beat a very undistinguished field at a distance of a mile. Doubts that the horse would be able to run well at the Kentucky Derby distance of one and a quarter miles, a major flaw in an otherwise world-class colt, seemed to be confirmed. The horse had been pronounced perfectly fit before and after each of his earlier races, but after the Derby Trial a bone chip was discovered in his right front knee and he was retired to stud. Some horsemen suspected that the injury was a convenient excuse to cover the horse's lack of staying power and to save as much breeding value as possible. It will take about five years for his offspring to prove the skeptics right or wrong.

Meanwhile, the boom created by the investor-breeders is unlikely to continue unless something counteracts the trend in track attendance, which in recent years has declined significantly while attendance for most other spectator sports has grown. Though racing may have become little more than a necessary obstacle to the potential syndicator, it remains the only way of showcasing racehorses and establishing their quality.

A great problem with racing as a spectator sport is that a horse who runs only a dozen or so times over a two-year period doesn't get much of a chance to generate enthusiasm in the fans. Racing fans love John Henry, in large part because he has gone to the post eighty-three times already; his owners plan to race him again this year as a ten-year-

old. Another favorite is Kelso, also a gelding. Voted Horse of the Year five consecutive times, he competed until he was nine and won thirty-nine of sixty-three races. Both horses have raced for so long because they have no future in the breeding shed.

John Gaines, the master of Gainesway Farm, with the support of other major American and European breeders and investors in bloodstock, has brought to horse racing an idea that may invigorate the sport and permit the breeding boom to continue. It is called the Breeders' Cup Series. The first Breeders' Cup Day was held at Hollywood Park last November and was televised nationally. The event consists of seven races at different distances and under different conditions, for horses of various ages. The purses total \$10 million, far more than any similar pool in history. The attraction of tremendous purses would keep the good horses racing longer and enable fans to develop attachments. Most important from the financial standpoint, because new risk-taking investors have to be found in order to perpetuate the breeding market, the Breeders' Cup Series might intrigue the type of person who has some money to invest and would enjoy seeing his investment charging around an oval under a jockey in colorful silks.

ONE AFTERNOON LAST AUGUST I STOOD AT THE walking ring, where horses are warmed up before a race, as the gong sounded and the jockeys mounted for the two o'clock race at Deauville. But, along with thousands of fashionable French horseplayers, I looked up into the sky rather than at the horses as a helicopter descended to the infield. Stavros Niarchos was arriving.

The happiest faces inclining heavenward belonged to the sellers of yearling racehorses that were to be auctioned off at the *vente de sélection* after the last race. Although prices would not rival those at Keeneland or Saratoga, the Deauville auction, along with those at Newmarket and Dublin, is nonetheless a major event on the European circuit.

The happiest faces turned glum, however, when, after he had presented a cup to the owner of the winner of the fifth race, Niarchos began to walk, his hands deep in his pockets, toward the infield, where his helicopter was revving up. He would not be attending the auction. Why should he attend? Only a handful of American-bred horses had been consigned, and they were not really first-class.

A path through the crowd of horseplayers opened before him. He passed close by me, and I couldn't resist the opportunity to say, "So, Mr. Niarchos, do you and Sangster believe you will really get away with controlling the world's bloodstock market?"

Niarchos replied, "We only love to see the horses run." He seemed to be absolutely serious. □

IN A JAPANESE MOSS GARDEN

After a night of rain
 this garden so
 fragile it's never raked, but swept,
 lies on a bed
 softer than itself, and all morning, fed
 by the rain banked richly below,
 bathes in a glow

gentle as candlelight.
 Variety's
 ascendant in this lowland where
 a hundred plus
 plush samples of the like-velutinous—
 star-shaped mosses, amulets, keys,
 bells, snowflakes—ease

toward freshly minted greens
 which have no one-
 word names: rust- or russet-green, pump-
 kin-tangerine-,
 copper- and pewter-, frost- and fire-green . . .
 No land was ever overrun
 more mildly, none

yielded with more repose:
 an intertwined,
 inclusive, inch by inch advance
 built this retreat
 where stones are put to rest beneath a sheet
 of nap, where limbs are under-lined,
 and where the mind

meets not tranquillity
 merely, but some
 dim image of itself—the rounded
 mounds, the seams dense
 with smaller seams, the knit, knobbed filaments
 all suggesting the cranium,
 as witnessed from

within. But now this web
 of imagery
 bends with a newcomer the color
 of an unripe
 tomato who, beast of another stripe,
 untended and rootlessly free,
 apparently,



runs, runs, runs without rest.
 His body gleams
 with those pellucid lusters found
 within a night's
 last vistas, when a dyeing dawn alights
 upon your lids, flooding your dreams,
 until it seems

your inborn sights and pigments
 outshine the day;
 it's morning in a Japanese
 moss garden and
 a creature blazing like a firebrand
 now makes its episodic way
 between a gray

stand of toadstools that lean
 like headstones, through
 a swampy heel-print, up a fallen
 leaf (and then back
 down when it proves an airy cul-de-sac),
 across a root, a stump, a dew-
 drenched avenue

of shorter moss that looks
 and feels like felt . . .
 Inanimate, the garden may
 better have met

the thoughtful ends on which its lines are set,
 but if its motionlessness must
 come to a halt,

what cause more fitting than
 this zigzag creature,
 bizarre as anything in Nature,
 whose home's a firma-
 mental network, a plane of lifelines pitched
 upon a random set of reference
 points, a maze which in its

closed-in stringiness makes
 a self-portrait?
 One might view him as captive, too,
 like any prey
 inside his web, yet still take heart at the way
 he runs to the task, as if to say,
 Today's the very

day for weaving finally
 a tapestry
 at once harmonious and true.

—Brad Leithauser



He discovered greed, love, power,
tragedy, death, treason, and mutiny.
Then he discovered America.



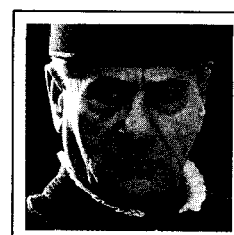
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FASHION

IN PURSUIT OF THE NEW

BY HOLLY BRUBACH

THE YEAR IS 1969, the occasion a Rolling Stones concert at the Pittsburgh Civic Arena, and my friend and I, in a photograph taken that evening, are wearing the most strikingly chic outfits we own (in order that Mick Jagger, surveying the audience from the stage, will recognize us for the truly with-it women we are, have us plucked from our seats and summoned backstage, and invite us to come along with the band on the rest of the tour). Except for my patchwork madras cap we are dressed identically, in thigh-high white hip-hugger mini-skirts, white go-go boots, white lipstick, and black eyeliner applied with a heavy hand. We look positively ridiculous. Nothing you could do would persuade me to show you this picture.

Part of what's so mortifying about being confronted with evidence of the way we used to dress is realizing the desperate lengths we've gone to in order to look as if we belonged, to get attention or solicit affection; fashion at the time this picture was taken was a highly emotional, sometimes hysterical affair, with social acceptance or rejection riding on a hemline. But, we congratulate ourselves, those days are over. Fashion is out, finished. The clothes we wear now are eminently reasonable. In the style we loosely describe as classic, they are guaranteed indefinitely—they will never embarrass us.

But neither will they put us in mind of how vain and foolish we are or make us laugh at ourselves. That's one drawback to life without fashion. The other is that if clothes today are designed in such a way that they will never look old and passé, chances are that they'll never look new and timely, either.

It's admittedly harder for a fashion designer to take the world by storm now than it was in 1947, when Christian Dior introduced the New Look, mostly because the options available within any given season are so many and there's no longer a single prevailing style, a con-

sensus for designers to react to. Our eyes are jaded. Most new clothes not only look as if we've seen them before, they also look as if we saw them just last week.

Ironically, the designers who have made it big enough to be recognized as leaders in fashion are not in much of a position to be innovators. They continue to turn out clothes consistent with the image they've already established, which makes good business sense, after



Chain-mail chemise, by Ferguson

all. In contrast, young designers struggling to make a name for themselves have everything to gain and nothing to lose by astounding us. Selling at the outset to small specialty stores, they can afford to go in for fabrics that are scarce or unusual, for styles that are daring and too complicated or costly to mass-produce. The height of fashion is, to put it simply, what looks new, and what looked new for a while was the notion that fashion could be done away with. But this is an idea whose time, I think, is nearly gone. Some of the few of us who

dress for our own amusement are getting restless. Slowly, stealthily, fashion is making a comeback. Recently I set out to meet some members of the next generation, in the hope that the clothes they design would take me by surprise.

DOUGLAS FERGUSON is a painter, an artist of many sorts but not of the "wearable art" school, which strives to elevate clothes to the status of art by means of crafts—beading, embroidery, appliqué, macramé. While this school has made for a lot of dresses that look as if they've been needleworked to death (and still no art), Ferguson designs clothes that aren't the least bit belabored; the materials they are made of seem destined to take the form he confers on them. He gives the impression of not caring what his clothes are called, of not even caring if anybody buys them. He does not present his designs in staged showings or even group them according to season; he just started selling through stores (everything is made to order); he does not work in cloth. Ferguson designs clothes on a sporadic basis, whenever they occur to him, usually as an outgrowth of his fascination with a certain material.

He started a few years ago with leather, which he painted plaid and made into kilts. More recently he has been working with chain-mail mesh, turning it into "necklaces" that drape and fall in metallic folds over the collarbone, into a silver and white bikini, into a chemise with a shadowy black-and-silver hand-enamelled portrait of the Statue of Liberty on the front. These clothes, however brilliant and original, are discrete statements, not the sort that taken together can be interpreted as the embodiment of a single vision. What apparently matters most to Ferguson is his own progress as an artist. And by refusing (so far) to work in fabrics he has conveniently sidestepped the issues that come into play when designers stitch pieces of cloth together and invoke the tradition of dress-making.

Abel Villarreal, on the other hand, has planted himself squarely in the middle, or perhaps slightly to the left of the middle, of that tradition. Once or twice in a generation a designer comes along who has the gift of cut, and Villarreal, who is twenty-five and lives in Los Angeles, has it. He seems to have studied every inch of the body's terrain, and his clothes, often asymmetrical or on the diagonal, are designed along uncharted

Holly Brubach is a staff writer for The Atlantic.



White patent leather suits for men and women, by Villarreal

lines, making detours around the conventional places for seams. His white cotton rib-knit dress looks from the front like three horizontal bands of fabric separated by stripes of bare skin: a turtle-neck collar, bare shoulders, a bandeau across the breasts, bare midriff, and a straight skirt, with the three pieces attached by a diamond-shaped panel in back.

This spring Villarreal has used patent leather, in a tough jacket that, though it is outfitted with plenty of hardware, looks not at all menacing but, in fact, sweet-tempered and ingenuous, because it's white. It is, he says, "what Mary Tyler Moore would wear if she were a biker." The impression Villarreal's clothes often give is one of blithe sexuality. Undoubtedly, this effect is in part deliberate; but a larger part of it, I think, is not. His preoccupation is with the line of the clothes, and if in the quest for a new line he emphasizes a breast or exposes skin that is usually kept covered, well, that's all right, let's see what happens. This season Villarreal has merged his men's and women's lines into a single collection (priced from \$60 to \$700). He concedes that some of the

pieces are better suited to one sex than the other, but not the dresses, which, he matter-of-factly states, are intended for both women and men.

Yeohlee Teng, whose label reads simply "Yeohlee," shares Villarreal's obsessive interest in cut, though she tempers it in the clothes she designs. There are two paths to stardom in this business. The first is the high road, the one Villarreal has taken, hoping that by designing distinctive, imaginative clothes he will attract the attention of the "right" people (certain buyers and the press), who might in turn attract the backing of investors, who would bankroll a more extensive, mass-marketed line, which would in the end sustain his more experimental and probably more interesting work. (This is the way the industry is set up in France, where designers use their ready-to-wear to disseminate ideas initially conceived for their own couture. Lately American designers have followed suit—Bill Blass, Geoffrey Beene, and Perry Ellis, to name a few, have branched out into so-called second lines that enable them to plagiarize themselves and get more mileage out of their ideas.) But whether a young de-



"Cadillac" cocktail dress, by Yeohlee

signer has the talent it takes to support a billion-dollar empire is, on the evidence of a small line, however impressive, pretty much a matter of opinion and conjecture. Yeohlee has chosen the other road, straight through the garment industry: she will prove her talent by designing clothes that sell, because in the long run there is no arguing with sales figures.

Among Yeohlee's most successful designs are a fitted dress (in orchid linen, for spring) with an overpanel like an apron bib that covers the bodice, making the shoulders "read" broader and the waist read narrower, and a full-circle hooded cape (in olive-drab rubber-backed canvas, for this season), constructed in such a way that its volume is kept neatly under control. Ordinarily Yeohlee occupies herself with the solving of problems—how to conceal pockets in a skirt (behind an overpanel at the yoke), how to provide enough ease for walking in a narrow leather mini-skirt (with a tiny fishtail)—and her solutions are frequently concise and ingenious. (Her clothes, along with Ferguson's, are included in the Museum of the City of New York's current exhibition "Cream



Fitted-midriff evening dress by Pernet



Politics and fashion meet in Molnar's camouflage line

of the Crop: The New Couture," which features the work of seven young designers.) Every so often Yeohlee gives in to the urge to do something more fanciful, as in the group of six black ottoman cocktail dresses that she used to close her show two years ago. These were designs that were never produced, intended for her own and the audience's amusement and as an only half-serious tribute to the great dressmakers who had gone before. One of these numbers, "the Cadillac dress," featured a strapless bodice curved like the hood of a car and tailfins at the hips in back.

In Steven Stolman's hands the tradition of dressmaking gets picked up where we left it off, before the idea of fashion went out of style. Like Yeohlee, he assumes that a good dress succeeds on its own terms, which in his case are always ladylike and often starkly graphic, almost two-dimensional. For spring he offered a black linen sheath and a hot-pink flared topper spattered with giant black polka dots the size of LP records; a dolman-sleeved, full-skirted jersey dress, divided vertically (one quarter pink, three quarters yellow); and several good "jewelry" dresses, elegant, unclut-

tered, intended as backdrops for accessories. Stolman is searching for a contemporary version of that effortless, unmistakably American glamour pioneered by designers like Claire McCardell, Pauline Trigère, and Norman Norrell. "I want to be the Norrell of my generation," he says. He has little or maybe no competition for that distinction.

Stolman has inherited his definition of glamour from his predecessors; Abbijane has deduced hers from the on-screen wardrobes of actresses like Audrey Hepburn, Sophia Loren, and Brigitte Bardot. Abbijane's fall/winter collection was inspired by and dedicated to Holly Golightly (the heroine of the 1961 movie *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, played by Audrey Hepburn and dressed by Givenchy), but there was nothing slavish or derivative about it. Mostly, the clothes were the sort that one imagines Holly Golightly would wear if she were shoplifting in the five-and-ten today. Abbijane's spring/summer collection is dedicated to no one in particular, but it's full of clothes you think you've seen on somebody gorgeous in some movie or other: a black linen sheath and matching coat with

brass buttons and a sailor collar; black linen slacks and a brass-buttoned jacket with a wide, stand-up boat neck; a turquoise and black dress with a swirl skirt; a long, straight black viscose sheath that buttons down the back, with a pleated flounce at the bottom. Abbijane's achievement lies in taking images that we have stashed away in our memories, refracting them, and bringing their big-screen glamour to the smaller scale of everyday life, in clothes that are simply constructed, comfortable, offhand, and clearly her own.

BESIDES DESIGNERS like Stolman and Abbijane, who hark back to some bygone golden era or pay homage to the acknowledged masters of their craft, there are others, who, much as they love clothes and the fun of dressing up, can't bring themselves to take fashion and the folderol surrounding it all that seriously. Robert Molnar, for one, will never be an acolyte, though he is perfectly capable of turning out proper-looking, sophisticated clothes—and he does. But he also includes as part of every collection a handful of pieces that challenge our notions of what's taboo, and we get the

idea that here is where his heart really lies. On the rack of samples in his showroom, alongside a red cotton knit halter dress, indented at the waist, and an off-white silk shantung suit with a high-waisted skirt and a cropped jacket—both highly respectable—are a black-and-purple paisley brocade vest and skirt inspired by Prince and palazzo pants and a coat made of silver-and-black flocked lamé, a garish fabric that Molnar likens to “wallpaper in the bathroom” (put up by the previous tenants of the apartment you’re renting), with a black velvet bra to match. Okay, Molnar says, where’s the limit? Is this hideous, or is it interesting? Molnar has pitched his tent safely within the boundaries of good taste, but now and again he gleefully stages a raid across the border.

As if these matters weren’t controversial enough, Molnar has lately taken to making political statements in the clothes he designs—this spring, in a group of camouflage-printed chiffon and cotton jersey sportswear. A closer look at the print reveals that the spotting is in the shapes of countries, each labeled in tiny black letters: Grenada, Ethiopia, Cuba. These are, Molnar says, “the issues we tend to camouflage in our everyday lives.” The collection (shown on Election Day last fall) ended, as tradition dictates, with a bridal gown, but had a timely new twist: Molnar’s bride came out dragging an MX missile chained to her ankle.

Diane Pernet has a mischievous streak too, and it manifests itself in clothes that are not only beautiful and well made but also disorienting, an effect that is more difficult to achieve. If fashion shows had footnotes, her spring collection might have cited Coco Chanel, Emanuel Ungaro, and Frederick’s of Hollywood, but she alluded to them all so lightly, in passing, and scrambled them so deftly, with such deadpan innocence, that they came and went, and in the end it was Pernet herself who remained. She combines fabrics that convention says have no business being seen together, as in a coat of black guipure (a heavy, open-work lace) with fake-fur cuffs and a fake-fur skirt to match. Are bell-bottom pants still “out”? Oh, well. Pernet’s, in a double layer of black chiffon, are so fluid and funny that she turns them into a triumph. Her blue linen suit for spring, with its boxy cardigan jacket, purports to be a smart, classic, businesslike suit, and in a way it is; but the skirt, gored to follow the curve of the thigh more close-

ly, gives it a vaguely naughty undertone—an undertone which, in an outfit like her black silk jersey midcalf jumpsuit, cut like a slip, with a black lace car-coat overtop, verges on the deliciously sleazy.

Sometimes Pernet’s clothes celebrate a woman’s body; at other times they practically advertise it, but always without cheapening the woman wearing them, who comes off as witty, sophisticated, someone who likes feeling sexy. Pernet offered at her spring showing several pieces with draped bodices and fitted yokes that zeroed in on the zone from the base of the ribs to the top of the hips, causing some of us in the audience



KURT KILGUS ART DIRECTION

“Something Lucy would wear,” by Oldham

to marvel at what a complex and wonderful invention a woman’s torso is.

Fashion for most of its history has concerned itself with the way the upper classes dressed. They set the style, and the middle class, in its ever upward climb, dutifully emulated them. What the lower classes wore, nobody cared. In the anarchic heyday of the sixties, all of that was overturned. Suddenly fashion happened in the street, and aristocrats wore blue jeans. That populist sentiment still survives, most vociferously in the clothes of Jean-Paul Gaultier, a French designer who has been the darling of international fashion for the past two years. Gaultier’s style is built on an impudent, street-urchin chic, with odd shapes and clashing fabrics, as pio-

neered by the young people who buy their clothes in thrift shops—the Parisians that *Women’s Wear Daily* enthusiastically labels “the *nouveau pauvre*.” Gaultier takes the ladies who follow fashion slumming in the north of Paris, which, as filtered through his clothes, seems rather picturesque. But Todd Oldham, an American designer based in Dallas, takes the fashion ladies even further afield—to suburbia, the outskirts of the heartland.

Never has fashion stooped so low for its material as in his “Safeway shift” (a big muumuu-style shirt dress in blue-and-white cotton jaspé); his “P.E. dress,” its bodice cut like a Physical Education uniform; and his Dr. Kildare shirt, in white cotton batiste, which wraps in back like a surgical gown. These clothes are about women who spend all morning cruising the aisles of their local grocery stores and all afternoon watching the soaps, but probably they aren’t for those women—Oldham’s style suggests someone who’s young, rambunctious, smart, quirky, with a gentle sense of humor. For summer he has done a high-chic cotton duster in a pastel floral print, with narrow pink ankle pants underneath; and a sleeveless top, a skirt that buttons down both the front and the back, and slim pants underneath, all in fuchsia cotton voile. This last outfit is, as he says, “something Lucy would wear.”

The designers I talked to in writing this article came to fashion by various routes, some of them amazingly roundabout. Pernet went to film school; Ferguson ran an exercise studio; Yeohlee came from Malaysia, where she grew up determined to get to Seventh Avenue the way other kids are determined to get to Broadway. Only Villarreal and Stolman have design-school degrees. Oldham’s training was acquired on the job, in the alterations department of the Ralph Lauren store in Dallas, where he learned “how to fix mistakes.” But the best story by far belongs to Molnar, who assembled his first collection while working part-time in the plumbing department at Sears, Roebuck, in Detroit.

One Sunday he read an article in the paper about a man who had come from New York City, where he’d been Giorgio Sant’Angelo’s assistant, to open a high-fashion boutique in Detroit. Molnar went to see him, to ask his advice on how to break into fashion. Design your first collection, the man told him, get

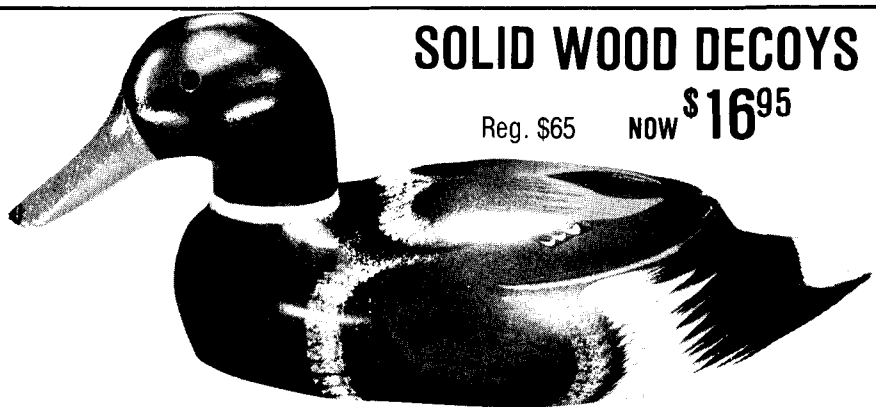
samples made, and take them around to the stores. Not knowing that fashion is organized by season, Molnar designed a line that included everything he could think of, ballgowns and bathing suits side by side, and paid a seamstress \$40 to stitch up the samples. Then he started making the rounds of the local department stores, introducing himself as a New York designer in town for the day. The buyers he talked to weren't fooled, but one was impressed enough to place an order—Molnar's first sale. He went straightaway to see his mentor, to tell him the news. But when he got to the boutique, it was closed; the man had skipped town. It later emerged that he had never worked for Giorgio Sant'Angelo at all.

When Diane Pernet does a suit that calls Chanel to mind, or Yeohlee a sculptured evening dress in the manner of Charles James, or Todd Oldham an outfit inspired by *I Love Lucy*, it isn't a direct quote from the past but a comment on it. The past exists for this next generation of designers not as a refuge but as a source of ideas. The best new designers are critics, highly opinionated, with their own points of view, which they exercise in the clothes they make.

The privilege of being alive at any given time brings with it the responsibility to invent a style that in some way testifies to that time, its particular mixture of anxieties and longings. For most of the seventies, however, the trappings of the past looked as good as, if not better than, anything we could come up with ourselves.

Nostalgia for the days when the world was a cozier place to live often seemed the only logical response to the news we read in the papers, and designers accordingly rehashed the fashions of the twenties, thirties, forties, and so on. Like a lot of young women, I welcomed the opportunity to wear styles I missed the first time around—they may not have been new, but they were new to me. Even so, I had a vague sense that by borrowing styles from other eras I was somehow betraying my own.

Fashion is primarily an urban pastime, a silent conversation between strangers that takes place on the street, at a party, in the lobby of a theater. These exchanges have gotten more spirited lately. What is being said in the clothes we wear, for the first time in a long time, is that we're ready to come to terms with the moment and make something of it. □



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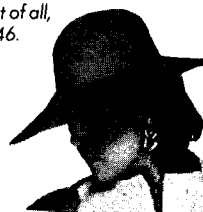
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MOVIES

HUMOR AND NOTHINGNESS

BY LLOYD ROSE

“WHAT REALLY KNOCKS me out is a book that, when you’re all done reading it, you wish the author that wrote it was a terrific friend of yours and you could call him up on the phone whenever you felt like it,” J. D. Salinger wrote in *The Catcher in the Rye*, and for more than thirty years readers have known what he meant—have wanted, in fact, to call him up (if they could have found him). In the early seventies Woody Allen touched nerves on college campuses the way Salinger had earlier, and he had some of this same seemingly accessible quality. People who loved his movies wanted to meet and talk to him: they felt they knew him.

But after *Annie Hall*, his most frankly autobiographical film, the one in which he appeared to be most open with his audience, Allen’s work began to change. Beginning with *Manhattan* and continuing through *Stardust Memories*, *A Midsummer Night’s Sex Comedy*, *Zelig*, and *Broadway Danny Rose*, audiences began not to know him anymore. He wasn’t funny in the same way. His films had an acrid edge to them, and it was sometimes hard to know how to take the tone. He seemed infatuated with his own seriousness, at times self-pitying, and artistically confused. Moviegoers who had thought he was as reliable as a friend were baffled; some felt betrayed.

Those who did, and who are still waiting for him to match the crazy, messy hilarity of some of his earlier films, aren’t going to be reassured by his latest, *The Purple Rose of Cairo*. Allen has gotten as far away from his fans as possible in this one: he isn’t even in it. *Purple Rose* has a heroine rather than a hero—a poor little waitress (Mia Farrow) with a rotten marriage who dreams her life away at the movies. (The film is set in the thirties, when screen romance was rather more common than it is now, and the movie that Farrow sighs over the most is an Allen-created thirties-movie pastiche called *The Purple Rose of Cairo*.) Her

dreams almost come true, to the consternation of both the audience and the other characters in the film, when a pure-hearted young explorer (Jeff Daniels) comes down off the screen to declare his love for her. But in the end she opts to live in reality. She thinks this is going to mean a life in Hollywood with the actor who created the wayward character (also Jeff Daniels, who is charming in the double role). But when he ditches her, she ends up back at the movies, gazing at the screen, dreaming again.

There are a number of problems with *The Purple Rose of Cairo*, but the main one is that Allen’s life gives the lie to the wet ending. It doesn’t gibe with what we sense about him as a person and a star. When Mia Farrow watches the film-within-a-film of *Purple Rose*, her face rapt in the reflected light from the screen, it’s an echo of the shot of Allen at the beginning of *Play It Again, Sam*, gazing open-mouthed at the last scene of *Casablanca*. In that film Allen made fun of his character’s fantasies of living like someone in the movies. His hero learned that it’s all right to be yourself. As a message, this is on a level with something out of *Mister Rogers*. But in fact Allen has

done spectacularly well being himself. He’s not some nerd who dreamed away his life in a movie theater. He didn’t stay down in the audience looking wistfully at the screen—he went up there. He did something about his dreams. By any standard he’s a winner. What’s he doing turning out a movie about settling for what little life allows you?

In his early, nutty films Allen’s triumph—and appeal—lay in his sanity. Whether facing a giant marauding breast or the more ordinary threat of armed thugs, his eyes gleamed not with panic but with a skeptic’s resourceful common sense. He was a great believer in sweet reason, though never particularly surprised when it proved ineffective. (After nearly twenty years I still remember him in the otherwise execrable *Casino Royale* cautioning a firing squad that he had a “low threshold of death.”)

Allen knew that although he might look like a nebbish and sometimes act like a nebbish, he was in fact a very smart guy. If he was scared of the world, this was proof of his intelligence. And no matter how much the world might frighten him, nothing could persuade him to take it seriously. This refusal to give in was what in his early films made him heroic—and what enabled him, in *The Front*, to play a conventional hero, a man who defies the House Un-American Activities Committee, without seeming sanctimonious or phony.

Allen began to run into problems when he tried to be in his movies and leave himself out of them at the same time. He wanted to get away from doing what his audience expected of him, but he didn’t seem to understand what he meant to that audience. A performer becomes a star not because of his ability to submerge himself in his art but because of the part of him that won’t submerge, that remains consistent whatever he does. This is the trap of stardom—to give focus and definition to an audience’s ideas, and then to have them want only more of the same.

Allen tried to escape by playing unpleasant and confused people, without understanding that his audience couldn’t see him objectively, as they would an actor. As long as he played characters superficially close to himself, he couldn’t become them—he was only Woody Allen. Seeing him in *Manhattan*, where he plays a self-righteous prig who turns out to be just as weak as the people he denounces, or in *Stardust Memories*, in which he cast himself as a movie director



Lloyd Rose writes on film and theater for The Atlantic.

beleaguered by his public, the audience didn't know what to think. They came into the films on his side and then felt as if he had spit in their faces. Allen's naiveté here is astonishing—and it would be hard to believe if he weren't so obviously mistrustful of and cut off from his artistic instincts. It's quite possible that he hadn't any real idea of what his connection with his audience was.

He learns fast, though. He hasn't since played a character who could be taken as autobiographical, and in two of the three subsequent movies he's made—*A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy* and *Zelig*—the story is set in the past. The third, *Broadway Danny Rose*, takes place in the present but feels as if it's in Damon Runyon's thirties. Though of widely uneven quality, these films liberate him as a performer. Released from playing a contemporary role, he can realize a character in a way he hasn't before.

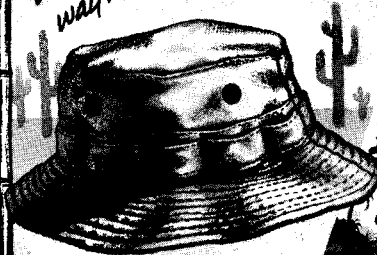
As Danny Rose, Allen is fussier and more mannered than usual. Danny peppers his speech with "sweetheart"s and has distinctive hand and wrist movements. Allen's reaching for a character, but the story hems him in. The movie is by turns sentimental and abrasive, and you get the feeling that neither was what he was after. It's hard to figure out why he would set himself up in the role of a good-hearted personal manager betrayed by the jerk of a singer he has so loyally promoted. Allen isn't convincing as a victim. He seems self-pitying because it's clear he's smart enough to handle the situations he's letting get the best of him. He gives the impression that he has chosen to suffer, and we become irritated with him. Allen simply isn't a loser. No great comedian is. Chaplin may have played for pathos, but he never saw himself as anything but one of nature's noblemen. His jauntiness and self-regard were what finally defined him, not his moist eyes.

Though *A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy* is more of a mess, Allen himself is more interesting in it. His whimsical inventor, whose crazy contraptions—a pedal-driven helicopter, a "spirit ball" that detects ghosts and other psychic emanations—actually work, is in some ways one of his most charming creations. His serene matter-of-factness about his astonishing inventions is funny in a new way. Dealing with his gadgets, he has a dreamer's lunacy—and it's marvelous to see him doing something utterly nuts that shouldn't work at all and coming out on top again.

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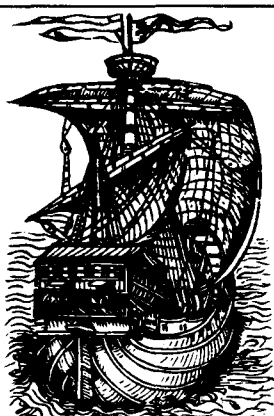
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Allen almost succeeds here in combining the personal unhappiness about which he has always been frank with his identity as a funnyman. For although the inventor has done miraculous things, he's offhand about his achievements, unsatisfied, and a little sad. Allen can't work out the suggestions in the character, though, or have him set off resonances in the rest of the movie. No one else reacts to the inventor's wonderful devices either, and you can't be certain whether the implications Allen has brought up were planned or accidental. (Allen isn't a very good screenwriter. He's often unable to clarify or dramatize his ideas or to make the story work in the way he appears to want it to. It's this lack of skill, rather than hostility toward his audience, that accounts for the confusing tonal shifts in his later films and the way the stories don't quite come together. His earlier movies were sloppily written too—but since he was working at full-throttle berserk, the audience was generally laughing too hard to notice.)

Zelig is much more controlled, and Allen comes nearer in it than he ever has to integrating his melancholy into a comedy without making the melancholy self-pitying or the comedy sour. At last he can be there and not be there on the screen simultaneously—the point of Leonard Zelig, the “human chameleon” of the twenties who assumes the physical characteristics of whomever he's with, is that he's nobody.

Zelig is quite funny and it has an upbeat ending, but it leaves an impression of deep unhappiness. Wandering through the black-and-white world of the film, uncomplaining subject of both faddish adoration and institutional neglect, Zelig seems to have slipped out of a world created by either Kafka or Beckett. Allen lets his age show, and his vulnerability is unsettling because it appears to be born of exhaustion. His face is more naked here, less of a cartoon-with-glasses than in his other movies. He looks eerily like Buster Keaton—not in the days of Keaton's young, taut beauty but later, when life had overrun him and he was tired to the bone. Under hypnosis, reluctantly revealing to his psychiatrist why he becomes like other people (he wants them to like him), Allen makes his somnambulistic pain disturbingly real. Moaning and protesting, he seems to be suffocating in the vacuum of his own personality. Alienation can't extend much further than this—Zelig doesn't even have a self. He's as

near as you can get to being dead while still alive.

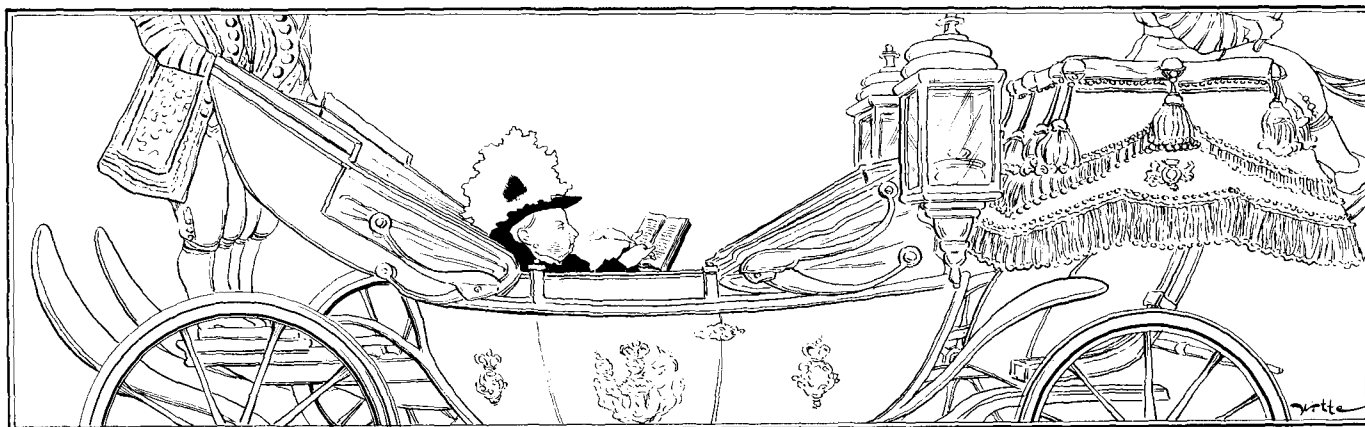
In *Getting Even*, Allen's first collection of humorous writing, his biographical note ends with the statement “His one regret in life is that he is not someone else.” This is, of course, a perfect description of Zelig. And it's a perfect description of Allen as a filmmaker. He would rather be someone else—preferably, one gathers from interviews and his films, Ingmar Bergman. This isn't so simple as Allen's despising comedy. Apparently he believes that art is, by definition, something other than what it would be his normal impulse to create.

Zelig, a *reductio ad absurdum* made flesh, was about as far as Allen could go without vanishing from the screen altogether. In *The Purple Rose of Cairo* he has vanished, and it's the thinnest of his movies. I'm not sure it would have been good if it had been shaped to star him rather than Mia Farrow, but it wouldn't have been the limp, clever trifle it is.

The only other movie Allen has made in which he hasn't starred is *Interiors*, his one straightforwardly dramatic film. In it, he examines a psychologically crippled family and the way they deal with the crisis of the divorced father's remarriage, to a gauche, good-hearted, slightly blowsy woman played by Maureen Stapleton. “She's a vulgarian!” one of the daughters sputters, and the divorced wife runs into the sea to drown. If they react so strongly to Maureen Stapleton, what would they do if Allen were in the film? But it's impossible in *Interiors*. He'd explode the picture. His screen presence suggests all the qualities he's so carefully drained from the film: energy, skepticism, wit, ironic intelligence. He'd bring the contrived conceit of arid, unrealized lives down around his head. How could he hope to make a great film when his concept of greatness meant leaving himself out?

Allen's comment that “when you do comedy, you're not sitting at the grown-ups' table, you're sitting at the children's table” is famous. But one of the great artistic syntheses of the twentieth century has been the fusion of humor and despair. Doesn't Allen know that *Waiting for Godot* is a comedy? That Nabokov's novels are funny? That Chekhov thought of his plays as comedies? Which table does he think they're sitting at? He surely must realize that if he wants to pull up a chair, he'll have to make some sort of artistic peace with his tough, lively, anarchic instincts. □

BOOKS



QUEEN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

BY ANTHONY BURGESS

QUEEN VICTORIA IN HER
LETTERS AND JOURNALS
by Christopher Hibbert. Viking, \$30.00.

FRANKLYN BARNABAS, a character in Shaw's *Back to Methuselah*, makes a bold Shavian statement that may be true. He says that nineteenth-century Britain was governed "by a little woman who knew her own mind—Queen Victoria, to whom Prime Ministers stood in the relation of naughty children whose heads she knocked together when their tempers and quarrels became intolerable. Within thirteen years of her death Europe became a hell." This last is certainly true; whether Victoria held Europe together from 1837 until 1901 is debatable, unless you admit the value of dynastic marriages. That she held Britain together during her long reign is almost certain. The British are not naturally averse to republicanism: they tried it under Cromwell, and some of them were ready for it in the early days of Victoria. The Hanoverians had not been popular, and one of them had wantonly thrown away the American colonies; there was a tough and dissatisfied proletariat; there was a sybaritic and decadent aristocracy; Marx and Engels were at work. Victoria had her problems and sur-

vived several assassination attempts, but she could not doubt, hearing the cheers on her Diamond Jubilee, that the British monarchy was safe. It is still safe, and she was the chief engineer of its safety.

The value of a constitutional monarchy is made clear only by a reign as long as Victoria's. Presidents come and go, and once they have learned how to preside, it is time for their replacement. They are tied to party; they are sweatily into the business of politics. A monarch has plenty of time to learn and is above party. Prime ministers come and go: she (it is usually she) stays. There is, however, the unresolved question of how much executive power a constitutional monarch possesses. The British have no written constitution, and every monarch since William III has grappled with his ministers to see how far he could go without rebuke or revolt. Victoria went pretty far: she had inherited a fair measure of Teutonic stubbornness. Here it is on display, in a letter quoted in this anthology:

I said I dreaded the thought of marrying; that I was so accustomed to have my own way, that I thought it was 10 to 1 that I shouldn't agree with any body. Lord M. said, 'Oh! but you would have it still' (my own way).

Lord M. was Lord Melbourne, the first of her ministers, a very dear man and sterling friend despite his tendency to drop off and snore after dinner. He is the hero of Victoria's early journals. The young Queen having her own way was rather charming, as any pretty, bossy young miss must be. The triple and quadruple underlinings of words (their reproduction would have swollen Mr. Hibbert's volume to twice its size) were an

excitable girl's body language, tiny fists beating an obdurate male chest, dainty foot stamping the parquet. Her favorite modifier was "excessively."

Albert really is quite charming, and so excessively handsome, such beautiful blue eyes, an exquisite nose, and such a pretty mouth with delicate moustachios and slight but very slight whiskers; a beautiful figure, broad in the shoulders and a fine waist; my heart is quite going. . . . It is quite a pleasure to look at Albert when he gallops and vales, he does it so beautifully, holds himself so well with that beautiful figure of his.

Having her own way meant marrying Albert—"it would make me too happy if he would consent to what I wished (to marry me); we embraced each other over and over"—but she did not have her own way over the prince's allowance, which Sir Robert Peel, the prime minister, reduced from £50,000 a year to a mere £30,000.

At near 11 Lord M. received a note saying that he had been beat by 104; that it had been made quite a party question (vile, confounded, infernal Tories), that Peel had spoken and voted against the 50,000 (nasty wretch) . . . As long as I live, I'll never forgive these infernal scoundrels, with Peel at their head, as long as I live for this act of personal spite!!

Here is the temper coming out, and here a Whiggism that had more to do with loving Lord M. than any genuinely political conviction. The monarch is supposed to be Tory, meaning of the land-owning class *in excelsis*, and inescapably (since he or she is the head of it) Church of England. When Victoria learned to like Peel she became Tory

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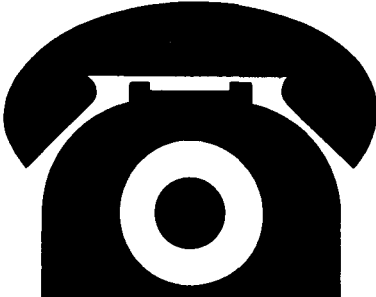
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enough; by the time she learned to adore Benjamin Disraeli, whom she showered with honors while he showered an empire on her, Whiggism had turned into Liberalism under William Gladstone, whom she distrusted so intensely that she identified his mild progressive cause with Britain's ruin:

The great alarm in the country is Mr. Gladstone, the Queen perceives, and she will sooner abdicate than send for or have any communication with that half-mad firebrand who will soon ruin everything and be a Dictator.

Others but herself may submit to his democratic rule, but not the Queen.

She thinks he himself don't wish for or expect it.

That is in a letter to Sir Henry Ponsonby. To the crown princess of Prussia she speaks of "Mr. Gladstone's mad, unpatriotic ravings and the sad want of patriotism of the Opposition" and the "strange, ungrateful love of change" which is a disease of the electorate. And that is what the royal political position amounted to—keeping things as they were when her beloved Albert was alive.

Whatever Victoria was, she was not Victorian. A beer-drinker, dancing till four in the morning, a hater of dull Sundays, a reader of *Jane Eyre* and the novels of Mr. Dickens, a wholehearted lover of the marital erotic life ("When day dawned [for we did not sleep much] and I beheld that beautiful angelic face by my side, it was more than I can express! He does look so beautiful in his shirt only, with his beautiful throat seen"), she had little time for conventional piety or the anthems of Handel. She did not even like babies very much, though this she denied:

I admire pretty ones—especially peasant children—immensely but I can't bear their being idolised and made too great objects of—or having a number of them about me, making a great noise.

Of her latest grandchild she said:

A mere little red lump was all I saw; and I fear the seventh grand-daughter and fourteenth grand-child becomes a very uninteresting thing—for it seems to me to go on like the rabbits in Windsor Park!

If *Victorian* means, among other things, hypocritical, the Queen was so un-Victorian as to appear positively subversive. If she dissembled, that is a woman's way, and her supreme act of dissembling con-

sisted in letting Albert seem to be in charge while wearing the trousers herself. It was an act long and well sustained. On the other hand, Albert may have been skillful in dissembling: we shall never know how far a princeling of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha brought England out of the Georgian into the Victorian age. Was the Great Exhibition of 1851 merely a toy to amuse the Prince Consort, or was it an inspired unveiling of the possibilities of scientific modernity and cooperative internationalism?

We dread arriving at Albert's death—hastened by Edward Prince of Wales's habit of indiscreet fornication—because we know that we are in for many pages of weeping disconsolateness prolonged into what looks perilously like a theatrical posture (my grandfather swore that he had heard from a court source about Victoria's meeting with a lowly widow in Lancashire who had told her: "I've been crying all morning, and as soon as I've finished this treacle pudding I'm going to start crying again." The Queen would not have been amused). It must have made her a bore to her ministers, but in the long run it did her no harm with her people, a violent but sentimental race. Theatrical and literary agents warn their clients of the dangers of "overexposure": the withdrawn widow at Windsor became a veiled sybil as at the command of some divine agent, who permitted her to make rare public appearances that brought the house down (and the gun-toting Fenians out). Meanwhile, the courage and the iron will held during a bad epoch of wars in which Britain was involved, not always victoriously, and revolutions that Britain had become monarchical enough to shudder at. The diaries were kept, the letters went out, the ghost of Albert the Good was at her shoulder. She wrote to Mrs. Lincoln:

No one can better appreciate than I can, who am myself utterly broken-hearted by the loss of my own beloved husband, who was the light of my life, my stay, my all, what your sufferings must be; and I earnestly pray that you may be supported by Him to Whom alone the sorely stricken can look for comfort, in this hour of heavy affliction!

The tone of Victoria's letters is always right within the epistolary conventions she set herself. She was the first of the Hanoverians to handle English with the ease appropriate to a mother tongue. Even her earliest writings seem not to belong to the Georgian age: she teases

Lord M. for his archaic pronunciation—"goold" for *gold*, the Shakespearian stress in *revenue*. What her English accent was like we do not know, but, remembering the Germanic vowels of her grandchild George V, I fear that there must have been a Continental quality in it. She was, after all, a European, and she spoke three European tongues fluently. In old age, with the help of an Indian *munshi*, she began to learn Hindustani. The importance of knowing foreign tongues is something that presidents never learn: monarchs are more serious about it but also have more time (and, let us admit it, a sounder education). Certainly Victoria's ability to write letters in German to the refractory grandson who became the Kaiser was a huge diplomatic asset, as Disraeli's ignorance of French led very nearly to international disaster.

We are concerned in this volume only with what she wrote in English. It is estimated that she produced about 2,500 words every day, making a total of 60 million in the course of her reign—the equivalent of a full-length novel every month, 700 all told. When Disraeli, a very considerable novelist, appeared to be flattering her with his "we authors, ma'am," he was in fact admitting her publishability. Not even a monarch can get into print by royal fiat, but Victoria's two Highland diaries were, and still are, books of permanent value, which take their lowly place beside the work of the Victorian professionals whom she met:

Mr. Carlyle, the historian, a strange-looking eccentric old Scotchman, who holds forth, in a drawling melancholy voice, with a broad Scotch accent, upon Scotland and upon the utter degeneration of everything; . . . Mr. Browning, the poet, a very agreeable man. It was, at first, very shy work speaking to them . . . but afterwards, when tea was being drunk . . . they were very agreeable and talked very entertainingly.

What the British monarchy has lost since 1901 is an interest in any literature outside *The Winning Post* and Cope's *Guide to the Turf*. The Queen met Dickens and told Tennyson how much *In Memoriam* moved her in her great sorrow. Nor, while we are on the art of literature, should we forget her concern with the other arts. Mendelssohn thought her piano-playing pretty good; she was eager to get hold of the scores of Wagner; her drawings, some of which Mr. Hibbert reproduces here, are competent. If she

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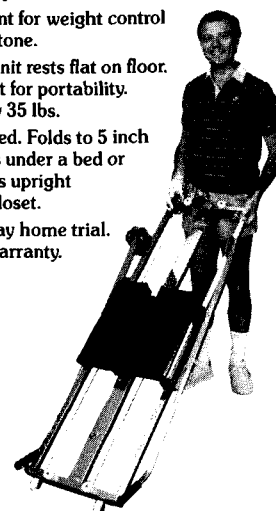
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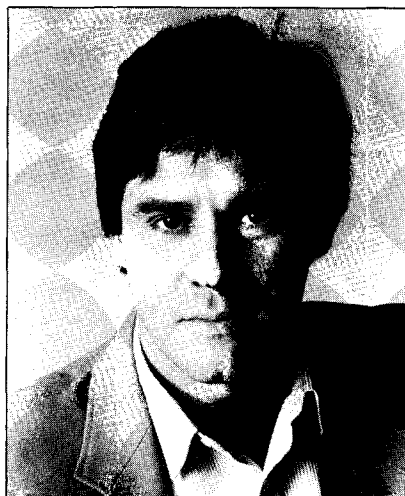
The Story She Could Never Tell

—Elinor Langer—

Illustrated with photographs

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WERNER SCHMID © 1984

Boon has spent three months in Tokyo as a student when, one night, thinking he is entering a pizza parlor, he finds himself instead in a posh nightclub and in a situation far beyond his meager budget. He is saved by Ichimonji, scholar, sensualist, bon vivant, philosopher—and Boon's guide to both the night life of Tokyo and the subtleties of Japanese culture. Without spending a yen, Boon ends the night having feasted with Ichimonji, visited a geisha house and been entertained like royalty, and, woozy from sake, watched a girl dance naked on the bar of The Sign of the Crane. "The following morning," John David Morley writes, "three months after leaving Europe, Boon woke up to find that overnight he had arrived in Japan."

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adored Winterhalter and Landseer, she was merely limited to the taste of her time. We do not learn what she thought of Gilbert and Sullivan or Whistler. She was a small, unprogressive artist in her own right, and her writings may be considered genuine if limited art—diplomatic, utilitarian, sometimes highly personal, and very moving. Whatever she was, she was no prig and no fool.

Mr. Hibbert has done admirable work in selecting from the vast mound of material available. In his introduction he stresses the clarity and honesty of her expression and the "outspoken forthrightness of her nature." He is right to point to "an inner insecurity and awareness of her own limitations" protected by a "stubborn imperiousness." Well, the imperiousness was in order for an empress, and the stubbornness was all too often the right response to the shifting tides of an age of radical change. That the Victorian epoch seems to so many of us to be one of large stability is a tribute to the stability of its monarch. That little woman indeed knew her own mind. Here, in this volume, she gives posterity a very large piece of it. □

THE AFRIKANER
MENTALITY

BY CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN

WAITING: THE WHITES OF
SOUTH AFRICA
by Vincent Crapanzano.
Random House, \$19.95.

WAITING IS A study of the white inhabitants—Afrikaner and English—of "Wyndal," a village near Cape Town. The author defines his book as "a study of the discourse of people who are privileged by [their] power and, paradoxically, in their privilege, are victims of it too." Most of the text consists of the conversation of Mr. Crapanzano's thirty-seven interviewees, which is distributed into chapters bearing thematic titles such as "Home," "Upbringing," and "Political Consciousness"; the central theme is always, and inevitably, the future of white power. *Waiting* is, in fact, a

Conor Cruise O'Brien's newest book, *The Siege: Zionism and Israel*, will be published in the fall. He is currently the Montgomery Fellow at Dartmouth College.

waiting for things unknown to begin happening to white power.

Mr. Crapanzano writes:

The failure to give conceptual and emotional as well as legal and political recognition to South Africa's majority population morally cripples the white South African. It accounts for the curiously static picture most of the whites in Wyndal have of the valley, indeed, of South Africa. There is no vibrancy in their relationship to non-whites. The Blacks, the Coloureds, and the Asians are at most the subject of the whites' frozen discourse, of their timeless representations. They are opaque, and their opacity is deemed unworthy of clarification. They stand there, as Hugo Malan's wife, Peggy, put it, "in implacable silence." In their opacity, in their implacable silence, they are unknown and unknowable agents of change, threats to the whites' way of life, bearers of projected fear. In this they have power. Wittingly or unwittingly, the whites wait for something, anything, to happen. They are caught in the peculiar, the paralytic, time of waiting.

The book ends with the words of a thirty-year-old Afrikaner woman:

I am a member of the commandoes. There are only a few women in it. They tell us we must be prepared because there will be trouble. But they never tell us what the trouble will be. They don't want to panic us, but they should tell us.

Mr. Crapanzano, as he tells us, "did not come to South Africa as a neutral observer." He was "horrified by the depths to which humans will sink to preserve their trivial privilege and disgusted by the accommodations that others, outsiders, make with such humans to preserve their privilege." Yet he goes on:

I indulged myself in my horror and disgust and learned later that my indulgence was itself a symptom of the "system." I met many white South Africans who were equally horrified and disgusted. Paradoxically, their horror and disgust rendered their life in South Africa tolerable. It gave them the certainty that they were different.

And he adds:

I learned that it is possible to have a certain sympathy even for people whose values one finds reprehensible. I was, and I am still, confused by this.

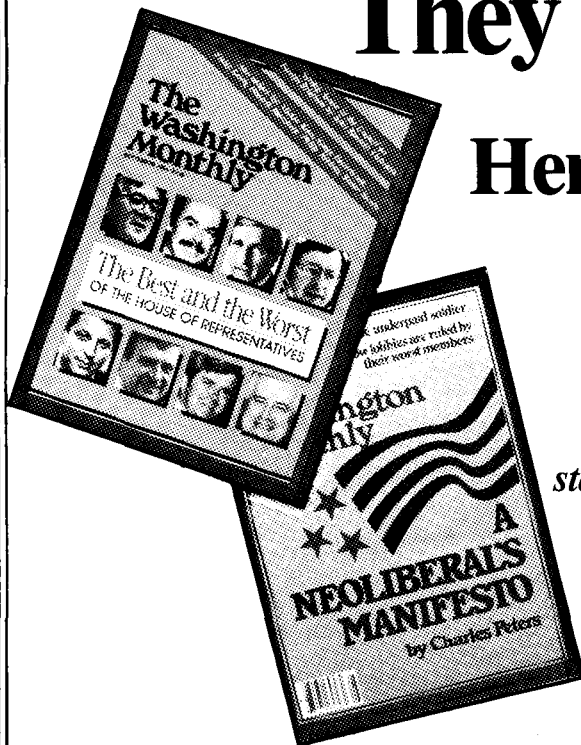
Mr. Crapanzano's capacity for self-questioning is impressive, and his capacity to admit confusion is disarming. Yet I

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still find something off-putting about his approach to his subjects. Mr. Crapanzano is a professional anthropologist, but he often writes more like a missionary. The "certain sympathy" he feels with some of his subjects is tepid and finds condescending expression. The reader is reminded, too often, of the intellectual, ethical, and aesthetic superiority of the writer to the "moral cripples" who are his chosen subjects. And it seems that Mr. Crapanzano on occasion allowed this general attitude to color his interviewing. The anthropologist's question can turn into a political lecture:

I asked Hennie, "But don't you believe that some political action is required in the here and now? It is fine to forgive one's neighbors, but you must remember that the majority of South Africans do not earn a living wage and have no political representation. Their families are divided, and they suffer terrible discrimination. Are you not preaching a passivism that is exactly what the government and its supporters want?"

It is hardly surprising to learn that poor Hennie "after a long pause . . . sidestepped my question."

Waiting might have been a more revealing book if the author had confined himself to what used to be regarded as the anthropologist's role and had altogether refrained from remonstrance, "reminders," reproach, and other manifestations of civilized sensibility, which make people clam up, as Hennie did. Still, Mr. Crapanzano did listen for a lot of the time, and his subjects, when not required to sidestep, did talk a blue streak about South Africa, as South Africans will, given half a chance. So *Waiting* does include quite a useful repository of current white South African attitudes, apprehensions, and stereotypes.

I don't think that much in *Waiting* is likely to surprise anyone who has spent

even a few weeks in South Africa and done a fair amount of listening to whites. A person who has not been to South Africa is likely, I think, to be surprised by the mildness, or apparent mildness, of most of the conversation. Racism finds rather little explicit expression, though it tends to surface whenever conversation turns to the future of South Africa. Several of Mr. Crapanzano's informants are definitely anti-racist; most seem to have at least some misgivings about the apartheid system; only one, Dr. Jakobus Steyn, appears defiantly and wholeheartedly defensive of the South African racial barriers. Dr. Steyn's views are echoed by a figure identified only as "The Most Bigoted Man in the Valley" who realizes that apartheid can't last forever, not *quite* forever: "Yes, I believe they [the Blacks] should have the vote—when they're ready. It'll be in a thousand years, and, thank the Lord, I won't be there to see it." (Dr. Steyn is an admirer of President Reagan, or was one at the time of these interviews. He may have been disappointed by Reagan's recent reception of Bishop Desmond Tutu and subsequent anti-apartheid statement.)

Dr. Steyn, however, is something of a figure of fun, especially to English-speaking whites, but also to some Afrikaners. At the other end of the spectrum from him is the Afrikaner café manager Ruth Visser. Ruth believes that Coloureds are more honest than Whites, and Blacks more honest than either. Asked about the future, she replies:

I don't like to think about it. Everything could have been all right. Things should have been done earlier. When I think about the future, I get scared. We are all acting out of fear, and so we are not doing the right thing. We didn't pay enough attention in the past, and now no one knows what to do.

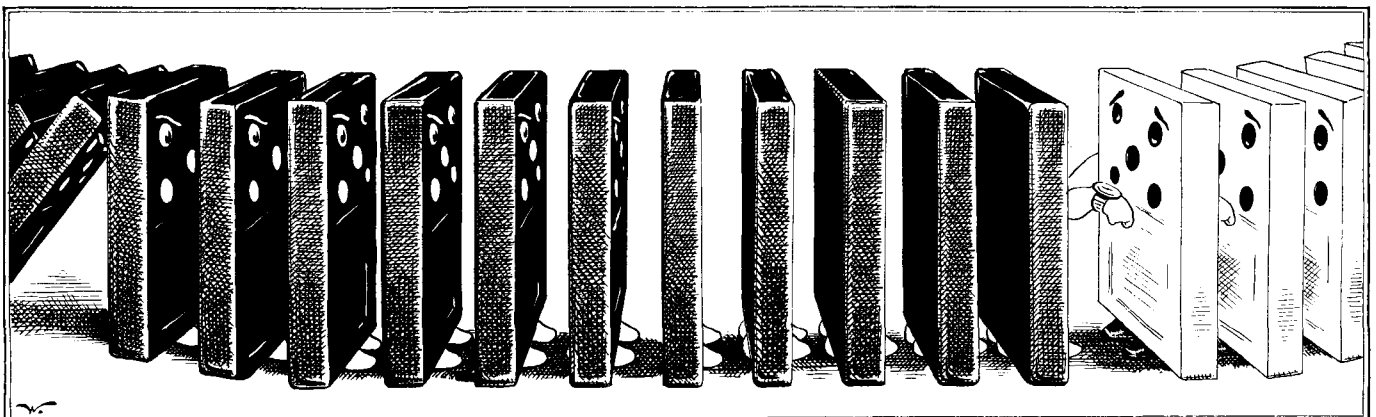
Several of Mr. Crapanzano's other informants, both Afrikaner and English-speaking, seem to share Ruth Visser's view of their common predicament. Yet evidently many South Africans who "don't know what to do" vote, when it comes to that, for the Nationalists. (Dr. Steyn sympathizes with a political group to the *right* of the Nationalists.)

I found most interesting those sections of the book that deal with the current charismatic renewal in South Africa. The Afrikaners have, of course, long identified themselves with the ancient Israelites. In the early nineteenth century Piet Retief, on behalf of the Afrikaner people, made the Covenant with God—a covenant that has loomed large in the curriculum of South African schoolchildren since the Nationalists came to power, in 1948. Today this identification of Christianity with Afrikanerdom seems to be taking an increasingly mystical and exalted form in the South African charismatic movement, to which some of Mr. Crapanzano's informants belong. One of these, Andre Roussouw, describes a politico-mystical vision:

There was a big Renewal conference a few years ago, and five people had the same dream one night. They each came from a different province of South Africa, and one of them came from the South West. They dreamed of a map of South Africa. It was a pale color, and suddenly a black hand moved down across it from the north until it was all covered except for little spaces between the fingers. In these spaces there were little fires, and gradually these fires got bigger and bigger and began to burn the fingers. As they did, the hand moved back until you could see the map all clear again.

What does the dream mean?

The map is South Africa. The black hand is Black power, not the Black people themselves. The fires are



Christians praying. It is through their prayer that South Africa will be saved.

That black hand coming down from the north is part of the consciousness, and subconsciousness, of white South Africa today. Yet the reality is more of a white hand reaching up from the south. The black states, with their agonizing internal problems, pose no real threat to white South Africa, and some of them are dependent on white South Africa. For a time that dependence was masked by rhetoric to a contrary effect. I talked at the end of the seventies with Dr. Joaquim Chissano, the foreign minister of Mozambique. I had with me a copy of the Frelimo (the Marxist governing party) paper, *Noticias*, with the banner headline MOBILIZE THE MASSES FOR THE FINAL STRUGGLE IN SOUTHERN AFRICA over a report of a militant speech by Dr. Chissano himself. In the interview I asked Dr. Chissano how Mozambique's relations with South Africa were. "Excellent," was his reply. "They need us, and we need them."

In 1984, under the pressure of Mozambique's needs and South Africa's terms for meeting those needs, even the rhetorical pretense of confrontation was dropped, and Mozambique's client status was almost openly acknowledged.

The threat to white South Africa is from white South Africa's own black subjects. And even that is a long-term threat.

The tragic failure of most of the black African states, both as economies and as politics, is surveyed dispassionately in Martin Meredith's just-published book *The First Dance of Freedom: Black Africa in the Postwar Era*. That failure not only gives white South Africa a certain breathing space from external pressure but also reduces some of the internal pressure on it. There are now many non-white South Africans—including some Blacks—with quite a lot to lose. Probably few of those are anxious for a South African apocalypse followed by the arrival of conditions resembling those now prevailing to the north of South Africa.

White South Africans, facing Western criticism, often stress that they "need time" to bring about change. They have some time, and they should be pressed to account for how they use it. But it probably doesn't help to treat them as morally inferior to ourselves. We are morally superior to them only if we can be certain that we, if placed in their predicament, would act better than they do. How many of us can be certain of that? □

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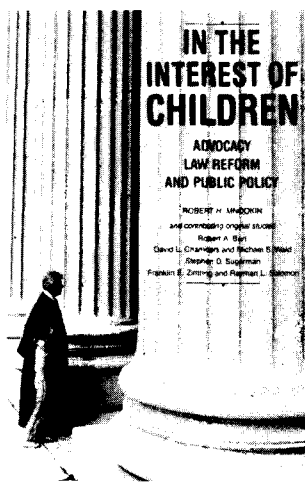
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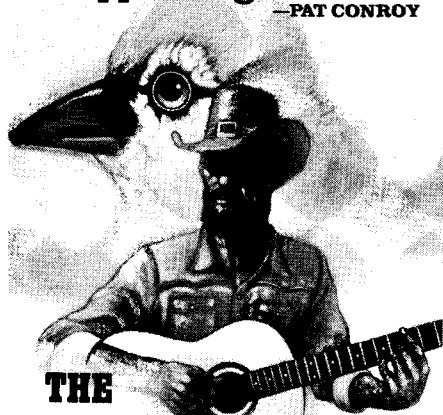
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BRIEF REVIEWS



THE MATTER OF WALES by Jan Morris. Oxford, \$22.50. Wales is smaller than Massachusetts, although much more varied in its scenery. It supports one percent of the population of the European Common Market and fifteen percent of the sheep. It has been beset by invaders, from the first Roman to the latest English camper. It nevertheless remains a distinct country, maintaining its own language, its own character, and its own sense of history, and boasting the oldest continuous literary tradition in Europe. How the Welsh have survived against what should, by a commonsense estimate, be insuperable odds is the subject of Ms. Morris's wide-ranging, affectionate study of this magnificently refractory little nation. The book is elegantly written, generously illustrated, and altogether a pleasure. It is also likely to increase the horde of alien visitors whose presence the author deplors.

THE LONG SURRENDER by Burke Davis. Random House, \$19.95. Mr. Davis, an accomplished historian of the Civil War, describes the confusion, uncertainty, and plain lawlessness that swept across the Confederacy after Lee's surrender. His study centers on President Jefferson Davis, whose reluctance to admit defeat led to a long and sometimes ludicrous zig-zag flight toward Florida, but it includes a wealth of peripheral detail that will fascinate readers interested in the period.

ANNIE JOHN by Jamaica Kincaid. Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$11.95. Ms. Kincaid was born in Antigua, and her short novel describes the experiences of a girl growing up in a severely correct milieu on that small island. Annie John is bright, wily, and increasingly rebellious. The novel's considerable interest derives from the contrast between the heroine's intense emotions and the cool, precise style in which the author records them.

THE TENTH MAN by Graham Greene. Simon and Schuster, \$14.95. Mr. Greene has recovered three long-forgotten schemes for film scripts, and offers them in this

small volume. Two are very brief outlines. The third, the Tenth Man of the title, is a complete novella but is constructed in such basically cinematic terms that the reader is aware of the missing camera. There is a sensation that one is not merely in the wrong pew but in the wrong church.

AFRO-AMERICAN FOLKTALES selected and edited by Roger D. Abrahams. Pantheon, \$22.95/\$11.95 paper. The black folktales that Mr. Abrahams has assembled come from around the Caribbean and all across the United States. The editor admits to difficulties in finding a coherent style for the entire collection, but he has on the whole surmounted those, and the text rolls along easily and amusingly. The tales are divided into types—trickster stories, moral-example stories, old master stories—so that the reader can find the right sort of story for his taste or mood. Skipping about, in fact, is the way to enjoy the book and to appreciate the variety of background, tone, and narrative structure that it reveals.

PENANCE FOR JERRY KENNEDY by George V. Higgins. Knopf, \$16.95. Kennedy, the short-tempered criminal-defense lawyer who appeared in a previous novel by Mr. Higgins, is the protagonist of this new one. Kennedy's clients are his usual, a gaggle of idiotic or unreliable or insolvent crooks. His increasingly liberated wife is allured by a real-estate project of dubious virtue. His daughter is, in Kennedy's archaic opinion, up to no good on a ski slope. Kennedy himself, in the enforced absence of his tax man (rusticating in Danbury at government insistence), has committed the ultimate insanity. He has made out his own federal income tax return. He has also become involved with a television station through dabbling in a row over a judicial appointment. In summary, these matters appear to be unconnected and indeed largely are, for the novel has no conventional plot. What it does have is a controlling theme. Mr. Higgins has written a dour social comedy about the misfortunes that befuddle the middle-aged and mildly affluent. It is good, peppery reading and carries a bonus for persons in the Boston area, who can amuse themselves by considering which of the local TV personnel are being lampooned on Mr. Higgins's mythical Channel 8.

A HAIDA POTLATCH by Ulli Steltzer. University of Washington, \$14.95. When Rob-

ert Davidson, an artist of the Haida people of British Columbia, decided to adopt a friend into his clan, he determined to do it in the antique (and until recently illegal) Indian style, with a potlatch. He invited another friend, the noted ethnographic photographer Ulli Steltzer, to record the affair on film. "The potlatch," according to Mr. Davidson, "is our way of transferring cultural knowledge," but in his case years of educational bullying by the Canadian government had created gaps in the Haida's remembrance of their old dances and rituals. Mr. Davidson and his family had to research, recover, and sometimes invent procedures even as they made and assembled the mass of gifts required to pay proper honor to more than 400 guests. The potlatch, called a "doing" in Haida, was a gorgeous success, as Ms. Steltzer's fine photographs prove. The accompanying interviews with participants are interesting for their eloquence and for the revelation of how much thought, effort, and pride in Haida identity were mobilized in support of Mr. Davidson's party. Mr. Davidson reports that he wound up broke, which is, of course, the proper condition for the host of a potlatch.

NERO: THE END OF A DYNASTY by Miriam T. Griffin. Yale, \$25.00. The system of government devised, or rather improvised, by Caesar Augustus and inherited by his successors has been described by one scholar as "an autocracy tempered by legally permanent revolution." It is this and similar aspects of Nero's reign that primarily interest Ms. Griffin, whose book about the infamous last of the Julio-Claudian emperors is less an individual biography than a study of political pressures demoralizing a young and probably none too bright ruler. The author presupposes an audience with sound understanding of the Roman administrative system, familiarity with Roman terminology, and ability to keep in mind the enormous network of imperial relatives who, as possible claimants to the throne, attracted (and sometimes deserved) assassination. This scholarly work is eminently informative but not light reading, and anyone hoping for a second *I, Claudius* will not find it here.

DE ALFONCE TENNIS by J. P. Donleavy. Dutton/Seymour Lawrence, \$16.95. Mr. Donleavy's prose style has reached such a degree of aimless eccentricity that his intentions—if any—in this novel remain beyond comprehension.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

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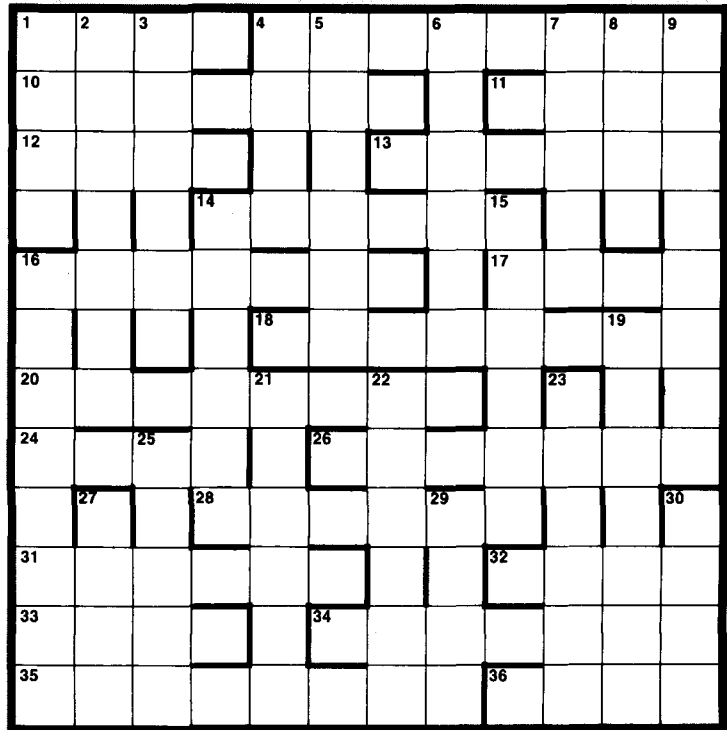
THE ATLANTIC PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

CROSS REFERENCE

All clues in this puzzle are normal cryptic clues, but each one includes a word that occurs elsewhere in the puzzle as an answer; in each clue that word has been replaced by a reference to the number in the diagram where it occurs. For example, if the answer to 1-Across were ROSE, a normal clue might read "Flower came up" (double definition), but in this puzzle the clue would read "5-D came up"—provided that the word FLOWER occurred as a diagram entry at 5-Down. Answers include three proper nouns.

*The answers to last month's
Puzzler appear on page 105.*



ACROSS

1. Darn 20-A is reversed (4)
4. I'm bad, keeping saint with 31-A person (8)
10. Mix up a pair of farm 2-D (7)
11. Retain the 34-A of holy prayer (4)
12. The Devil's 22-D (4)
13. 5-D capers for an astronomical distance (6)
14. Perfume 15-D a rising plane (6)
16. 50% of grass having flaw made 35-A (7)
17. Concerning 32-A's concrete (4)
18. Turbulent circumstances 11-A Paul in a tizzy (8)
20. Typewriter symbol in a set 4-D terribly (8)
24. Bit of 25-D in Diana's party snacks (4)

26. Bum places first of 24-A with the top off? (7)
28. Laugh at 16-D bards for keeps (6)
31. Wrongly rates Z "not 17-A" (6)
32. Ex-secretary is hag I made 14-D (4)
33. Partially nibbles at 30-D and stuff (4)
34. Debut of GOP—nine in 18-A (7)
35. More reliable guide 28-A foreign aid (8)
36. In football, they can 3-D and send flying (4)

DOWN

6. Seedy item gets 4-A angered somewhat (6)
7. Sample *Time* and 33-A awfully (5)
8. Through with paramour 26-A? (4)
9. Remodeling cellar, Ed 1-D again (8)
14. Ref has flopped 8-D (6)
15. 27-D, rail service carries dogs (6)
16. Truncated eels, shad having 21-D (8)
19. 10-A in dream for red man (7)
21. Editor suffering 23-D went wild (6)
22. Traveling 13-A in a fix (6)
23. Twist and turn around rack 16-A (6)
25. Awkwardly step around 19-D's chief with stick (5)
27. Blast some of old 1-A (4)
29. Grazer gets grass 9-D? (4)
30. Some breakfast examples having 7-D of ginger? (4)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

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